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CASSELL'S MAGAZINE

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

AN OPEN DOOR.

I THINK I was as nearly mad as I could be; nearer madness, I believe, than I shall ever be

whilst those who had authority over me, and were stronger than I was, were resolutely bent upon making me submit to their will. The conflict had been going on, more or less violently, for months;



"SMOOK HER CLENCHED HAND IN MY FACE."

again, thank God! Three weeks of it had driven me to the very verge of desperation. I cannot say here what had brought me to this pass, for I do not know into whose hands these pages may fall; but I had made up my mind to persist in a certain line of conduct which I firmly believed to be right,

now I had come very near the end of it. I felt that I must either yield or go mad. There was no chance of my dying; I was too strong for that. There was no other alternative than subjection or insanity.

It had been raining all the day long, in a ceaseless

which had kept the streets clear of rain. I could see nothing but wet flagstones, with little pools of water lodging in every hollow, in which the rain-drops splashed heavily whenever the storm grew more in earnest. Now and then a tradesman's cart, or a cab, with the drivers wrapped in mackintoshes, dashed past; and I watched them till they were out of my sight.

It had been the dreariest of days. My eyes had followed the course of solitary drops rolling down the window-panes, until my head ached. Towards night-fall I could distinguish a low, wailing tone, moaning through the air; a quiet prelude to a coming change in the weather, which was foretold also by little rents in the thick mantle of cloud, which had shrouded the sky all day. The storm of rain was about to be succeeded by a storm of wind. Any change would be acceptable to me.

There was nothing within my room less dreary than without. I was in London, but in what part of London I did not know. The house was one of those desirable family residences, advertised in the *Times* as to be let furnished, and promising all the comforts and refinements of a home. It was situated in a highly respectable, though not altogether fashionable quarter; as I judged by the gloomy, monotonous rows of buildings which I could see from my windows: none of which were shops, but all private dwellings. The people who passed up and down the streets on fine days were all of one stamp, well-to-do persons, who could afford to wear good and handsome clothes; but who were infinitely less interesting than the dear picturesque beggars of Italian towns, or the sprightly well-dressed peasantry of French cities. The rooms on the third floor—my rooms, which I had not been allowed to leave since we entered the house, three weeks before—were very badly furnished, indeed, with comfortless, high horsehair-seated chairs, and a sofa of the same uncomfortable material, cold and slippery, on which it was impossible to rest. The carpet was nearly threadbare, and the curtains of dark red morcen were very dingy; the mirror over the chimney-piece seemed to have been made purposely to distort my features, and produce in me a feeling of depression. My bed-room, which communicated with this agreeable sitting-room by folding-doors, was still smaller and gloomier; and opened upon a dismal backyard, where a dog in a kennel howled dejectedly from time to time, and rattled his chain, as if to remind me that I was a prisoner like himself. I had no books, no work, no music. It was a dreary place to pass a dreary time in; and my only resource was to pace to and fro—to and fro from one end to another of those wretched rooms.

I watched the day grow dusk, and then dark. The rifts in the driving clouds were growing larger, and the edges were torn. I left off roaming up and

down my room, like some entrapped creature, and sank down on the floor by the window, looking out for the pale, sad blue of the sky which gleamed now and then through the clouds, till the night had quite set in. I did not cry, for I am not given to over-much weeping, and my heart was too sore to be healed by tears; neither did I tremble, for I held out my hand and arm to make sure they were steady; but still I felt as if I were sinking down—down into an awful profound despondency, from which I should never rally; it was all over with me. I had nothing before me but to give up, and own myself over-matched and conquered. I have a half-remembrance that as I crouched there in the darkness I sobbed once, and cried under my breath, "God help me!"

A very slight sound grated on my ear, and a fresh thrill of strong resentful feeling quivered all through me; it was the hateful click of the key turning in the lock. It gave me force enough to carry out my defiance a little longer. Before the door could be opened I sprang to my feet, and stood erect, and outwardly very calm, gazing through the window, with my face turned away from the persons who were coming in; I was so placed that I could see them reflected in the mirror over the fire-place. A servant came first, carrying in a tray, upon which were a lamp and my tea—such a meal as might be prepared for a school-girl in disgrace. She came up to me, as if to draw down the blinds and close the shutters.

"Leave them," I said; "I will do it myself by-and-by."

"He's not coming home to-night," said a woman's voice behind me, in a scoffing tone.

I could see her, too, without turning round. A handsome woman, with bold black eyes, and a rouged face, which showed coarsely in the ugly looking-glass. She was extravagantly dressed, and wore a profusion of ornaments—tawdry ones, mostly, but one or two I recognised as my own. She was not many years older than myself. I took no notice whatever of her, or her words, or her presence; but continued to gaze out steadily at the lamp-lit streets and stormy sky. Her voice grew hoarse with passion, and I knew well how her face would burn and flush under the rouge.

"It will be no better for you when he is at home," she said fiercely. "He hates you: he swears so a hundred times a day, and he is determined to break your proud spirit for you. We shall force you to knock under sooner or later; and I warn you it will be best for you to be sooner rather than later. What friends have you got anywhere to take your side? If you'd made friends with me, my fine lady, you'd have found it good for yourself; but you've chosen to make me your enemy, and I'll make him your enemy. You know as well as I do, he can't bear the sight of your long, puling face."

Still I did not answer by word or sign. I set my teeth together, and gave no indication that I had heard one word of her taunting speech. My silence only served to fan her fury.

"Upon my soul, madam," she almost shrieked, 'you are enough to drive me to murder! I could beat you, standing there so dumb, as if I was not worthy to speak a word to. Ay! and I would, but for him. So then three weeks of this hasn't broken you down yet! but you are only making it the worse for yourself; we shall try other means to-morrow.'

She had no idea how nearly my spirit was broken, for I gave her no reply. She came up to where I stood, and shook her clenched hand in my face—a large well-shaped hand, with bejewelled fingers, that could have given me a heavy blow. Her face was dark with passion; yet she was maintaining some control over herself, although with great difficulty. She had never struck me yet, but I trembled and shrank from her, and was thankful when she flung herself out of the room, pulling the door violently after her, and locking it noisily, as if the harsh jarring sounds would be more terrifying than the tones of her own voice.

Left to myself I turned round to the light, catching a fresh glimpse of my face in the mirror—a paler and sadder and more forlorn face than before. I almost hated myself in that glass. But I was hungry, for I was young, and my health and appetite were very good; and I sat down to my plain fare, and ate it heartily. I felt stronger and in better spirits by the time I had finished the meal; I resolved to brave it out a little longer. The house was very quiet; for, at present there was no one up it except the woman and the servant who had been up to my room. The servant was a poor London drudge, who was left in charge by the owners of the house, and who had been forbidden to speak to me. After a while I heard her heavy shuffling footsteps coming slowly up the staircase, and passing my door on her way to the attics above; they sounded louder than usual, and I turned my head round involuntarily. A thin, fine streak of light, no thicker than a thread, shone for an instant in the dark corner of the wall close by the door-post, but it died away almost before I saw it. My heart stood still for a moment, and then beat like a hammer. I stole very softly to the door, and discovered that the bolt had slipped beyond the hoop of the lock—probably in the sharp bang with which it had been closed. The door was open for me!

CHAPTER THE SECOND. TO SOUTHAMPTON.

THERE was not a moment to be lost. When the servant came down-stairs again from her room in the attics, she would be sure to call for the tea-

tray, in order to save herself another journey; how long she would be up-stairs was quite uncertain. If she was gone to "clean" herself, as she called it, the process might be a very long one, and a good hour might be at my disposal; but I could not count upon that. In the drawing-room below sat my gaoler and enemy, who might take a whim into her head, and come up to see her prisoner at any instant. It was necessary to be very quick, very decisive, and very silent.

I had been on the alert for such a chance ever since my imprisonment began. My seal-skin hat and jacket lay ready to my hand in a drawer; but I could find no gloves; I could not wait for gloves. Already there were ominous sounds overhead, as if the servant had dispatched her brief business there, and was about to come down. I had not time to put on thicker boots; and it was perhaps essential to the success of my flight to steal down the stairs in the soft velvet slippers I was wearing. I stepped as lightly as I could—lightly but very swiftly, for the servant was at the top of the upper flight, whilst I had two to descend. I crept past the drawing-room door. The heavy house-door opened with a grating of the hinges; but I stood outside it, in the shelter of the portico—free, but with the rain and wind of a stormy night in October beating against me, and with no light save the glimmer of the feeble street-lamps flickering across the wet pavement.

I knew very well that my escape was almost hopeless, for the success of it depended very much upon which road of the three lying before me I should happen to take. I had no idea of the direction of any one of them, for I had never been out of the house since the night I was brought to it. The strong quick running of the servant, and the passionate fury of the woman, would overtake me if we were to have a long race; and if they overtook me they would force me back. I had no right to seek freedom in this wild way, yet it was the only way. Even while I hesitated in the portico of the house that ought to have been my home, I heard the shrill scream of the girl within when she found my door open, and my room empty. If I did not decide instantaneously, and decide aright, it would have been better for me never to have tried this chance of escape.

But I did not linger another moment. I could almost believe an angel took me by the hand and led me. I darted straight across the muddy road, getting my thin slippers wet through at once, ran for a few yards, and then turned sharply round a corner into a street, at the end of which I saw the cheery light of shop-windows, all in a glow in spite of the rain. On I fled breathlessly, unhindered by any passer-by, for the rain was still falling, though more lightly. As I drew nearer to the shop-windows, an omnibus-driver, seeing me run towards

him, pulled up his horses in expectation of a passenger. The conductor shouted some name which I did not hear, but I sprang in, caring very little where it might carry me, so that I could get quickly enough and far enough out of the reach of my pursuers. There had been no time to lose, and none was lost. The omnibus drove on again quickly, and no trace of me was left.

I sat quite still in the farthest corner of the omnibus, hardly able to recover my breath after my rapid running. I was a little frightened at the notice the two or three other passengers appeared to take of me, and I did my best to seem calm and collected. My ungloved hands gave me some trouble, and I hid them as well as I could in the folds of my dress; for there was something remarkable about the want of gloves in any one as well dressed as I was. But nobody spoke to me, and one after another they left the omnibus, and fresh persons took their places, who did not know where I had got in. I did not stir, for I determined to go as far as I could in this conveyance. But all the while I was wondering what I should do with myself, and where I could go, when it reached its destination.

There was one trifling difficulty immediately ahead of me. When the omnibus stopped I should have no small change for paying my fare. There was an Australian sovereign fastened to my watch-chain, which I could take off, but it would be difficult to detach it whilst we were jolting on. Besides I dreaded to attract attention to myself. Yet what else could I do?

Before I had settled this question, which occupied me so fully that I forgot other and more serious difficulties, the omnibus drove into a station-yard, and every passenger, inside and out, prepared to alight. I lingered till the last, and sat still till I had unfastened my gold piece. The wind drove across the open space in a strong gust as I stepped down upon the pavement. A man had just descended from the roof, and was paying the conductor; a tall, burly man, wearing a thick waterproof coat, and a seaman's hat of oil-skin, with a long flap lying over the back of his neck. His face was brown and weather-beaten, but he had kindly-looking eyes, which glanced at me as I stood waiting to pay my fare.

"Going down to Southampton?" said the conductor to him.

"Ay, and beyond Southampton," he answered.

"You'll have a rough night of it," said the conductor. "Sixpence, if you please, miss."

I offered him my Australian sovereign, which he turned over curiously, asking me if I had no smaller change. He grumbled when I answered no, and the stranger, who had not passed on, but was listening to what was said, turned pleasantly to me.

"You have no change, mam'zelle?" he asked,

speaking rather slowly, as if English was not his ordinary speech. "Very well! are you going to Southampton?"

"Yes, by the next train," I answered, deciding upon that course without hesitation.

"So am I, mam'zelle," he said, raising his hand to his oil-skin cap; "I will pay this sixpence, and you can give it me again, when you buy your ticket in the office."

I smiled quickly, gladly; and he smiled back upon me, but gravely, as if his face was not used to a smile. I passed on into the station, where a train was standing, and people hurrying about the platform, choosing their carriages. At the ticket-office they changed my Australian gold piece without a word; and I sought out my seaman friend to return the sixpence he had paid for me. He had done me a greater kindness than he could ever know, and I thanked him heartily. His honest, deep-set, blue eyes glistened under their shaggy eyebrows as they looked down upon me.

"Can I do nothing more for you, mam'zelle?" he asked. "Shall I see after your luggage?"

"Oh! that will be all right, thank you," I replied, "but is this the train for Southampton, and how soon will it start?"

I was watching anxiously the stream of people going to and fro, lest I should see some person who knew me. Yet who was there in London who could know me?

"It will be off in five minutes," answered the seaman. "Shall I look out a carriage for you?"

He was somewhat careful in making his selection; finally he put me into a compartment where there were only two ladies, and he stood in front of the door, but with his back turned towards it, until the train was about to start. Then he touched his hat again with a gesture of farewell, and ran away to a second-class carriage.

I sighed with satisfaction as the train rushed swiftly through the dimly-lighted suburbs of London, and entered upon the open country. A wan, watery line of light lay under the brooding clouds in the west, tinged with a lurid hue; and all the great field of sky stretching above the level landscape was overcast with storm-wrack, fleeing swiftly before the wind. At times the train seemed to shake with the blast, when it was passing over any embankment more than ordinarily exposed; but it sped across the country almost as rapidly as the clouds across the sky. No one in the carriage spoke. Then came over me that weird feeling familiar to travellers, that one has been doomed to travel thus through many years, and has not half accomplished the time. I felt as if I had been fleeing from my home, and those who should have been my friends, for a long and weary while; yet it was scarcely an hour since I had made my escape.

In about two hours or more—but exactly what

time I did not know, for my watch had stopped—my fellow-passengers, who had scarcely condescended to glance at me, alighted at a large, half-deserted station, where only a few lamps were burning. Through the window I could see that very few other persons were leaving the train, and I concluded we had not yet reached the terminus. A porter came up to me as I leaned my head through the window.

"Going on, miss?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" I answered, shrinking back into my corner-seat. He remained upon the step, with his arm over the window-frame, whilst the train moved on at a slackened pace for a few minutes, and then pulled up, but at no station. Before me lay a dim, dark, indistinct scene, with little specks of light twinkling here and there in the night, but whether on sea or shore I could not tell. Immediately opposite the train stood the black hulls and masts and funnels of two steamers, with a glimmer of lanterns on their decks, and up and down their shrouds. The porter opened the door for me.

"You've only to go on board, miss," he said, "your luggage will be seen to all right." And he hurried away to open the doors of other carriages.

I stood still, utterly bewildered, for a minute or two, with the wind tossing my hair about, and the rain beating in sharp stinging drops like hailstones upon my face and hands. It must have been close upon midnight, and there was no light but the dim, glow-worm glimmer of the lanterns on deck. Every one was hurrying past me. I began almost to repent of the desperate step I had taken; but I had learned already that there is no possibility of retracing one's steps. At the gangways of the two vessels there were men shouting hoarsely, "This way for the Channel Islands!" "This way for Havre and Paris!" To which boat should I trust myself and my fate? There was nothing to guide me. Yet once more that night the moment had come when I was compelled to make a prompt, decisive, urgent choice. It was almost a question of life and death to me: a leap in the dark that must be taken. My great terror was lest my place of refuge should be discovered, and I be forced back again. Where was I to go—to Paris, or to the Channel Islands?

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A ROUGH NIGHT AT SEA.

A MERE accident decided it. Near the fore-part of the train I saw the broad, tall figure of my new friend, the seaman, making his way across to the boat for the Channel Islands; and almost involuntarily I made up my mind to go on board the same steamer, for I had an instinctive feeling that he would prove a real friend, if I had need of one. He did not see me following; no doubt he supposed I had left the train at Southampton, having only taken my ticket so far; though how I had missed

Southampton I could not tell. The deck was wet and slippery, and the confusion upon it was very great. I was too much at home on a steamer to need any directions; and I went down immediately into the ladies' cabin, which was almost empty, and chose a berth for myself in the darkest corner. It was not far from the door, and presently two other ladies came down, with a gentleman and the captain, and held an anxious parley close to me. I listened absently and mechanically, as indifferent to the subject as if it could be of no consequence to me.

"Is there any danger?" asked one of the ladies.

"Well, I cannot say positively there will be no danger," answered the captain; "there's not danger enough to keep me and the crew in port; but it will be a very dirty night in the Channel. If there's no actual necessity for crossing to-night I should advise you to wait, and see how it will be to-morrow. Of course we shall use extra caution, and all that sort of thing. No; I cannot say I expect any great danger."

"But it will be awfully rough?" said the gentleman.

The captain answered only by a sound between a groan and a whistle, as if he could not trust himself to think of words that would describe the roughness. There could be no doubt of his meaning. The ladies hastily determined to drive back to their hotel, and gathered up their small packages and wrappings quickly. I fancied they were regarding me somewhat curiously, but I kept my face away from them carefully. They could only see my seal-skin jacket and hat, and my rough hair; and they did not speak to me.

"You are going to venture, miss?" said the captain, stepping into the cabin as the ladies retreated up the steps.

"Oh, yes," I answered. "I am obliged to go, and I am not in the least afraid."

"You needn't be," he replied, in a hearty voice. "We shall do our best, for our own sakes, and you would be our first care if there was any mishap. Women and children first always. I will send the stewardess to you; she goes, of course."

I sat down on one of the couches, listening for a few minutes to the noises about me. The masts were groaning, and the planks creaking under the heavy tramp of the sailors, as they got ready to start, with shrill cries to one another. Then the steam-engine began to throb like a pulse through all the vessel from stern to stern. Presently the stewardess came down, and recommended me to lie down in my berth at once, which I did very obediently, but silently, for I did not wish to enter into conversation with the woman, who seemed inclined to be talkative. She covered me up well with several blankets, and there I lay with my face turned from the light of the swinging lamp, and

scarcely moved hand or foot throughout the dismal and stormy night.

For it was very stormy and dismal as soon as we were out of Southampton Water, and in the rush and swirl of the Channel. I did not fall asleep for an instant. I do not suppose I should have slept had the Channel been, as it is sometimes, smooth as a mill-pond, and there had been no clamorous hissing and booming of waves against the frail planks, which I could touch with my hand. I could see nothing of the storm, but I could hear it; and the boat seemed tossed, like a mere cockleshell, to and fro upon the rough sea. It did not alarm me so much as it distracted my thoughts, and kept them from dwelling upon possibilities far more perilous to me than the danger of death by shipwreck. A short suffering such a death would be.

My hasty escape had been so unexpected, so unlooked-for, that it had bewildered me, and it was almost a pleasure to lie still and listen to the din and uproar of the sea, and the swoop of the wind rushing down upon it. Was I myself or no? Was this nothing more than a very coherent, very vivid dream, from which I should awake by-and-by to find myself a prisoner still, a creature as wretched and friendless as any that the streets of London contained? My flight had been too extraordinary a success, so far, for my mind to be able to dwell upon it calmly.

I watched the dawn break through a little port-hole opening upon my berth, which had been washed and beaten by the water all the night long. The level light shone across the troubled and leaden-coloured surface of the sea, which seemed to grow a little quieter under its touch. I had fancied during the night that the waves were running mountains high; but now I could see them, they only rolled to and fro in round, swelling billows, dull green against the eastern sky, with deep, sullen troughs of a livid purple between. But the fury of the storm had spent itself, that was evident, and the steamer was now steadily making way.

The stewardess had gone away early in the night, being frightened to death, she said, to seek more genial companionship than mine. So I was alone, with the blending light of the early dawn and that of the lamp burning feebly from the ceiling. I sat up in my berth and cautiously unstitched the lining in the breast of my jacket. Here, months ago, when I first began to foresee this emergency, and whilst I was still allowed the use of my money, I had concealed one by one a few five-pound notes of the Bank of England. I counted them over, eight of them; forty pounds in all, my sole fortune, my only means of living. True, I had besides these a diamond ring, presented to me under circumstances which made it of no value to me, except for its worth in money, and a watch and chain given to me years ago by my father. A jeweller

had told me that the ring was worth sixty pounds, and the watch and chain forty; but how difficult and dangerous it would be for me to sell either of them! Practically my means were limited to the eight notes of five pounds each. I kept out one for payment of my passage, then replaced the rest, and carefully pinned them into the unstitched lining.

Then I began to wonder what my destination was. I knew nothing whatever of the Channel Islands, except the names which I had learned at school, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark. I repeated these over and over again to myself; but which of them we were bound for, or if we were about to call at each one, I did not know. I should have been more at home had I gone to Paris.

As the light grew I became restless, and at last I left my berth and ventured to climb the cabin-steps. The fresh air smote upon me almost painfully. There was no rain falling, and the wind had been lulling since the dawn. The sea itself was growing brighter, and glittered here and there in spots where the sunlight fell upon it. All the sailors looked beaten and worn out with the night's toil, and the few passengers who had braved the passage, and were now well enough to come on deck, were weary and sorrow-looking. There was still no land in sight, for the clouds hung low on the horizon, and overhead the sky was often overcast and gloomy. It was so cold that, in spite of my warm mantle, I shivered from head to foot.

But I could not bear to go back to the close, ill-smelling cabin, which had been shut up all night. I stayed on deck in the biting wind, leaning over the wet bulwarks and gazing across the desolate sea till my spirits sank like lead. The reaction upon the violent strain on my nerves was coming, and I had no power to resist its influence. I could feel the tears rolling down my cheeks and falling on my hands without caring to wipe them away; the more so as there was no one to see them. What did my tears signify to any one? I was cold, and hungry, and miserable. How lonely I was! how poor! with neither a home nor a friend in the world!—a mere castaway upon the waves of this troublous life!

"Mam'zelle is a brave sailor," said a voice behind me, which I recognised as my seaman of the night before, whom I had well-nigh forgotten; "but the storm is over now, and we shall be in port only an hour or two behind time."

"What port shall we reach?" I asked, not caring to turn round lest he should see my wet eyes and cheeks.

"St. Peter-port," he answered. "Mam'zelle, then, does not know our islands?"

"No," I said. "Where is St. Peter-port?"

"In Guernsey," he replied. "Is mam'zelle going to Guernsey or Jersey? Jersey is about two hours' sail from Guernsey. If you were going to

land at St. Peter-port I might be of some service to you."

I turned round then, and looked at him steadily. His voice was a very pleasant one, full of tones that went straight to my heart and filled me with confidence. His face did not give the lie to it, or cause me any disappointment. He was no gentleman, that was plain; his face was bronzed and weather-beaten, as if he often encountered rough weather. But his deep-set eyes had a steadfast, quiet power in them, and his mouth, although it was almost hidden by hair, had a pleasant curve about it. I could not guess how old he was; he looked a middle-aged man to me. His great, rough hands, which had never worn gloves, were stained and hard with labour; and he had evidently been taking a share in the toil of the night, for his close-fitting, woven blue jacket was wet through, and his hair was damp and rough with the wind and rain. He raised his cap as my eyes looked straight into his, and a faint smile flitted across his grave face.

"I want," I said suddenly, "to find a place where I can live very cheaply. I have not much money, and I must make it last a long time. I do not mind how quiet the place, or how poor. Can you tell me of such a place?"

"You would want a place fit for a lady?" he said, with a glance at my silk dress.

"No," I answered eagerly. "I mean such a cottage as you would live in. I would do all my own work, for I am very poor, and I do not know yet how I can get my living. I must be very careful of my money till I find out what I can do. What sort of a place do you and your wife live in?"

His face was clouded a little, I thought; and he did not answer me till after a short silence.

"My poor little wife is dead," he answered, "and I do not live in Guernsey or Jersey. We live in Sark, my mother and I. I am a fisherman, but I have also a little farm, for with us the land goes from the father to the eldest son, and I was the eldest. It is true we have one room to spare, which might do for mam'zelle; but the island is far away, and very *triste*. Jersey is gay, and so is Guernsey, but in the winter Sark is too mournful."

"It will be just the place I want," I said quickly; "it would suit me exactly. Can you let me go there at once? Will you take me with you?"

"Mam'zelle," he replied, smiling, "the room must be made ready for you, and I must speak to my mother. Besides, Sark is six miles from Guernsey, and to-day the passage would be too rough for you. If God sends us fair weather I will come back to St. Peter-port for you in three days. My name is Tardif. You can ask the people in Peter-port what sort of a man Tardif of the *Havre Gosselin* is."

"I do not want any one to tell me what sort of a man you are," I said, holding out my hand, red and cold with the keen air. He took it into his large rough palm, looking down upon me with an air of friendly protection.

"What is your name, mam'zelle?" he inquired.

"Oh! my name is Olivia," I said; then I stopped abruptly, for there flashed across me the necessity for concealing it. Tardif did not seem to notice my embarrassment.

"There are some Olliviers in St. Peter-port," he said. "Is mam'zelle of the same family? But no, that is not probable."

"I have no relations," I answered, "not even in England. I have very few friends, and they are all far away in Australia. I was born there, and lived there till I was seventeen."

The tears sprang to my eyes again, and my new friend saw them, but said nothing. He moved off at once to the far end of the deck, to help one of the crew in some heavy piece of work. He did not come back until the rain began to return—a fine, drizzling rain, which came in scuds across the sea.

"Mam'zelle," he said, "you ought to go below; and I will tell you when we are in sight of Guernsey."

I went below, inexpressibly more satisfied and comforted. What it was in this man that won my complete, unquestioning confidence, I did not know; but his very presence, and the sight of his good, trustworthy face, gave me a sense of security such as I have never felt before or since. Surely God had sent him to me in my great extremity.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

EARLY VIOLETS.



THROUGH the blue of noon
The clouds move sweet with rain,
Fleecy, and white, and pure,
Sheep in a sunny plain,
While sudden drops are blown
And splinter on the pane.

O, for the April woods
That never shadows hold,
Fresh with the shining leaves,

Sweet with the odorous mould!
And O, for primrose nooks
Of greenness starred with gold!

O, for the hedgerow ways
Winding through loamy fields,
Where hazels grow, and fresh
Its scent the alder yields,
And deep in rift and cleft
Its fire the crocus shields!

But dearer far than all
The breezy wold, where hide
In softly nested nooks
The violets, April's pride,
Of their own breath betrayed
Ere in sweet gloom descried.

These to their haunts may well
Beguile the young and fair,
Though sunny gleams were wan,

And breezes chilled the air :
In joy and beauteous things
The beautiful will share.

And, season bright and brief,
Betwixt the bud and bloom,
Thoughts of thy violet nooks
Will darkest hours illumine,
Will yield thy brightness light,
And sweeten all thy gloom !



THE RECENT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

BY R. A. PROCTOR, R.A., F.R.A.S.

THE eclipse of the sun which took place on December 12th last, was looked forward to by astronomers with some anxiety, because many months must pass before they will have any similar opportunity of studying the sun's surroundings. Year after year, for four years in succession, there have been total eclipses of the sun—in each year one—and each eclipse has taught us much that has been worth knowing; but during the present year there will be no total solar eclipse worth observing; there will be none in 1873, only one (and not a very important one) in 1874, while during the total eclipse of 1875 the moon's shadow will traverse a path very inconveniently situated for intending observers.

Besides, the inquiries and discussions of astronomers had reached a very interesting stage before the recent eclipse occurred. A sort of contest—though of course a friendly and philosophic contest—had been waged over the sun's corona, the halo or glory which is seen around the black disc of the moon when the sun is totally concealed; and though in the opinion of most astronomers the contest had really been decided by the observations made during the total eclipse of December, 1870, some slight doubts still existed in the minds of a few. It was hoped—and the hope would appear to have been justified—that during the late eclipse these doubts would be finally removed. A few weeks must elapse even after the present paper appears, and five or six from the present time of writing, before the sun-painted pictures which are to decide the question can be in the hands of the judges. But from the description which has already reached us, we can feel very little doubt as to the nature of the decision which will be arrived at.

A brief sketch of the progress of the inquiry into the subject of the solar corona, will serve to exhibit the nature of the doubts which the recent expe-

ditions to the Indian seas were intended to remove.

From very early ages it had been known that when the sun's disc is wholly concealed by the moon a glory of light starts into view, rendering the scene less terrible, though scarcely less striking, than it would be were total darkness to prevail.

Now gradually it began to be recognised that this glory around the sun consisted of several distinct portions. In the first place, quite close to the moon's black body, a very narrow ring of light had been observed, so bright that many astronomers were led to believe that the sun was not in reality totally concealed, but that a ring of sunlight remained even at the moment of central eclipse.

This excessively bright ring of light is not, however, always seen, if (as many accounts suggest) it is to be distinguished from the bright inner corona of which I shall presently have to speak. During the recent eclipses we have had no clear evidence respecting this brilliant but very narrow ring; and it is just possible that the accounts derived from earlier eclipses have been a little exaggerated.

Then, secondly, a red border is seen around portions of the black disc of the moon. This border has commonly a serrated edge, and has been called the *sierra*, from a well-known Spanish name for a range of hills. From what thus resembles a chain of rose-coloured mountains, appear to spring certain red projections which have been called the solar prominences. Their general appearance during eclipse may be inferred from the description given by those who first observed them, in 1842, who compared the moon's disc surrounded by these glowing objects to a black brooch set round with garnets. But it is now known that such names as *prominences* and *protuberances* are not properly applicable to these red objects, and that the word *sierra* is equally inapplicable to the rim of coloured light beneath the red projections. The prominences as well as the *sierra* (for, however unsuitable, the names continue in use) are in reality formed of glowing gas, hydrogen being their chief constituent



EARLY VIOLETS—A. 7.

element, but other elements being also present in a gaseous form. Only, the reader must not run away with the notion that these great red masses, some of which are more than a hundred thousand miles in height, are of the nature of our gas flames. They are not properly speaking flames at all, but masses of gas glowing with intensity of heat.*

* In a gas flame there is (as our meters tell us) a continual supply

Many of the most important discoveries recently made respecting the sun relate to these wonderful objects; but in this place I shall refrain from speaking more about them than seems necessary to

of gas, which mixes with the oxygen of the air, and undergoes what is called combustion. But in the sun's coloured prominences the hydrogen enters into no chemical combination, at least none such as we are familiar with. Simply by the intense heat to which it is exposed it glows, just as iron glows when it is heated sufficiently,

illustrate the subject of the corona; for, as a matter of fact, the observers during the late eclipse turned scarcely a thought to the coloured prominences, nor is it likely that anything new respecting them will ever be learned during total eclipses of the sun.

Outside the sierra and the prominences, the true corona is seen. To ordinary vision, and probably also even under the scrutiny of powerful telescopes, it appears to be divided into two distinct portions. There is in the first place an inner and brighter region, extending apparently to a distance from the sun equal to about one-fifth of his diameter. The outline of this inner corona is uneven but not radiated, and though not sharply defined, appears yet to be very definitely indicated by the rapid falling off of lustre beyond its limits. The inner corona has been described as of a white pearly lustre by some observers; but under the most favourable conditions it appears, when carefully observed, to have a somewhat ruddy hue.

Extending much farther from the sun, how far is not as yet known, is the radiated corona. It is much fainter than the inner corona, and its light grows fainter and fainter with distance from the sun, until lost to view on the dark but not black background of the sky. Through this faint and softly-graduated corona extend radiations of somewhat greater brightness. It is between these radiations that those dark gaps or rifts appear, which have figured so much in the narratives of recent eclipse observations. The dark gaps are, indeed, more striking features than the radiations which form them; but it must be remembered, nevertheless, that the radiations are the only positive features in this case, the gaps being merely regions where there are no radiations.

We may typically represent the corona, as it had been revealed to us during former eclipses, by the accompanying sketch from a photograph taken by Mr. Brothers at Syracuse during the eclipse of December, 1870. Only, it must be remembered that the photograph may not represent the full extent of the corona, while many details of its structure are too delicate to be shown in a figure so small as is here given. It will be understood further that the inner part, marked R, is much brighter than the whole of the outer part, marked C, and that this outer part shades off gradually into the dark background of the sky.

Now the question which has agitated astronomy during the past few years, has been simply whether the glory of light seen around the sun is in reality a solar appendage, or may not be due wholly or in part to the illumination either of our own atmosphere or of some other matter (not necessarily atmospheric) lying much nearer to us than the sun does. If we consider the figure, we can see at once that if we have here a real solar appendage—that is, matter which exists all around the sun's globe—it is an

appendage of the most amazing extent. The black disc which forms the centre of the figure is of course intended to represent the moon, whose diameter we know is about 2,200 miles, and if for a moment we suppose the corona C and R surrounds the moon, we see that it must extend on one side to about 5,000 miles, and elsewhere to about 2,800 miles. But exactly behind the moon lies the sun, a little more than concealed by the moon; and the sun's diameter is about 850,000 miles. So that if the corona is something which surrounds the sun, it extends as the picture shows to at least 2,000,000 miles on one side, and elsewhere to about 1,200,000 miles. Neglecting the dark rifts for the moment, and regarding the whole corona as shaped like a globe, and having a diameter four times as great as the sun's, we should have to regard its volume as exceeding his *not* four times, nor sixteen times, but sixty-four times. And when we are reminded that the sun's own volume exceeds that of this earth on which we live some 1,200,000 times, we see what a stupendous conclusion we must arrive at, if we regard the corona as a solar appendage. Of course, we need not imagine that the corona has a continuous substance completely filling a space some 77,000,000 times larger than the earth. It may be made up of multitudes of minute bodies, with vacant spaces between. But the conclusion remains that a region of space exceeding our earth's volume so many millions of times, is thus occupied by matter of some sort.

Nor is the conclusion rendered a whit less surprising if we take the dark rifts into account. Nay, we obtain an enhanced idea of the wonderful nature of the corona, regarded as a solar appendage, when we consider that it possesses so remarkable a structure that, as seen from our distant stand-point, it shows well-defined gaps or rifts. For unquestionably it is not to be regarded as something flat or plane-shaped, like its picture, or a decoration (which in appearance it often strikingly resembles). It must extend *on all sides* from the sun (if it is indeed a solar appendage), and not merely from the sides of the disc he turns towards us at the time of an eclipse; and it can easily be seen that its shape, in length and breadth and thickness, must be strange, to account for such rifts as are shown in the figure. If we take an orange to represent the sun, and boring holes all over it, stick 'spills' in these holes to represent the region occupied by the corona, we shall find that in order that our spillikined orange may exhibit a rifted corona in whatever position it is placed, we must either leave several large parts of its surface without spills, or that the spills over many such parts must be very short. When this consideration is attended to, the spillikin corona will be found to have a very complex and remarkable figure.

It is not to be wondered at, that so soon as the corona began to be thought about at all, astro-

nomers were led to believe that it is not of the nature of a solar appendage, but either a sort of halo in our own atmosphere, or else an appendage belonging in some way to the moon. Kepler and Halley and Newton, to say nothing of a host of other astronomers who considered the question during the infancy of modern astronomy, were led to different conclusions, by the comparatively imperfect evidence available in their day. We may pass over the arguments adduced in favour of the three several theories which were in question. Suffice it that, gradually, it was admitted more and more generally that the corona must be some appendage surrounding the sun; and in comparatively recent times—a quarter of a century ago, or thereabouts—the opinion began to prevail that the corona is in fact the sun's atmosphere.

But quite recently discoveries were made which seemed to throw great doubt upon this opinion. By means of the instrument called the spectroscope, astronomers have learned not only how to study the sun's coloured prominences when the sun is shining in full splendour, but also to determine to some extent the condition of the glowing gas of which those prominences are formed. When this was done, it did not appear that the density of the glowing gas—even close by the sun's body—was so great as might be expected if the corona were an atmosphere properly so called. Some prominences are shown in the figure; and if we consider the pressure to which objects so placed must be subjected, supposing them to lie at the bottom of an atmosphere more than a million miles in height, we shall at once see that the pressure of our own air at the sea-level would be a mere nothing by comparison. It is supposed that our air may be two or three hundred miles in depth, but even if we suppose it to be ten times as deep as this, the depth of the imagined solar atmosphere would be many times greater. And then the pressure of our air is caused by the earth's attraction, and would be greater if the earth exerted a greater attraction. But the attractive energy of the sun (at his surface) exceeds the force of the earth's gravity about twenty-seven times. We may safely infer then that an atmosphere such as the corona was supposed to be, would cause a pressure exceeding the atmospheric pressure we experience some thousands of times. The gas forming the prominences would be correspondingly compressed under these circumstances. But as a matter of fact the pressure at the very base of the coloured prominences appears to be a mere fraction of that which our own air exerts at the sea-level.

Accordingly Mr. Lockyer, who had taken a prominent part in establishing this very interesting result, was led to express the opinion that the sun's atmosphere has no such extent as had been imagined, and that the corona is an appearance (only)

in our own air, "an atmospheric effect merely," "due to the passage of the sun's rays through our own atmosphere."

This conclusion was, however, not very generally accepted. Several astronomers at once pointed out that the air which lies towards the place on the heavens where the corona is seen, is not illuminated at all by the sun's rays during total eclipse. I also pointed out that whatever light that particular part of the air receives during totality—not direct sunlight, but light from the prominences, and so much of the corona as might be admitted to be solar—would extend over the very place of the moon, and gradually increase thence on all sides instead of gradually diminishing, as happens with the corona. This would not be the place to exhibit the reasoning by which these results can be demonstrated; for mathematical considerations not altogether simple are involved in the complete discussion of the matter. Let it suffice to say as respects the air between the observer and the moon, that since the observer can see the coloured prominences and the inner bright corona during totality, the air all around him (towards the moon as well as elsewhere) must be lit up by their light. And as respects the gradual increase of brightness on all sides of the place where the eclipsed sun is, let the reader consider that if, at any time during totality, a bird were to fly (with enormous rapidity) from the observer's station directly towards the moon's centre, that bird would remain in the moon's shadow as he so flew; but if he flew in any other direction he would presently pass out of the shadow—that is, he would reach a place where the air is illuminated. And he would so much the more quickly reach the illuminated air, as he flew more directly from the moon's place on the sky. So that putting the line of the observer's sight instead of the swiftly flying bird, we see that this line will so much the sooner reach illuminated air, according as it is turned further from the place of the moon on the heavens. Thus the air towards the place of the moon, though illuminated, is less brightly illuminated than that lying towards any other part of the sky; and the atmospheric illumination must gradually increase the further we turn our eyes from the moon's place.

So matters stood when preparations were being made for the expeditions to view the eclipse of 1870. Evidence had indeed been obtained during the eclipse of 1869 in America, which seemed to show that the substance of the corona is gaseous; and singularly enough it appeared as though this substance, whatever it might be, shone with a light resembling that of the aurora borealis. But those who regarded the corona as a mere glare in our own atmosphere, rejected these results because they seemed "bizarre and perplexing in the extreme." The American astronomers, however, were not willing to have their observations rejected

in this summary fashion; and they therefore crossed the Atlantic in great force to observe the Mediterranean eclipse of December, 1870.

It was with some little regret, I must confess, that as the eclipse of 1870 drew near, I found many of the intending observers proposing to direct their chief attention to the question whether the corona is a solar appendage or a mere glare in our own atmosphere. It seemed to me clear that the atmospheric theory was completely disposed of by the evidence, while a host of interesting questions remained to be answered respecting the nature of the amazing solar appendage thus shown to exist.

"I think I have not erred," I wrote in October, 1870, "in insisting that we have ample evidence to prove that, the corona is a solar appendage; but what sort of appendage it may be, remains yet to be shown. Observations directed to show whether it is or not a solar appendage will, I apprehend, be a total waste of time; and it is for this reason that I have, at the meetings of the Astronomical Society and elsewhere, deprecated all such observations." (Preface to second edition of "Other Worlds"). Nay, I

fear I even offended one or two by the zeal with which I urged the importance of endeavouring to determine, not whether the corona is a solar appendage, but what sort of solar appendage it may be.

However, the observations were made, photographs and sketches were taken, and the general conclusion drawn from the work of 1870 was that which Sir John Herschel, only six weeks before his lamented decease, enunciated in the following terms in a letter addressed to myself—"The corona is certainly extra-terrestrial and ultra-lunar."

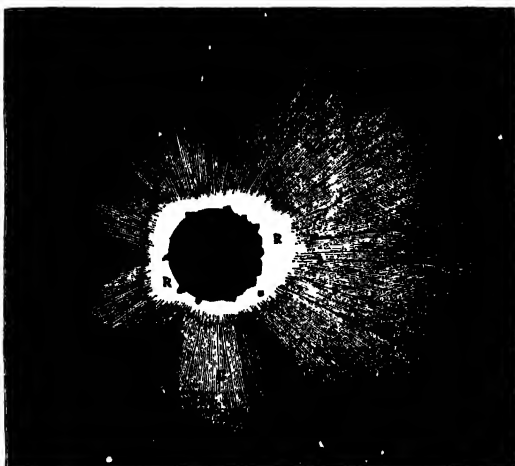
Even then, however, some doubts still remained in a few minds. The question of the corona was still mooted in essays and lectures—nay, the atmospheric theory was so successfully defended before the British Association last August, as to lead Professor Tait to remark that, in his opinion, it was in the main true; while the president of the meeting—Professor Thomson—even expressed the opinion that the special observations made last

December proved that the greater part of the corona was a mere phenomenon of our own atmosphere. It must be pointed out, however, in justice to these eminent mathematicians, that only one side of the question had been adequately presented to them.

Thus another year had passed, and the subject of the corona stood almost exactly as in the autumn of 1870. Well-appointed expeditions were again about to set forth to view an important eclipse, and again the question which the observers had before them was the worn-out problem, whether the corona is or is not a solar appendage.

But much more faith was placed in photography

than had been the case in 1870. *Then*, men doubted whether photography *could* give good pictures of the corona. The coloured prominences had been photographed repeatedly; but the finest telescopes had failed to bring the corona fairly on to the glass. Mr. Brothers of Manchester, however, showed how this difficulty was to be surmounted. He discarded the telescope and employed the ordinary photographic camera. The results



THE SUN'S CORONA

R, the inner or ring-formed corona; C, the outer radiated corona.

were most satisfactory. The eclipsed sun was indeed partially hidden by clouds during all but the last few seconds of totality; but for eight seconds the camera was fairly at work; and the result was "the corona as it had never been seen on glass before."

During the late eclipse, Mr. Brothers' plan was adopted at several stations, and most successfully, by all the photographing parties whose accounts have yet reached Europe. For many weeks, however, these photographs will not be available for examination. The great point which we know already respecting them is this—that they show an extensive corona, with *persistent* rifts—those taken at the beginning of totality differing from those taken at the end only as respects parts of the corona very far from the sun. All those doubts which had been based on the circumstance that Mr. Brothers' best photograph was taken nearly at the close of totality, are therefore removed by the photographs taken on the present occasion.

But the corona was so favourably seen even with the naked eye during the recent eclipse, as to dispose of all the doubts formerly entertained. In an interesting letter in the *Daily News*, an eyewitness at Bekul, describing Mr. Lockyer's observations, says that so soon as the totality began the corona appeared, *rigid* in the heavens, like a magnificent decoration, suggesting by its fixity the idea of perfect rest in those distant regions. It was marked with radial streaks of great brilliancy, separated by relatively dark furrows, and extending all round the upper and lower parts of the moon's circumference, but less conspicuous (or altogether wanting—the account is not very clear on this point) at the sides. This observation is of great interest, because the upper and lower parts of the sun's circumference at the moment of observation corresponded to the sun's equatorial regions, while the sides corresponded to the position of the solar poles. Mr. Lockyer's account thus seems to support a theory lately urged, according to which the corona is caused by radial emanations chiefly from the neighbourhood of the solar equator. It is clear, however, from the rifts (especially as shown in the figure) that such emanations cannot be continuous, but must take place locally and, as it were, fitfully.

But the most important account which has yet reached Europe, is that contained in a letter from M. Janssen, the eminent spectroscopist, to M. Faye, the president of the French Academy of Sciences.

It should be noted, in the first place, that in a letter to the secretary of the Academy Janssen says, "I have just observed the eclipse, only a few moments ago, with an admirable sky; and while still under the emotion occasioned by the splendid phenomenon which I have but now witnessed, I send you a few lines by the *Bombay Courier*. The result of my observations at Sholoor indicates, without any doubt, the solar region of the corona and the existence of material substances (*matières*) outside the sierra." Then follows his letter to the president, which runs thus:—"I have seen the corona as I could not in 1868, when I gave myself wholly to the prominences. Nothing could be more beautiful or more brilliant; and there were definite forms which exclude all possibility of an origin in our own atmosphere." He proceeds to describe the coronal spectrum, confirming the American observations—with one notable exception: he recognised the solar dark lines in the spectrum of the corona, a proof that no inconsiderable portion of its light is reflected sunlight. Then he draws his letter to a conclusion with these decisive words:—"I conceive that the question whether the corona is due to our own atmosphere is disposed of (*tranchée*), and we have before us in perspective the study of the regions lying outside the sun, which must needs be most interesting and fruitful." I could wish that the same opinion had been received when it was advocated twenty-two months ago in almost the same words.

MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET.

BY FRANCIS POWER CORBIE.



HE Irish gentleman who remarked that the best way to "make both ends meet" was to "burn the candle at both ends," took a very cheerful view of a lugubrious subject. Problems there are in science, in morals, and in theology which will puzzle philosophers to the end of time, but the grand *arcaneum* how to make both ends meet, troubles a thousand brains for every one which disturbs itself about the origin of species, freedom, and necessity, or "fixed fate, free will, fore-knowledge, absolute." He who has discovered it may very well dispense with many other items of useful knowledge, certain that he may evermore sit under his own vine and fig-tree while no bailiffs shall make him afraid; while he who fails to find it out may grow old, like Solon, learning something else every day, and yet be a miserable fool at the end of the chapter. True

there is theoretically something chivalrous and "fast" in being a spendthrift. Nothing is more unromantic than to pay one's butcher's bills every week; and on the other hand, it is almost heroic to talk like Rochester of trees as "an excrescence of the earth provided by Nature for the payment of debts;" or to say like the Frenchman, "My debts! Why on earth should I think of my debts?—*Ça regarde mes créanciers*." But practically, somehow, when it comes to the actual result of succeeding or failing in making both ends meet, it must be admitted the preference lies in favour of the man who succeeds, and consequently can look the world in the face; and against the man who fails, and as the inevitable result is driven either to a dozen mean shifts, or to accept obligations of that particular kind which it takes no special virtue to feel it is "more blessed to give than to receive." Some years ago a literary personage, anxious to procure authentic memorials of certain self-made men of the manufacturing districts, sent round blank forms to their *quondam* fellow-workmen, requesting that they

might be filled up with reminiscences. A space was left on each form for the most salient characteristics of the person whose biography was to be written; and on this space in one case was inscribed the solemn remark, "His greatest peculiarity was the intense sense he manifested at all periods of his life of the inestimable value of ready money." The "peculiarity" has perhaps been shared by a few other persons; but we have no doubt it contributed very essentially to the eventual edification of Mr. A——'s colossal fortune. To possess this delightful "ready money" and to "make both ends meet" are very nearly the same problem, and to solve them there are obviously two methods, and two only: first, to live within one's income, which for all of us, except millionaires, may be described as the Method of Saving; second, to add to one's income enough to cover all current expenses, which may be described as the Method of Earning. Let us say a few words of each of these plans.

Nothing would be more amusing, were it not also a little melancholy, than to assist at a family council of ways and means, when it has been recognised that retrenchments must be made somewhere, and the question is to be debated, "What shall we do to save?" If the case be not very serious, and some moderate reductions will bring both ends of the family income, satisfactorily together, no urgent necessity checks the lively feelings of the members of the household committee, and as each one hears his or her particular luxury proffered for sacrifice, the effect is electric. "What!" cries *Materfamilias*, "give up our little dinner parties, the one kind of society I care for, and which all our friends seem to enjoy so much!" "Don't say a word," screams *Materfamilias*, "about the dear girls' dresses. Surely you would not have them go out as dowdies and frights?" "Hush!" growls brother John, "my cigars and the two poor backs I keep cost nothing, literally nothing. Look at that new piano just bought for Jane!" "Pianos don't run up stable bills," puts in Jane in dolorous quaver, and so the argument goes on. And in households of narrower means the cabs, the wine, the servant's wages, the coals, the candles, and the weekly bills all come under solemn scrutiny, and nearly always with the same results. There are invariably the best of reasons why, though economy in the abstract is good and even indispensable, economy in the particular item suggested is specially undesirable, even impracticable. At the end of the longest and most arduous discussion, the matter generally rests where it did at the beginning. Only one case have we known where a retrenchment was agreed on unanimously by all the persons concerned. Neither food, nor fuel, nor light, nor servants, nor expenses of locomotion could be curtailed, though each of these departments was managed on rather lax principles in the house in question. But one great

thing could be done. The *Times* should be taken in future—not to keep—only to read! Whether so radical a reform enabled that frugal family to make both ends meet ever afterwards we are unable to say.

Seriously the real thing to be done is not to pare and pinch at little details—a process extremely aggravating to the temper, and which the ever-growing prices of all articles of consumption must continually render seemingly nugatory. The axe should be laid lower, and where retrenchment is necessary at all it should be done in the shape of a reduction in the framework, not in the minor pieces of which the household puzzle is composed. Carriages and horses, a man-servant, a woman-servant, the practice of giving dinners or evening parties, in extreme cases the habitation of a house larger or in a more expensive locality than is necessary, these are the reductions which alone really tell on an income, and effect the purpose for which they are made. People shrink from them because their neighbours notice them, while they think they will not notice the pinching and paring on the old model; but the man who dislikes that his acquaintance should know that he is resolved to live within his income deserves to be in difficulties, and as to the inconvenience and privation entailed by such wholesale reductions of style of living, they are infinitely smaller than the eternal worry of looking after every trifling detail, a course which never fails in the long run to prove a penny wise and pound foolish plan of life. Well within the income, whatever that income may happen to be, and a liberal margin for freedom in detail or to meet chance emergencies, this is the real philosophy of economy.

But there is a method far more pleasant than that of retrenchment for "making both ends meet." It is the method of Earning money instead of Saving it. In the classes of society in which such earning, or at least the attempt at earning, is a matter of course for both men and women, there is a tenfold more cheerful spirit than in that hapless class just a grade higher, wherein the ladies are too "genteel" to think of adding to the family means (except by a marriage more or less mercenary), and wherein therefore it depends on the chance of there being a male bread-winner, industrious, healthy, fortunate, and generous enough to bear up single-handed the seven women who, in such cases, always cling in apocalyptic fashion to his skirts. Of course, where there is a large fixed income from lands or other investments, things may all go straight for many years; but even here, unless the lands or other investments produce an income increasing at the same rapid ratio as the general increase in the cost of living, there must always come a day when the dread problem of how to make both ends meet will stare the proprietors in

the face, and force them to have recourse either to the Method of Saving or the Method of Earning, as they best may choose. But when in a family it is the wish of everybody to earn, how pathetic are the debates (worse than those about retrenchment) which take place to determine how that most desirable process of earning is to be commenced!

Of course the first idea of every human creature who can hold a pen, is that grand refuge of the destitute—literature. Everybody knows somebody who "writes for the magazines," and is reported to obtain from that abounding source a perfect *Pactolus* of wealth, which of course can easily be partially diverted so far as to irrigate the small domain of the ambitious Ernest or Anna, who is saluted by the rest of the family as the future glory of the house. Then comes all the dreary story of tormenting friends for an introduction—"only an introduction, because a new author's works, they are told, are sadly neglected if not properly introduced?"—and then the good-natured editor's civil refusal of the manuscript with "many thanks," or (more fatal far) his indulgent acceptance of a mediocre performance, and the consequent firm persuasion of the unhappy writer, and all his or her relations, that by bringing sufficient force of interest to bear, the way to fame and wealth is clear. Or there are, perhaps, other hopes, from paintings by Maria, which the great Mr. Dauber, R.A., once observed were "very pretty;" or songs composed by brother Robert, "which used to be so admired by

the young ladies when he sang them in Lackmannville!" It is all pretty much the same. Amateur literature, amateur art, at first without training, and at last brought forward, not because there is anything true or wise to be said, or any beauty to be created, but simply because money is wanted, can never be of real and permanent avail. Literature and art are noble professions, not flowery paths into which any one can turn who chooses. The wise course for those who seriously desire to make money, and who have not hitherto done anything of the kind, or received the training qualifying them to do so, is to forbear from looking always along the plane of their own social level, or a little above it, but rather to turn their eyes somewhat below, and see whether *there*, where their gentler breeding will place them at an advantage over competitors, they cannot do something to better their state.

One thing is certain: making money is a more pleasant process on the whole than saving it; but there is no making money without some sacrifice of leisure, of pride, of enjoyments of various kinds, and all habits of idleness and self-indulgence. One kind of money-getting calls for greater sacrifice of one sort, and another of another, but there is always something to be sacrificed. Let these things be carefully considered at the outset, and the choice made where the self-denial shall be, either in saving or in earning, and then there will be more chance for success in the grand experiment—how to make both ends meet.

AT THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

IN SIX FACETS.—FACET THE FIRST,

INTRODUCTION.



HAPPENED to be some nine months since in a far-off land, away from gas-lit cities, on the banks of a magnificent stream. I met there many who, like myself, had been attracted by glowing accounts of the mineral wealth of the country around; and I encountered adventure, and saw many strange sights. I am about to relate, above all, my adventures with one valuable companion, with whom it was my good fortune to become acquainted. His countenance was bright, his manner clear, open, and transparent; there seemed no space for deception to be concealed, so that I could not do otherwise than believe, although strange, what he said. I will tell you what he whispered

into my ear—all that he told me. *He was diamond.*

Indeed I am not romancing; converse it did, that diamond; as plainly as I am at this moment conveying my ideas to you without uttering one word, so did it speak without sound or syllable. Why should a diamond not speak? Did not the whole animal world, and aught else beside, become endowed with language in the hands of the fabulists? Do not flowers express the language of love—at least between young people having, or desiring, certain relations toward each other? Did not Shakespeare read (or write) sermons in stones? In wisdom's ear the whole creation speaks, and with a diamond tongue my companion held intercourse with me.

"My name," said he, "is *Carbon*—Diamond if you will; my parents—well, I knew them not. Their names were *Mystery* and *Accident*; by mys-

tery I came into the world, accident disclosed me to its people, and I was born somewhere in yonder rocks."

The conversation took place, as I already have stated, many thousands of miles from Old England—but let me relate the whole story—how I met my interesting companion on the river-bank, how merrily we passed the time together in company on the road, and how at last we parted.

FACET THE SECOND.—THE EXPEDITION.

It was a cold, foggy day in November of 1870. It was about noon; two companions and myself were discussing our last chop at my chambers. We were going to the Diamond Fields. The glowing accounts of the "finds" which were then as now received regularly from the Cape of Good Hope, together with the charms of travel in prospective, and a twelvemonth's holiday from business, filled our buoyant spirits with hope and anticipation. My friend opposite me, honouring us with his company, he it was who had organised an expedition, and we were the "explorers in embryo." His head at all times full of ideas, and hands full of business, both were, if possible, fuller on this occasion, and the subject was diamonds. Yes, we had been preparing, thinking, even dreaming for some weeks previous about the project, and now the time had arrived for us to start. Shake hands, good-bye, Streeter; good-bye, Conduit Street. The cab rolls down Regent Street, Waterloo Place, Charing Cross, over the bridge at last. The London and South-Western Railway is reached. "First class, guard! Southampton."

Have you, reader, ever been a long sea voyage? if so, is it not enjoyable to think about it—in retrospect? The change of scene—the greatness in being a traveller—the many little incidents that occurred on board—the acquaintances made and lost, never perhaps to be renewed—the happy family constituted so quickly in a few feet of space, safely and comfortably traversing the deep—these are details common to every traveller and voyage, as they were to that which the Union Company's Royal Mail steamer *Norseman* was about to perform, awaiting our arrival in the docks. At 1:30 p.m., the time appointed for starting, might have been heard the last bell to warn all visitors to be off, and off then we were ourselves. Oh, the horrors of the Channel—the terrors of the Bay of Biscay! Our captain was equal to his duties, and every precaution was taken by him to ensure the safety and comfort of a valuable freight—a hundred and fifty human lives; yet it is a sad thing to go to sea.

Through the tropics—over the Line—St. Helena, historical and romantic rock-island—through Cape seas and storms—at last Cape Town. Our object was to combine as much as possible enjoy-

ment of scenery with expedition. We re-shipped from Cape Town to Natal, where necessarily we should pass through fine scenery, enjoy good shooting, and proceed most economically to the Fields.

A few weeks saw us upon the Drakensberg, or Dragon's Mountain, 3,400 feet above the sea, and enveloped for nearly three days and nights in obscurity, through a cloud which had chosen that particular time to pass the locality. Fancy a wagon for our home, little to eat, and unable to kindle a fire to cook that little food. The cloud at last cleared off, and, like a scene in the grand theatre of nature, opened to our view what words fail to tell. The distant peaks, blue with distance; the rock-crowned hills, crimson and carmine, standing vertically upon the bright green slopes; the mountain passes; the massive walls, and overhanging precipices, once seen and never forgotten—far beyond the pen of the traveller to describe, or the brush of the artist to depict. Imagine standing upon the margin of a precipice with table-land behind, and you will form an idea of the configuration of the Drakensberg, further that looking over it would be towards the Indian Ocean, the coast-line running parallel with the range; under you lies Natal, with its flat-topped hills, winding rivers, and picturesque scenery; behind are the Diamond Fields, some three hundred miles distant. From this point to the Fields the country gradually declines. The plateau is part of a desert; little foliage, less water, and indifferent food are the difficulties encountered by all travellers through it, until the neighbourhood of the Fields is attained.

I will not relate the perils and dangers we met on the road—of storms, of lightnings and thunders, of the parching rays of the sun by day, and the intense cold by night—all of which are realities, and about them we are accustomed to read in books of travel.

Some four or five miles from the "Diggings" the country perceptibly alters; undulating hills, foliage, and under-bush in abundance now appear, and pretty pebbles under-foot instead of the heated red sand of the desert. But the Diggings like a vortex lead you on—on; whether your purpose be business, pleasure, curiosity, or aught besides, three or four days will find you pick or shovel in hand, digging for diamonds. Near you will probably be a justice of the peace, at the same occupation; his good lady has her share in the labour, or I should designate it the excitement, of sorting the washed pebbles; next him the mayor of Blankton; an officer, late of the Thirty-second, is not far off; and you find yourself surrounded by young, respectable men. Speak, and you will be surprised that you converse in nine instances out of ten with men of education—"diamonds in the rough."

END OF FACET THE SECOND.

HALF A DREAM.



"I SEIZED THE GUARD'S LAMP."

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

“GENTLY, Geordie! take your time, man! Now then!” The excited gilly wades into the pool with his gaff, there is a brief struggle, and then he lays on the grass a fine salmon of eighteen pounds at least.

On disengaging the fly, it is found too ruffled and “mauled” to be of any further use. My pouch does not contain another puce floss-silk-bodied fly.

“It is na manner of use ye’re trying the Spey wi’ ony o’ thae fal lals,” exclaims honest Geordie, turning

out my best London-made flies with no small amount of disdain; "I'll jist rin awa' to the manse doon yonder; Mr. Finlan ties a fly that will kill in ony weather, and he'll gie your honour ane, I ken weel."

While he takes my compliments to his reverence, I fling myself down beside my quarry. He was my first salmon, and not a little proud was I of his silvery sides and perfect form. But the morning was hot, and the heather-tufts comfortable. I lighted a cigar, and reflected on the odd chances that had brought me, William Robinson, late of the Bengal Civil Service, to the banks of the Spey.

The night-side of London, during the season, offers many curious sights to the social philosopher. Heightened by the darkness overhead, and lit by the glare of the numerous gas lamps, the contrasts of fashionable life and poverty come forth far more strongly than during day. The scum of the Great City does not often bubble to the surface before evening. Wealthy Pleasure does not thoroughly rouse herself until dinner, or ball beckons at sunset. In no scene can the various aspects of high and low life in London be so well studied, as under the corridor of the Opera when the prima donna's last notes still quiver in the memory, or in front of one of the theatres when the curtain has fallen and the lights inside have been dimmed. What a rush of splendid horses, what a whirl of wheels, and Babel of excited shouts from struggling coachmen, policemen, and gentlemen, as "Lord A's carriage stops the way!" or Lady B's brougham is brought up with a sudden check! How strange to see young and lovely women, exquisitely dressed and ornamented, huddling together under the slight shelter if it rains, while the dirtiest and most disreputable of their sisters leer at them from the wet and mud, with smiles obviously due to the influence of gin! Then the dashing off of adventurous gentlemen in search of a cab, the cool manner in which it is often appropriated when brought up, in the confusion, by another party, while the first man vainly attempts to collect his ladies—the subsequent feelings of these ladies after the exposure to cold and wet, when they do get into a cab at last—all this, and much more, supplies a thoughtful mind with plenty of reflections. Look at that elegant girl, in green muslin and silvery gauze trimmings! Consumption is the great *artiste* who causes her violet eyes to sparkle at her companion's sallies, and paints her cheeks with that becoming carmine flush! This ten minutes' waiting has signed her death-warrant. He has hailed a cab at last, and handed her in. Alas! has he not handed her into a hearse?

Such were my meditations one night in front of the Lyceum, while a drizzling rain was falling, and the cold canopy of fog and mist seemed settling down closer every minute. I had left Oxford that morning, and in ordinary costume was comfortably

surveying the confused sights before walking to my hotel. The eagerness of those who were still within, pushed the first who had left the theatre beyond the scanty limits of the awning, and many stood in the street waiting for cab or carriage. Suddenly my eye fell on a familiar face. It was Buchanan of Saint Vitus's (my own college), who in full evening costume, with a breadth of shirt-front that the rain was already discomposing, stood outside the awning with a young lady on his arm. They had no umbrella, and evidently would have to wait some minutes yet. The rain fell piteously on his companion's pretty head-dress, but she did not seem to mind it much. I pressed up to them, and said—

"Here, Buchanan; I can't bear to see your friend getting so wet. Take my umbrella till your carriage comes."

"What, you here, Robinson! how kind of you! The very thing, isn't it?" (this to his companion). "Let me hold it well over you. There!" and having ended his *petits soins*, he suddenly remembered—"Oh! Miss Frere, Mr. Robinson!—but where have you sprung from, old boy, eh? Shall I see you to-night at the club? No, by the way, I shan't be able to come up to-night; hope to see you to-morrow.—Here, John! here!" and in less time than I take to write it, the carriage dashed up, Buchanan handed in the young lady, who had only time to thank me with a word and a still more gracious smile, an elderly lady and gentleman hurriedly got in, Buchanan dropped the wet umbrella into my arms, with a "Ta, ta! old boy; many thanks," and they were whirled away, leaving me with as little ceremony, I reflected, as if I had been engaged by the theatre to stand at the door and provide ladies with umbrellas. However, Buchanan doubtless meant nothing by it, I thought; he looked very much in love with his fair companion, and probably had not many ideas for any one else at present. Small blame to him, for she *was* very pretty; what eyes she had; and what a smile! Happy Buchanan! and here I must walk solitary home to my hotel. So I lit my cigar and strode on through the dripping crowds.

It was long before I fell asleep, and even in dreams the winning smile, the graceful figure, the dainty lace that was so cruelly besmirched by the rain, and which formed the head-dress of Miss Frere, constantly intruded themselves. Her face was one which derived much of its charm from beauty of expression, and few faces so provocatively fix themselves in the memory as these. Next morning at breakfast my thoughts recurred to her, then the paper came; I finished my chop, bustled off into the City on business, and forgot her. The examination for the Indian Civil Service was beginning in a few days, and work put everything else out of my head. In due time I was appointed to one of the vacancies, and (it was before the present system) received orders to be ready to sail in three months.

One lovely afternoon that August, I had rambled from Penzance, where I was bidding farewell to friends, down to the stern granite cliffs which, hung with a waving fringe of grey lichen, burl back defiance on the surges that so frequently assault the Land's End. It was a glorious scene that I surveyed, looking over the broken water that runs so swiftly among the black reefs off the headland on to the Longships Lighthouse, and then to the illimitable Atlantic beyond, like the vast unknown future which lay before my life-voyage. Suddenly laughter and voices struck on my ear. Turning round, I saw a party of ladies and gentlemen, followed by servants with baskets and cloaks. Evidently it was a picnic party, so I went on with my meditations while they passed round a shoulder of rock, whence occasionally bursts of merriment floated over to me.

At length a lady, in light gauzy muslin dress, girt with a broad pink sash *à la fronde*, and accompanied by a man who was earnestly chatting to her, passed between me and the sea, clambering over the rocks. As he passed by he looked up: it was Buchanan. He uttered a cry of surprise, whereat his partner, the fair Frondeuse, raised her head, and once more I beheld the face that had burnt itself into my memory the night after the theatre. It was fresh, gay, and lively as the glittering waves before us, while, as with them, slumbered under its arch expression an undercurrent not to be fathomed or understood all at once.

"What! Robinson! where have you dropped from, old fellow?" said Buchanan.

"I remember you well, Mr. Robinson," added the lady. "What a romantic place to meet in!"

"I could not forget you, Miss Frere," I observed, in all seriousness, for such was the thought that at once passed through my mind; then adopting a lighter tone for Buchanan's benefit, I said, "Haven't you brought a parasol to shade me from the sun in my time of need at present?"

"No; but we have plenty of champagne and ice to cool you. Come along round the rock!"

"Do come, Mr. Robinson! it will please papa to be introduced to you—and a family picnic," she added with archness, "is generally so dull."

There is no need to describe the charm of the picnic, to me at least, heightened as it was, by the pleasure of watching the varied expressions that swept over Miss Frere's face, to die out (as Wordsworth says) in her eyes, and by the singular rock-scenery amongst which we feasted. Buchanan was very attentive to Miss Frere, and I had no doubt that a few more months would see them married. Declining a pressing invitation to dine with Mr. Frere that evening, as I had to leave Penzance for town, I once more lost sight of the face that possessed such a strong attraction for me. Shortly afterwards I started for India, and after five years' service, during which I had never forgotten Miss

Frere, though I had heard nothing either of her or of Buchanan, I returned home for a year's rest.

Hitherto my story has dealt in suddenly changed kaleidoscopic combinations; it will now become more steady. That summer I spent with my brother and sister at Guildford, and was returning there by the last train on a lovely July night, from a cricket-match at Aldershot. Suddenly there was a violent lurch, then the carriage seemed to spring into the air, turned over on one side, and after ploughing up the ground for a few yards, subsided along with all behind it into a general wreck, covered with clouds of dust. The engine had gone on, and the carriage I was in, having run off the line, had carried confusion and ruin into all behind it. To my utter amazement, beyond a good shaking I was not hurt; so having extricated myself from the smashed carriage, I proceeded to help the other passengers. There were very few of these, and none were seriously hurt, though contusions and broken heads abounded. Loud was their wrath, and dire their threats of actions, and of the compensation they would exact from the company. I left them to their grumblings, and passed to a first-class which had not been overthrown. By the aid of the guard's lamp we saw a lady sitting with clasped hands, apparently paralysed with terror; while, to add to the confusion, a thunderstorm now broke forth in a deluge of rain. It was out of the question to leave the lady where she was. "Madam," said the guard anxiously, "I trust you are not hurt."

The lady did not stir or speak.

"Madam," I said, coming to the rescue of the guard, "suffer me to help you out; you must not stay here; pardon me!" and I took her arm, and tried to raise her.

She burst into a torrent of tears, with her hands before her face, but without uttering a word or rising. I saw that she was utterly unhinged in mind, though it seemed fortunately not hurt in person.

What was to be done? Guard and I looked at each other in doubt; still she could not be suffered to remain; so I took up her dressing-bag and cloak which lay on the opposite seat, and handed them to the guard. On doing so, a name caught my eye, which was engraved on the lock of the former article—ELLEN FRERE. It touched an old key-note within me, but that was all, and I applied myself again to remove the lady.

"Thank God!" at last she said devoutly, and I started at her accents. Once such tones had vibrated in my mind, but that was all gone—still could it—could it be? Swifter than thought I seized the guard's lamp, and in the rudest but most eager way held it up to the lady's face. There were the well-remembered violet eyes, suffused now with tears, the fair cheeks blanched with terror, the half-opened lips that had twice before so powerfully attracted my fancy.

Back from the Brink of the Grave.

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

Words by the Rev. E. BRAY, M.A.
Maestoso.

Music by ELIZABETH STIRLING, authoress of
"All among the Barley."

PIANO.

The piano introduction is written for a grand piano in G minor (one flat) and 4/4 time. It begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic. The right hand features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Back from the brink of the grave to life, From the dark-ness of death to the light of love—The". The music is in G minor and 4/4 time.

The second system continues the song with the lyrics: "love of mother, of kin, and wife, The love of the last all loves a-bove! Oh,". The musical notation maintains the same key and time signature as the first system.

The third system concludes the song with the lyrics: "wi-dow'd mo-ther, so kind and true! Oh, all but wi-dow, so sweet and fair! We". The piano accompaniment in the left hand features a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The piece ends with a final chord in the right hand.

rall. *a tempo.*

would have wept in your grief with you, So we claim a right in your joy to share: For the heart of the na-tion is

For the heart of the na-tion is

f *colla voce.* *a tempo.* *ff*

full of praise, That true heart whose loy-al-ty ne-ver fails, And the voi-ces of thousands their

full of praise, That true heart whose loy-al-ty ne-ver fails, And the voi-ces of thousands their

anthems raise, We thank Thee, O God, for the Prince of Wales.

anthems raise, We thank Thee, O God, for the Prince of Wales.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the vocal parts and the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the next two lines of the vocal parts and the piano accompaniment. The third system contains the final two lines of the vocal parts and the piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo). Performance instructions include *rall.* (rallentando), *a tempo.* (return to tempo), and *colla voce.* (with the voice).

BACK FROM THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

BY THE REV. E. BRAY, M.A.



ACK from the brink of the grave to life,
 From the darkness of death to the light
 of love—
 The love of mother, of kin, and wife,
 The love of the last all loves above.
 Oh, widowed mother, so kind and true !
 Oh, all but widow, so sweet and fair !
 We would have wept in your grief with you,
 So we claim a right in your joy to share.
 For the heart of the nation is full of praise,
 That true heart whose loyalty never fails,
 And the voices of thousands their anthems raise :
 "We thank thee, O God, for the Prince of Wales!"

Oh, the heart-sickness of hope deferred !
 Oh, the dull dread as *that* day drew on !
 When scanning each bulletin's dubious word,
 We thought of the father and feared for the son ;

And from Jewish altar and Christian shrine,
 From Hindoo temple and Parsee's fire,
 The cry went up to the Power Divine,
 To spare to the empire our hearts' desire.

And Death stood still, with his dart upraised,
 And life fluttered back with faltering wing ;
 But the prayer *was* heard, and (God be praised !)
 A hymn of joy, not a dirge, we sing.
 Then long live the heir of England's crown,
 The heir of Victoria's spotless reign,
 The heir of good Albert's pure renown,
 Welcome to life and to love again !
 And the heart of the people is full of praise,
 That true heart whose loyalty never fails,
 And the many-tongued nations their anthems
 raise :
 "We thank thee, O God, for the Prince of Wales!"

HOW I CAME TO STUDY MYTHOLOGY.

BY KARL BLIND.



REMEMBER, many years ago, having once met a young German peasant, rather intelligent, who could read and write, as all German peasants can, but who startled me by a most extraordinary superstition.

"Look here," he said, and his face assumed a very weird, supernatural aspect—"look here! a man may learn all about the future: what is going to happen, and how things in this world are to succeed each other. Only, he must use a means which I should not like to try, and I'm sure you wouldn't!"

I suspected at once that he was referring to the use of some sign of witchcraft—some magic *Abra-cadabra*, which, in the opinion of ignorant peasants, renders a person liable to be fetched away by the evil powers; and I replied, "Well, let us see. Perhaps I *would* try it!"

He then said in an undertone, "If, on coming out of church on Easter Sunday, a man steps backwards, making a sign of disrespect; and if, whilst walking backwards through the church-door, he looks through an egg, at the same time breaking out into loud laughter, he will see the future, and the shape of all coming things, in that egg. But, dear me, *mein lieber Herr!* it will endanger a man's soul; and you will not do it, and surely I won't!"

I could not help laughing aloud, when I heard this tale, though there was no egg to be looked through; and I fancied that if ever I had come upon a meaningless absurdity, it was certainly this wonderful egg story. I almost imagined for a moment that that blue-eyed, mild-faced peasant countryman of mine had "spun a yarn" of his own, and that perchance he wanted to play a joke upon a townsman.

By-and-by I came to investigate the subject he had mentioned. I then—most strange to say—perceived, and by close study obtained the irrefutable proofs, that what had seemed mere boorish nonsense could be traced back to the decayed religious system of our heathen forefathers; and that it had a meaning, even as Greek fables about Jupiter descending as a golden rain, and similar myths, have their more or less reasonable significance, though the real sense is overlaid by such eccentric imagery—by a kind of poetry run wild, which has escaped from all critical control.

Now, in the case of that young peasant I found that, unwittingly, he was the possessor of a very remarkable *torso*, or chip, of Teutonic mythology, which, properly understood, contained a presentiment—in a very crude and mystic form, no doubt, but still a presentiment, or early conception—of that "germ theory," which is now the favourite theory of the majority of scientific men. The egg represents germs in general. In the egg our forefathers saw the symbol of the gradual development and succession of things. By looking

through the egg, therefore, metaphorically speaking, a glimpse was to be obtained of the future course of events!

But why was Easter Sunday selected for the piece of witchcraft of which that peasant spoke? Because at Easter-time, in grey antiquity, a heathen German festival was held in honour of the goddess Ostara, or Eostre, from whose name the word "Easter" is derived; and who, as the representative of the fertilising sun and of the creative powers of Nature in spring, has the egg for her emblem. To this very day, we in Germany, as well as the country-people in some of the northern and eastern counties of England, present children about Easter-time with eggs. The little ones, in Germany, are playfully told that a hare comes at night to lay those eggs; and on Easter morning a white rabbit is therefore often let run out of the room, so as to confirm them in this heretical notion about natural history. Fancy bread is then also baked into the shape of a hare. The reason of this custom is that the hare too, on account of its prolificacy, was sacred to the goddess Ostara—that is, to fruitful Nature.

When I was told by my young peasant that a person, in order to see the future, had to go out backwards from church, it meant that he who did this turned his face towards the east, where Ostara was supposed to dwell; for churches, of old, were mostly built with their entrances looking westward. The sign of disrespect was to show that he who made it turned away, for the moment, from the Christian religion towards the old pagan creed. To look through an egg on the day especially devoted to the goddess of spring, was considered a means of investing a person with the power of seeing the germ of all things, and thus to forecast their development, and to anticipate the future.

But now about the laughter. Why were we to laugh, when looking on Easter Sunday through an egg? Here I found that the laughter represented the smile of Nature in spring: even as we still speak of "smiling fields"—in German, *lachende Felder*. I found that at the pagan Easter celebrations, a laughing chorus represented that smile; and what is more, that in the Church, in the Middle Ages, for many centuries after the overthrow of the ancient Wodan religion, the priest on Easter Sunday had first to tell his congregation a merry tale, and then to break out into what was called an Easter laughter—*Ostergelächter*.

Putting this and that together, I became aware that, in a superstition apparently devoid of all significance, a theory of natural philosophy was incrustated—in an inceptive, rudimentary, childish form; but a theory, after all, which some wise man, some German Druid, may have held in a more reasonable shape, as an esoteric science. But is it not very strange that the queer piece of Teutonic

mythology which stuck fast in the young peasant's mind, and of which he could not get rid in spite of his mechanical knowledge of the catechism, should turn out to be a near relation of the doctrine of Pasteur: about which, a short time ago, there was a passage of arms in the *Times* between a distinguished and a rising man of science, Professor Tyndall and Dr. Bastian?

When we once have got hold of such a clue, I think we shall feel more interested, not only in beautiful fairy-tales—which are also a last residue of our forefathers' creed—but even in superstitious customs, in which we may sometimes read very surprising thoughts of generations long gone by. I, for my part, may say that the more I have entered into the study of these matters, the more I became convinced that it was of no use fighting against such beliefs by simply calling them "rubbish" and "nonsense"—for, somehow, the people clung to them as if they felt that there was an enchanted poetical treasure hidden therein, which it only required a magic wand to raise. I then saw that these superstitions will never be entirely rooted out until a full scientific treatment of them has taken place—until they shall universally be known to be the last vestiges of a collapsed, but in its time very grand, elaborate, and comprehensive mythic system or pagan religion—and until the result of such investigation shall have become popularised.

Unconsciously, that peasant had become a teacher of mine. I had taken a great interest before then in the rich folk-lore of our country, which as a child I had heard from the lips of peasant nurses, and which I afterwards found collected, with such remarkable accuracy, in "*Grimm's Tales*;" but from the casual conversation, I began treading my way through the labyrinthian maze of tales, quaint sayings, and inexplicable customs. Instinctively I felt that which an author, who has worked successfully to render the labours of the great continental authorities on language and mythology accessible to the English public, expresses with the felicitous language peculiar to him:—"It might seem strange, indeed, that so great a writer as Grimm should have spent so much of his precious time in collecting his *Marchen*, if those tales had only been intended for the amusement of children. When we see a Lyell or Owen pick up pretty shells and stones, we may be sure that, however much little girls may admire these pretty things, this was not the object which these wise collectors had in view. Like the blue and green and rosy sands which children play with in the Isle of Wight, these tales of the people, which Grimm was the first to discover and collect, are the *debris* of many an ancient stratum of thought and language, buried deep in the past. They have a scientific interest."

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

A SAFE HAVEN.

WE were two hours after time at St. Peter-port; and then all was hurry and confusion, for goods and passengers had to be landed and embarked for Jersey. Tardif, who was afraid of losing the cutter which would convey him to Sark, had only time to give me the address of a person with whom I could lodge until he came to fetch me to his island, and then he hastened away to a distant part of the quay. I was not sorry that he should miss finding out that I had no luggage of any kind with me.

I was busy enough during the next three days, for I had everything to buy. The widow with whom I was lodging came to the conclusion that I had lost all my luggage, and I did not try to remove the false impression. Through her assistance I was able to procure all I required, without exciting more notice and curiosity. My purchases, though they were as simple and cheap as I could make them, drew largely upon my small store of money, and as I saw it dwindling away, whilst I grudged every shilling I was obliged to part with, my spirits sank.

I had never as yet known the dread of being short of money, and the new experience was, perhaps, the more terrible to me. There was no chance of disposing of the costly dress in which I had journeyed, without arousing too much attention and running too great a risk. I stayed indoors as much as possible, and as the weather continued cold and gloomy, I did not meet many persons when I ventured out into the narrow, foreign-looking streets of the town.

But on the third day, when I looked out from my window, I saw that the sky had cleared, and the sun was shining joyously. It was one of those lovely days which come as a lull sometimes in the midst of the equinoctial gales, as if they are weary of the havoc they have made, and are resting with folded wings. For the first time I saw the little island of Sark lying against the eastern sky. The whole length of it was visible, from north to south, with the waves beating against its headlands, and a fringe of silvery foam girdling it. The sky was of a pale blue, as though the rains had washed it as well as the earth, and a few filmy clouds were still lingering about. The sea beneath was a deeper blue, with streaks almost like a hoar frost upon it, with here and there tints of green, like that of the sky at sunset. A boat with three white sails, which were reflected in the water, was tacking about to enter the harbour; and a second, with amber sails, was a little way behind, but following quickly in its wake.

I watched them for a long time. Was either of them Tardif's boat?

That question was answered in about two hours' time by Tardif's appearance at the house. He lifted my little box on to his broad shoulders, and marched away with it, trying vainly to reduce his long strides into steps that would suit me, as I walked beside him. I felt overjoyed that he was come. So long as I was in Guernsey, when every morning I could see the arrival of the packet that had brought me, I could not shake off the fear that it was bringing some one in pursuit; but in Sark that would be all different. Besides I felt instinctively that this man would protect me, and take my part to the very utmost, should any circumstances arise that compelled me to appeal to him and trust him with my secret. I knew nothing of him, but his face was stamped with God's seal of trustworthiness, if ever a human face was.

A second man was in the boat when we reached it, and it looked well laden. Tardif made a comfortable seat for me amidst the packages, and then the sails were unfurled, and we were off quickly out of the harbour and on the open sea.

A low westerly wind was blowing, and fell upon the sails with a strong and equal pressure. We rode before it rapidly, skimming over the low crested waves almost without a motion. Never before had I felt so perfectly secure upon the water. Now I could breathe freely, with the sense of assured safety growing stronger every moment as the coast of Guernsey receded on the horizon, and the rocky little island grew nearer. As we approached it no landing-place was to be seen, no beach or strand.

An iron-bound coast of sharp and rugged crags confronted us, which it seemed impossible to scale. At last we cast anchor at the foot of a great cliff, rising sheer out of the sea, where a ladder hung down the face of the rock for a few feet. A wilder or lonelier place I had never seen. Nobody could pursue and surprise me here.

The boatman who was with us climbed up the ladder, and kneeling down, stretched out his hand to help me, whilst Tardif stood waiting to hold me steadily on the damp and slippery rungs. For a moment I hesitated, and looked round at the crags, and the tossing, restless sea.

"I could carry you through the water, mam'zelle," said Tardif, pointing to a hand's breadth of shingle lying between the rocks, "but you will get wet. It will be better for you to mount up here."

I fastened both of my hands tightly round one of the upper rungs, before lifting my feet from the unsteady prow of the boat. But the ladder once

climbed, the rest of the ascent was easy. I walked on up a zig-zag path, cut in the face of the cliff, until I gained the summit, and sat down to wait for Tardif and his comrade. I could not have fled to a securer hiding-place. So long as my money held out, I might live as peacefully and safely as any fugitive had ever lived.

For a little while I sat looking out at the wild and beautiful scene before me, which no words can tell and no fancy picture to those who have never

opal sea, which lay like a lake between us, sparkling and changing every minute under the light of the afternoon sun.

But there was scarcely time for the exquisite beauty of this scene to sink deeply into my heart just then. Before long I heard the tramp of Tardif and his comrade following me; their heavy tread sent down the loose stones on the path plunging into the sea. They were both laden with part of the boat's cargo. They stopped to rest for a minute



"I WAS SITTING THERE ONE EVENING."

seen it. The white foam of the waves was so near, that I could see the rainbow colours playing through the bubbles as the sun shone on them. Below the clear water lay a girdle of sunken rocks, pointed as needles, and with edges as sharp as swords, around which the waves fretted ceaselessly, drawing silvery lines about their notched and dented ridges. The cliffs ran up precipitously from the sea, carved grotesquely over their whole surface into strange and fantastic shapes; whilst the golden and grey lichens embroidered them richly, and bright sea-flowers, and stray tufts of grass, lent them the most vivid and gorgeous hues. Beyond the channel, against the clear western sky, lay the island of Guernsey, rising like a purple mountain out of the

or two at the spot where I had sat down, and the other boatman began talking earnestly to Tardif in his patois, of which I did not understand a word. Tardif's face was very grave and sad, indescribably so; and before he turned to me and spoke, I knew it was some sorrowful catastrophe he had to tell.

"You see how smooth it is, mam'zelle," he said—"how clear and beautiful—down below us, where the waves are at play like little white children? I love them, but they are cruel and treacherous. Whilst I was away there was an accident down yonder, just beyond these rocks. Our doctor, and two gentlemen, and a sailor went out from our little bay below, and shortly after there came on a thick darkness, with heavy rain, and

they were all lost, every one of them! Poor Renouf, he was a good friend of mine. And our doctor too! If I had been here, maybe I might have persuaded them not to brave it."

It was a sad story to hear, yet just then I did not pay great attention to it. I was too much engrossed in my own difficulties and trouble. So far as my experience goes, I believe the heart is more open to other people's sorrows when it is free from burdens of its own. I was glad when Tardif took up his load again and turned his back upon the sea.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

WILL IT DO?

TARDIF walked on before me towards a low thatched cottage, standing at the back of a small farm-yard. There was no other dwelling in sight, and even the sea was not visible from it. It was sheltered by the steep slope of a hill rising behind, and looked upon another slope covered with gorse-bushes; a very deep and narrow ravine ran down from it to the hand-breadth of shingle which I had seen from the boat. A more solitary place I could not have imagined; no sign of human life, or its neighbourhood, betrayed itself; overhead was a vast dome of sky, with a few white-winged sea-gulls flitting across it, and uttering their low wailing cry. The roof of sky and the two round outlines of the little hills, and the deep dark ravine, the end of which was unseen, formed the whole of the view before me.

I felt chilled a little as I followed Tardif down into the dell. He glanced back, with grave searching eyes, scanning my face carefully. I tried to smile, with a very faint, wan smile, I suppose, for the lightness had fled from my spirits, and my heart was heavy enough, God knows.

"Will it not do, mam'zelle?" he asked anxiously and with his slow, solemn utterance; "it is not a place that will do for a young lady like you, is it? I should have counselled you to go on to Jersey, where there is more life and gaiety; it is my home, but for you it will be nothing but a dull prison."

"No, no," I answered, as the recollection of the prison I had fled from flashed across me; "it is a very pretty place and very safe; by-and-by I shall like it as much as you do, Tardif."

The house was a low, picturesque building, with thick walls of stone and a thatched roof, which had two little dormer windows in it; but at the most sheltered end, farthest from the ravine that led down to the sea, there had been built a small square room of brick-work. As we entered the fold-yard, Tardif pointed this room out to me as mine.

"I built it," he said softly, "for my poor little wife; I brought the bricks over from Guernsey in my own boat, and laid nearly every one of them with my own hands; she died in it, mam'zelle. Please God, you will be both happy and safe there!"

We stepped directly from the stone causeway of

the yard into the farm-house kitchen—the only sitting-room in the house except my own. It was exquisitely clean, with that spotless and scrupulous cleanliness which appears impossible in houses where there are carpets and curtains, and papered walls. An old woman, very little and bent, and dressed in an odd and ugly costume, met us at the door, dropping a curtsy to me, and looking at me with dim, watery eyes. I was about to speak to her when Tardif bent down his head, and put his mouth to her ear, shouting to her with a loud voice, but in their peculiar jargon, of which I could not make out a single word.

"My poor mother is deaf," he said to me, "very deaf; neither can she speak English. Most of the young people in Sark can talk in English a little, but she is old and too deaf to learn. She has only once been off the island."

I looked at her, wondering for a moment what she could have to think of; but with an intelligible gesture of welcome, she beckoned me into my own room. The aspect of it was somewhat dreary; the walls were of bare plaster but dazzlingly white, with one little black silhouette of a woman's head hanging in a common black frame over the low, open hearth, on which a fire of sea-weed was smouldering, with a quantity of grey ashes round the small centre of smoking embers. There was a little round table, uncovered but as white as snow, and two chairs, one of them an arm-chair, and furnished with cushions. A four-post bedstead, with curtains of blue and white check, occupied the larger portion of the floor.

It was not a luxurious apartment, and for an instant I could hardly realise the fact that it was to be my home for an indefinite period. Some efforts had evidently been made to give it a look of welcome, homely as it was. A pretty china teacup and saucer, with a plate or two to match, were set out on the deal table, and the cushioned arm-chair had been drawn forward to the hearth. I sat down in it, and buried my face in my hands thinking, till Tardif knocked at the door, and carried in my trunk.

"Will it do, mam'zelle?" he asked, "will it do?" "It will do very nicely, Tardif," I answered; "but however am I to talk to your mother if she does not know English?"

"Mam'zelle," he said, as he uncorded my trunk, "you must order me as you would a servant. Through the winter I shall always be at hand; and you will soon be used to us and our ways, and we shall be used to you and your ways. I will do my best for you, mam'zelle; trust me, I will study to do my best, and make you very happy here. I will be ready to take you away whenever you desire to go. Look upon me as your hired servant."

He waited upon me all the evening, but with a quick attention to my wants, which I had never

met with in any hired servant. It was not unfamiliar to me, for in my own country I had often been served only by men; and especially during my girlhood, when I had lived far away in the country, upon my father's sheep-walk. I knew it was Tardif who fried the fish which came in with my tea; and when the night closed in, it was he who trimmed the oil-lamp and brought it in, and drew the check curtains across the low casement, as if there were prying eyes to see me on the opposite bank.

Then a deep stillness crept over the solitary place—a stillness strangely deeper than that even of the daytime. The wail of the sea-gulls died away, and the few busy cries of the farmyard ceased; the only sound that broke the silence was a muffled, hollow boom which came up the ravine from the sea.

Before nine o'clock Tardif and his mother had gone up-stairs to their rooms in the thatch; and I lay wearied but sleepless in my bed, listening to these dull, faint, ceaseless murmurs, as a child listens to the sound of the sea in a shell. Was it possible that it was I, myself, the Olivia who had been so loved and cherished in her girlhood, and so hated and tortured in later years, who was come to live under a fisherman's roof, in an island, the name of which I barely knew four days ago?

I fell asleep at last, yet I awoke early; but not so early that the other inmates of the cottage were not up, and about their day's work. It was my wish to wait upon myself, and so diminish the cost of living with these secluded people; but I found it was not to be so; Tardif waited upon me assiduously, as well as his deaf mother. The old woman would not suffer me to do any work in my own room, but put me quietly upon one side when I began to make my bed. Fortunately I had plenty of sewing to employ myself in; for I had taken care not to waste money by buying ready-made clothes.

The equinoctial gales came on again fiercely the day after I had reached Sark; and I stitched away from morning till night, trying to fix my thoughts upon my mechanical work.

When the first week was over, Tardif's mother came to me at a time when her son was away out of doors, with a purse in her fingers, and by very plain signs made me understand that it was time I paid the first instalment of my debt to her for board and lodging. I was anxious about my money.

No agreement had been made between us as to what I was to pay. I laid a sovereign down upon the table, and the old woman looked at it carefully, and with a pleased expression; but she put it in her purse, and walked away with it, giving me no change. Not that I altogether expected any change; they provided me with everything I needed, and waited upon me with very careful service; yet now I could calculate exactly how long I should be safe in this refuge, and the calculation gave me great uneasiness. In a few months I should find

myself still in need of refuge, but without the means of paying for it. What would become of me then?

Very slowly the winter wore on. How shall I describe the peaceful monotony, the dull, lonely safety of those dark days and long nights? I had been violently tossed from a life of extreme trouble and peril into a profound, unbroken, sleepy security.

At first the sudden change stupefied me; but after a while there came over me an uneasy restlessness, a longing to get away from the silence and solitude, even if it were into insecurity and danger. I began to wonder how the world beyond the little island was going on. No news reached us from without.

Sometimes for weeks together it was impossible for an open boat to cross over to Guernsey; even when a cutter accomplished its voyage out and in, no letters could arrive for me. The season was so far advanced when I went to Sark, that those visitors who had been spending a portion of the summer there had already taken their departure, leaving the islanders to themselves. They were sufficient for themselves; they and their own affairs formed the world. Tardif would bring home almost daily little scraps of news about the other families scattered about Sark; but of the greater affairs of life in other countries he could tell me nothing.

Yet why should I call these greater affairs? Each to himself is the centre of the world. It was a more important thing to me that I was safe, than that the freedom of England itself should be secure.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

• TOO MUCH ALONE.

YET looking back upon that time, now it is past, and has "rounded itself into that perfect star I saw not when I dwelt therein," it would be untrue to represent myself as in any way unhappy. At times I wished earnestly that I had been born among these people, and could live for ever among them.

By degrees I discovered that Tardif led a somewhat solitary life himself, even in this solitary island, with its scanty population. There was an ugly church standing in as central and prominent a situation as possible, but Tardif and his mother did not frequent it. They belonged to a little knot of dissenters, who met for worship in a small room, when Tardif generally took the lead. For this reason a sort of coldness existed between him and the larger portion of his fellow-islanders.

But there was a second and more important cause of estrangement. He had married an Englishwoman many years ago, much to the astonishment and disappointment of his neighbours; and since her death he had held himself aloof from all the good women who would have been glad enough to undertake the task of consoling him for her loss. Tardif, therefore, was left very much to himself in his

isolated cottage; and his mother's deafness caused her also to be no very great favourite with any of the gossips of the island. It was so difficult to make her understand anything that could not be expressed by signs, that no one except her son attempted to tell her the small topics of the day.

All this told upon me, and my standing among them. At first I met a few curious glances as I roamed about the island; but my dress was as poor and plain as any of theirs, and I suppose there was nothing in my appearance, setting aside my dress, which could attract them.

I learned afterwards that Tardif had said my name was Ollivier, and they jumped to the conclusion that I belonged to a family of that name in Guernsey; this shielded me from the curiosity which might otherwise have been troublesome and dangerous. I was nobody but a poor young woman from Guernsey, who was lodging in the spare room of Tardif's cottage.

I set myself to grow used to their mode of life, and if possible to become so useful to them that when my money was all spent they might be willing to keep me with them; for I shrank from the thought of the time when I must be thrust out of this nest, lonely and silent as it was. As the long dismal nights of winter set in, with the wind sweeping across the island for several days together with a dreary, monotonous moan which never ceased, I generally sat by their fire; for I had nobody but Tardif to talk to, and now and then there arose an urgent need within me to listen to some friendly voice, and to hear my own in reply.

There were then only two books in the house, the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress," both of them in French; and I had not learned French beyond the few phrases necessary for travelling. But Tardif began to teach me that, and also to mend fishing nets, which I persevered in, though the twine cut my fingers. Could I by any means make myself useful to them?

As the spring came on half my dulness vanished. Sark was more beautiful in its cliff scenery than anything I had ever seen, or could have imagined. Why cannot I describe it to you? I have but to close my eyes, and my memory paints it for me in my brain, with its innumerable islets engirdling it, as if to ward off its busy, indefatigable enemy, the sea.

The long sunken reefs, lying below the water at high tide, but at the ebb stretching like fortifications about it, as if to make of it a sure stronghold in the sea. The strange architecture and carving of the rocks, with faces and crowned heads but half obliterated upon them; the lofty arches, with columns of fret-work bearing them; the pinnacles, and sharp spires; the fallen masses heaped against the base of the cliffs, covered with seaweed, and worn out of all form, yet looking like the fragments of some great temple, with its

treasures of sculpture; and about them all the clear lucid water swelling and tossing, throwing over them sparkling sheets of foam. And the brilliant tone of the golden and saffron lichens, and the delicate tint of the grey and silvery ones, stealing about the bosses, and angles, and curves of the rocks, as if the rain, and the wind, and the frost had spent their whole power there to produce artistic effects. I say my memory paints it again for me; but it is only a memory, a shadow that my mind sees; and how can I describe to you a shadow? When words are but phantoms themselves, how can I use them to set forth a phantom?

Whenever the grandeur of the cliffs had wearied me, as one grows weary sometimes of too long and too close a study of what is great, there was a little, enclosed, quiet graveyard that lay in the very lap of the island, where I could go for rest. It was a small patch of ground, a God's acre, shut in on all sides by high hedge-rows, which hid every view from sight, except that of the heavens brooding over it. Nothing was to be seen but the long mossy mounds above the dead, and the great, warm, sunny dome rising above them. Even the church was not there, for it was built in another spot, and had a few graves of its own scattered about it.

I was sitting there one evening in the early spring, after the sun had dipped below the line of the high hedge-row, though it was still shining in level rays through it. No sound had disturbed the deep silence for a long time, except the twittering of birds among the branches; for up here even the sea could not be heard when it was calm.

I suppose my face was sad, as most human faces are apt to be when the spirit is busy in its citadel, and has left the outworks of the eyes and mouth to themselves. So I was sitting quiet, with my hands clasped about my knees, and my face bent down, when a grave low voice at my side startled me back to consciousness. Tardif was standing beside me, and looking down upon me with a world of watchful anxiety in his deep eyes.

"You are sad, mam'zelle," he said; "too sad for one so young as you are."

"Oh! everybody is sad, Tardif," I answered; "there is a great deal of trouble for every one in this world. You are often very sad indeed."

"Ah! but I have a cause," he said. "Mam'zelle does not know that she is sitting on the grave of my little wife."

He knelt down beside it as he spoke, and laid his hand gently on the green turf. I would have risen, but he would not let me.

"No," he said, "sit still, mam'zelle. Yes, you would have loved her, poor little soul! She was an Englishwoman, like you, only not a lady; a pretty little English girl, so little I could carry her like a baby. None of my people took to her, and

she was very lonely, like you again; and she pined and faded away, just quietly, never saying one word against them. No, no, *mam'zelle*, I like to see you here. This is a favourite place with you, and it gives me pleasure. I ask myself a hundred times a day—Is there anything I can do to make my young lady happy? Tell me what I can do, more than I have done."

"There is nothing, Tardif," I answered, "nothing whatever. If you see me sad sometimes, take no notice of it, for you can do no more for me than you are doing. As it is you are almost the only friend, perhaps the only true friend, I have in the world."

"May God be true to me only as I am true to you," he said solemnly, while his dark skin flushed and his eyes kindled. I looked at him closely. A more honest face one could never see, and his keen blue eyes met my gaze steadfastly. Heavy-hearted as I was just then, I could not help but smile, and all his face brightened, as the sea at its dulllest brightens suddenly under a stray gleam of sunshine.

Without another word we rose to our feet, and stood side by side for a minute, looking down on the little grave beneath us. I would have gladly changed places then with the lonely English girl, who had pined away in this remote island.

After that short, silent pause, we went slowly homewards along the quiet, almost solitary lanes. Twice we met a fisherman, with his creel and nets across his shoulders, who bade us good night; but no one else crossed our path.

It was a profound monotony, a seclusion I should not have had courage to face wittingly. But I had been led into it, and I dared not quit it. How long was it to last?

A day came after the winter storms, early in March, with all the strength and sweetness of spring; though there was sharpness enough in the air to make my veins tingle. The sun was shining with so much heat, that I might be out of doors all day under the shelter of the rocks, in the warm, southern nooks where the daisies were growing. The birds sang more blithely than they had ever done before; a lark overhead, flinging down his triumphant notes: a thrush whistling clearly in a hawthorn bush hanging over the cliff; and the cry of the gulls flitting about the rocks; I could hear them all at the same moment, with the deep, quiet tone of the sea sounding below their gay music.

Tardif was going to fish, and I had helped him to pack his basket. From my niche in the rocks I could see him getting out of the harbour, and he had caught a glimpse of me, and stood up in his boat, bare-headed, bidding me good-bye. I began to sing before he was quite out of hearing, for he paused upon his oars listening, and had given me a joyous shout, and waved his hat round his head, when he was sure it was I who was singing.

Nothing could be plainer than that he had gone away more glad at heart than he had been all the winter, simply because he believed that I was growing lighter-hearted. I could not help laughing, yet being touched and softened at the thought of his pleasure. What a good fellow he was! I had proved him by this time, and knew him to be one of the truest, most unselfish men on God's earth.

How good a thing it was that I had met with him that wild night last October, when I had fled like one fleeing from a bitter slavery! For a few minutes my thoughts hovered about that old, miserable, evil time; but I did not care to ponder over past troubles. It was easy to forget them today, and I would forget them. I plucked the daisies, and listened almost drowsily to the birds and the sea, and felt all through me the delicious light and heat of the sun. Now and then I lifted up my eyes, to watch Tardif tacking about on the water.

There were several boats, but I kept him in sight, by the help of a queer-shaped patch upon one sail. I wished lazily for a book, but I should not have read it if I had had one. I was taking into my heart the loveliness of the spring day.

By twelve o'clock I knew my dinner would be ready, and I had been out in the fresh air long enough to be quite ready for it. Old Mrs. Tardif would be looking out for me impatiently, that she might get the meal over, and the things cleared away, and order restored in her dwelling. So I quitted my warm nook with a feeling of regret, though I knew I could return to it in an hour.

But one can never return to anything that is once left. When we look for it again, even though the place may remain, something has vanished from it which can never come back. I never returned to my spring day upon the cliffs of Sark.

A little crumbling path led round the rock and along the edge of the ravine. I chose it because from it I could see all the fantastic shore, bending in a semicircle towards the isle of Breckhou, with tiny, untrodden bays, covered at this hour with only glittering ripples, and with all the soft and tender shadows of the head-lands falling across them.

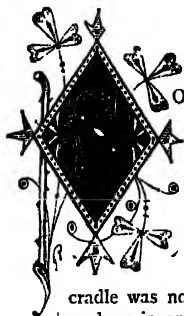
I had but to look straight below me, and I could see long tresses of sea-weed floating under the surface of the sea. Both my head and my footing were steady, for I had grown accustomed to giddy heights and venturesome climbing.

I walked on slowly, casting many a reluctant glance behind me at the calm waters, with the boats gliding among the islets.

I was just giving my last look to them when the loose stones on the crumbling path gave way under my tread, and before I could recover my foot-hold I found myself slipping down the almost perpendicular face of the cliff, and vainly clutching at every bramble and tuft of grass growing in its clefts.

AT THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

IN SIX FACETS.—FACET THE THIRD.
IN SEARCH OF FORTUNE.

O we dug, too, long and very patiently. Seventh and eighth day arrived—no “finds;” on the tenth day towards sundown, there came a shout, “Hurrah!” I proceeded to our sorting table, and there, surrounded by a number of admiring diggers, lay the little stranger. The cradle was now stopped, having been rocked so long in anticipation, for you must understand that while in England we generally put the baby into the cradle to be rocked, in the Diamond Fields the cradle is rocked to find the baby.

The English cradle needs no description from my pen; the cradle of the digger is however different; it consists of a rude contrivance for washing the gravel, and cleaning the pebbles from sand, clay, etc., so that a diamond may be easily distinguished—when you have the good fortune to come across it.

A long burst of conversation followed the find. Its size and value were discussed, and its merits as to colour, water, weight, and probable value gone into by all present, till it was resolved that for the present we would rest from our labours and proceed to inaugurate the coming among us of the welcome stranger.

We all then adjourned to our tent to pledge a toast in “Cape smoke” (bad brangly), “that it might prove the first-born to a large family.”

What the diamond said to our inquiries I have already noted, and then in the following simple language we were entertained with its history.

“Far—far up this river Vaal, among the rocks, in ages past, I remember when I first saw the light of the sun. Then this river was much grander than it is now. You saw those coloured hills, tinted golden in the morning sun: amidst their purple shadows I for a long time found my dwelling—washed every season for some distance down the stream, until this time, and unto this spot. For nine months every year the ground now becomes parched, no rain falls, and this river dwindles into a mere brook; children ford it easily; then the summer comes, with its fearful storms, its vivid lightnings and terrible thunders, tearing the rocks asunder, and converting the quiet murmuring brooks into roaring torrents. Then heavy boulder stones are hurled madly along the streams, the gravel and I in common are driven from place to place, then impetuously hunted into some corner of shelter until the next season. See the quiet stream now; look at its upper banks, extending at least a

mile across: that was once the river-bed.” So saying it became silent.

Yes, it was quite true; the river, when those diamonds and pebbles were brought down, must have been a grand stream, extending a considerable width across. The nature of the rocks over which it passes is volcanic, of an extinct age; or in other words, the surface of the earth has been rent apart, and molten rock poured up from below, flowing over and covering the surface for miles. Through this stone in places has the river worn itself a channel, although the rock itself is almost as hard as granite. The district has always been referred to as unproductive, even uninteresting, both to traveller and geologist; and was considered unworthy of investigation.

The tract of wild, dusty, and sterile country now occupied by the Diamond Fields had actually been offered, and ostensibly sold, for a mere trifle, and the nominal holders—the adjacent Dutch Boers—were so careless about its possession that the first diamonds were discovered and they could show no title-deeds of ownership, nor were the bounds known of the property alleged to have been purchased. So, until within the last few months many portions of the fields, like “Tom Tiddler’s” ground, furnished diamonds for the mere picking-up.

Now the whole of the “diamondiferous” soil belongs to the British, who have decided the boundaries by making themselves neighbours, and claiming the fields.

FACET THE FOURTH.—I GO TO PNIEL.

BUT to my story. I took my diamond to Pniel. Pniel is the central of the camps. It was the largest, but, owing to the migratory ideas of diggers, soon became in common with others deserted. Nevertheless, at the time I refer to it had some very large and important stores, and boasted of an hotel and police station. After about five hours’ ride over a stony road we terminated our jo. It was late in the day, and necessary therefore to seek shelter at the hotel; to the hotel we proceeded accordingly.

After a refreshing bath in the river, the dinner-bell rang; it was just beginning to get dusk. We made our way to the “dining hall.” I have no doubt that will call to your mind a magnificent chamber, lined with tapestry maybe, a table laid with taste, tropical fruits, and delicacies of every description, and suggestive of Oriental luxury at every turn. Nothing of the kind; the hotel in question was part of a store where you could pur-

chase tin-tacks or silver watches, and any article of intermediate value. While our worthy host was heading the table, it was not uncommon for his attention to be divided between his guests and a casual digger in the "shop" requiring paraffin oil for his lamp, or some other commodity equally essential to digger-life, all of which could be got at the hotel. The "hall" was a room about the size of a cow-shed, and much of the same build, only erected principally of canvas. Plaster it had none; where bricks were, there they showed their honest faces, and the timbers like the inhabitants boasted of their genuine rough appearance. The dinner was served to four-and-twenty diggers, regular diggers—red shirts, etc. etc.—from top to toe—and consisted of soup, meat, bread, and sometimes pudding or pastry. Vegetables even here were at a premium, but generally some were provided for dinner. After dinner there was nothing to do but go to bed, and being tired I soon found repose in sleep.

Next morning, rising by day-break, I sketched in my mind a representation of this important "camp" or "town." Imagine a builder's yard on the banks of the Thames, with work-shops on each side of a central road down to the water. You have then a very fair idea of the town and its stores; outside these buildings are all descriptions of articles—picks, shovels, ploughs, cradles, and timbers—in short, all that is necessary to build a house, or dig for diamonds. You may then picture large embankment works going on at the river-side, giving employment to some two or three thousand men; this would represent the diggings.

Priel was perhaps the most advanced in civilisation of all the camps. It boasted of several doctors, lawyers, and many learned men in other sciences. Shall I tell you how they interrogated my diamond?

Well, it was as follows; the question put was, "Are you genuine?"

They did it thus; and, reader, if you will ask the same question, a genuine diamond always gives a similar answer.

FACET THE FIFTH.—HOW MY DIAMOND SPOKE.

THEY procured a small pair of scales, and weights being scarce, provided a number of shot of fine quality. Two pieces of thin wire were employed, of equal weight, one placed in the left-hand pan of the scales, the other wound around the stone under interrogation, with an end projecting about three inches as shown in the accompanying sketch (Fig. 1).

The stone was next attached to the opposite or right-hand pan by the wire, and shot placed in the other pan to counter-balance it.

To facilitate the operation, it is usual to have the whole apparatus suspended on a stand, and a hole

drilled through the centre of each of the scale-pans to better secure the wires (Fig. 2).

A tumbler three-quarters filled with water (rain-water by preference) is placed in such a position that the stone can be allowed to fall in with the wire.

Of course the counter-balance makes it hang suspended about half-way down the tumbler, and the question is now put, "What are you?" The science of the answer is simple. Is it heavier or lighter than water, and how much? Every substance has a relative weight to water, and the relation, called also "specific gravity," is an almost unerring test of the nature of the substance in comparison. So certain is the evidence that the practical mode of the jeweller is, after trying every simple means of testing a diamond, or other precious stone, to take its "specific gravity;" he would risk his name and fortune on the results.

The relation of diamond is $3\frac{1}{2}$, of ruby $4\frac{1}{5}$, of quartz, agate, chalcedony, jasper, etc., $2\frac{1}{3}$ times heavier than water. So the question resolves itself through the medium of figures: "How many shot will cause the stone to overcome the counter-balance in the water, or displace its equivalent of water?"

Here is the solution. We have in the left pan 21 shot; it takes 6 to balance the scales in the water:—

21 shot is the weight of the stone in air,

6 " " " " of the water displaced;

21 divided by 6 informs us that the former is $3\frac{1}{2}$ times greater or heavier than the latter. The answer is, "*A am a diamond.*" If 5 shot only had been required, 21 divided by 5 equals $4\frac{1}{5}$, or ruby.

I gathered my few necessities together, and the following morning proceeded again by passenger cart to another important camp, "Du Toit's Pan." This is an exceedingly interesting locality, and is now much larger and more important than at the time of which I am writing. Here the diamonds are uncarved apparently from their natural rock, and it is believed that this is the actual parent of their formation. The size and quality of the gems from this locality are superior to any others yet discovered, and—which is, of very great practical importance—they are more equally and plentifully distributed by nature in the soil or rock.

There is every reason to suppose that this rock is the residue of some extinct volcano—in fact its ash; only the volcanic substance was forced up as a hard, compact stone, which through ages of exposure has become this "rotten substance." It is quite certain no river has brought the large diamonds here—there is no evidence of flood; the wind could not blow them to the locality; they must either have been shed like tears from heaven, or have been formed in the present positions.

At Du Toit's Pan is the "house once plastered with diamonds."

The proprietor of the house, Mr. Webb, kindly conducts you round the building, which has been well scraped for other diamonds, but without success. Curious that Nature should thus disclose her secrets! By accident a diamond was found in the plaster of this mud house; the neighbourhood, most unpromising otherwise, was searched, and with the before-described results; every day determines new features and larger "finds" in this curious formation. If the rock proves equally rich in gems at all places where it exists, as at present there is every probability to infer, there must be an unknown limit to the future yields. Thousands of miles of the country are covered with the rock formation, and already enterprising diggers have dug thirty and forty feet deep, to find, as they describe it, "the deeper they go, the better and larger the diamonds." The estimated yield from this locality—Du Toit's Pan, De Beer's Farm, etc.—is nearly thirty thousand pounds per week.

The interior of the once "jewelled house" is now employed as a "diamond office;" let us step in.

"I want to sell this," says one of the inmates, who like ourselves, with hat in hand, is evidently only a casual. The subject referred to is a diamond about the size of a small nut; in less time than I write this the tiny scales are down, and the stone weighed.

"Twelve carats, under," replies the gentleman in office; "two hundred and fifty pounds?"

"No, can't sell it."

Next, a packet of small stones, in all amounting to twenty carats; one hundred pounds is taken—a roll of Dutch notes, enough to fill a hat, is handed to the seller, and the packet sealed, one hundred pounds being written outside. The nigger in attendance places it in a sack where there are perhaps hundreds of others, and yet at night no "Chubb's

lock," no "Chatwood's safe" is necessary to guard the acquired wealth from dishonest hands. Such is life on the Diggings.

FACET THE SIXTH.—HOME.

ONCE more to the road; but this time the order goes forth, *Home*. After twelve months' absence, what pleasant thoughts come tumbling over the heels

of each other at this magic word! Old friends and faces, home scenes, home comforts, but more than all, the remembrance of the home fireside and its associations. Within a few months, and the Diamond Fields will be a thing of the past, and amidst a listening circle of friends I shall be relating dangers and adventures that now are incidents necessary to daily existence.

I heard an old colonist once say that those who visited South Africa came disgusted with the country, but invariably went away delighted. I can vouch for the truth of the remark in my own small journal of experience. How regretfully I left its sunny shores, and bade farewell to its hospitable people, I well remember. No, I would not say good-bye: some day—but I must not anticipate.

As to my companion, I brought it home, I

showed it to the savants here. *They* understood its language; *they* read all that I have related to you in its countenance.

We parted, alas! I could not afford to keep it. I eventually entrusted it to Mr. Streeter; he forthwith had it cut, and it immediately found good society.

Reader, if you should go to a ball in the neighbourhood of Belgravia, look out for a fair young lady, and on her snow-white breast you may see a glistening gem snugly peering out of a bed of sister jewels; that's my companion—pay it and its possessor every respect.

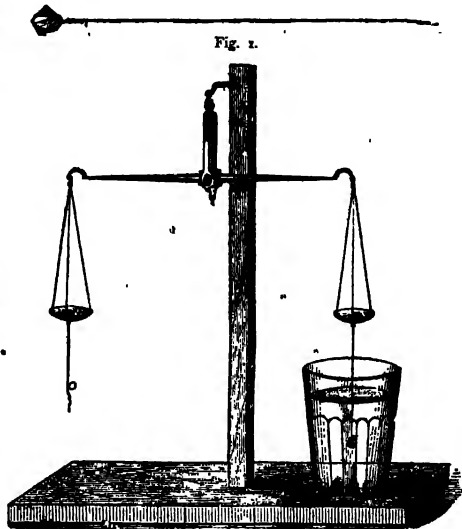


Fig. 1.

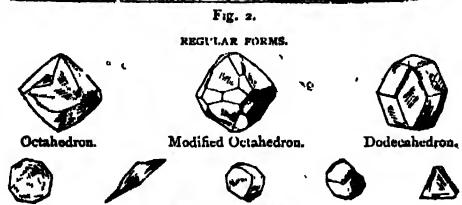


Fig. 2.

REGULAR FORMS.

IRREGULAR FORMS.

Fig. 3.

CAPE DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH, DRAWN FROM SPECIMENS FOUND AT THE FIELDS.

THE STOKER OF THE MEGÆRA.

BY GERALD MASSEY.



"DREW HIMSELF UP TO DIE."

SAFE, once more, in Old England:
That Heaven of a Sailor's dream!
No place like jolly Old England,
For a fellow to blow off the steam.

Bad luck to the lubbers who sent us to die,
Or live on four ounces a-day;
Running us out betwixt sea and sky
In that devil-may-care of a way!

All who ever had sailed in her
 Found the *Megara* unlucky.
 The stoutest of hearts would have quailed in
 her ;
 She was miserable and mucky.
 Curses enough to sink her,
 If curses can cling, she bore :
 She was rusted, rotten, rat-forsaken,
 Cankered and curst to the core.

Why did I sail? Well, you see, Sir,
 Somehow, a way we have got,
 To stick to our duty, nor shirk it
 Tho' we chance to draw a bad lot.
 Some big-wig aloft overlooked the Ship,
 It wasn't for us to complain.
 And so, all round, 'twas a stiff upper lip,
 If we never saw England again.

I think God Almighty picked the weather,
 From Queenstown to the Cape :
 Yet strive as we might to pull together,
 We never got things ship-shape :
 And you caught a look in the eyes of some
 Who were married, that tried not to tell
 Tales of the heart that had gone back home
 With last blessing and long farewell.

But you can't keep a Sailor's soul from spring-
 ing
 And cresting the wave on his way,
 Any more than the Lark will be kept from
 singing.
 Even in the dawn of the day,
 When battle lets loose the flood of its strife
 For a world to be drowned in its wave,
 And he, and his mate, and his young, out of
 life
 Will be swept, with their nest for a grave.

Eleven days after we left the Cape,
 Mast-high our troubles ran.
 The Shadow still following us took shape—
 On that day we lost a man,
 And the fellows said that in taking his trip
 To the bottom, he sent his foot thro'
 The thin frail side of the rotten old ship,
 For us to follow him too !

The next we sprang a leak ; in the hold
 Were two feet of water already !
 A gale had risen ; the old craft rolled
 As if with her drinking unsteady.
 Three days we pumped, and swore, and
 prayed,
 And it seemed a waste of breath :
 Three days a lively game we played
 At hide-and-seek with Death !

'Twas "Scottie," who crawl'd by himself at
 night,
 Under the bunkers to *peek* ;
 With his head down one big hole, and his
 light
 Down another, he found the leak.
 And we lookt, and we saw a sight in the gloom
 Made us hold our breath for a space :
 Wide open, there stood the door of doom ;
 Death close to us, face to face !

The water sprang like a plug in the street,
 When the force is on at the main :
 With such a *geyser* under our feet,
 No wonder we pumped in vain.
 And as she lurched the waters rolled
 With the noise of a sea inside :
 A sound that made your blood run cold.
 And we found her iron hide

As full of holes as the sponge you wring :
 Honey-comb'd thro' and thro' !
 You couldn't patch the infernal thing,
 For she wouldn't hold a screw :
 Her mast's whole weight on a rotten plate
 Of the bulging bottom ! And we
 Were sixteen hundred miles from land,
 On an island-less, sail-less sea.

I once knew a chap in consumption, who
 Was spitting himself away
 Bodily as he walked, and drew
 His life out, day by day,
 With his hacking, horrible cough. So it
 seemed
 That our poor old ship must be
 A-spitting herself away, as she steamed,
 Piecemeal, into the sea.

The pumps turned her inside out, each pull :
 (Grave-diggers digging our grave !)
 Till choked by the bits of the rotten old hull
 They were cruelly trying to save.
 And the old ship shook, with her driving
 force,
 As if body and soul must rive,
 And throbb'd, like the heart of a runaway
 horse
 Ready to jump out alive.

Each thunder-thud of the piston-lunge
 Made every rivet leap,
 And I thought on my soul we should momentarily
 plunge
 Right thro' her, all of a heap !
 I felt each blow, through her thinness, smite
 As the Condemned may hark
 To the Scaffold Hammers, thro' his last night,
 Working for death in the dark.

There we were, as good as entombed !
 Our Captain gathered us then,
 And told us that the ship was doomed,
 But like true Englishmen,
 We should stick together and make the
 most
 Of the little chance we had.
 So he gave the word to run for the coast
 Of St. Paul, and work like mad !

Our brave "Old Man" hadn't much to say,
 But he lookt as firm as the land,
 And got pretty near men's hearts that day :
 Not a shake in his voice or his hand !
 Thro' the Shadow of Death, that was gathering
 grim,
 He saw his duty clear,
 And did it. That was enough for him ;
 No time, no room for fear !

Just the sailor you'd like to be
 By your side on a sinking deck :
 Just the man who would wait to see
 The last soul safe from the wreck !
 We cheer'd him in front of the battle,
 again
 And again ; three proud cheers gave
 him,
 And then went at it, to live like men
 Or die, as such, to save him !

We floundered in shallow water at last ;
 More dangerous than the deep !
 "All hands on deck," was the order passed ;
 Each man stood ready to leap—
Where were we ? oh, down in our grave ;
 Nobody seemed to think
 That we had souls, like them, to save :
 And hadn't a drop to drink !

Stokers were forced to remain below
 And keep on a strong head of steam.
 I felt, each moment, the pipe must go,
 Not one of us dared to dream
 Of escape ; my hair was on end, I know,
 As the war-tug came to the worst.
 But I thought we were nearest to death,
 and so
 Perhaps should reach heaven first.

Then as she neared the bar we all
 Shook hands and bade good-bye,
 And each man, turning his face to the wall,
 Drew himself up to die—
 When, face to face suddenly brightens :
 There's a babble of witless words !
 And a spirit lives in us that lightens
 Like air in the bones of birds !

Beautiful ! light as an eggshell,
 Over the bar she swings,
 As tho' all heaven had stooped, and given
 Us a lift, and we went upon wings !
 Death was past, we had leisure at last,
 And a gasp of fresh breath to pray :
 And I can tell you we *were* in heaven—
 Had reacht it *another* way.

* * * * *

We are safe. But, my God ! if England
 In a coming hour should be found
 Rust-eaten right to the heart of her,
 And have to be run a-ground,
 Wrecked at a shock, like our hulk on the
 rock ;
 Whipped from the wide proud round
 Of her own wave-world, with her standard up-
 furled,
 Of all her glory discrowned !

Saviours of England's money,
 Is it *so* you think to save ?
 By stopping of holes with your Seamen's
 souls,
 And ships like that for their grave ?
 To the *other* side o' the world you send
 Us : *which*, don't matter a rap.
 But we think it is cruel hard to end
 Like rats that are drowned in a trap.

We don't mind Death, for the land we love,
 In the true old-fashioned way,
 Should we mount to the glorified souls above
 Thro' the smoke of some desperate day,
 That makes all safe for the Island-Home.
 Proudly the last of our breath
 We will send you, blood-bubbling up thro' the
 foam ;
 Only let us *deserve* our death !

Heart of Oak that our England
 Should never neglect or forget—
 Heart of Oak that our England
 Must swim by, or sink in yet—
 Ocean-home of the old Sea-Race—
 Shall it become the prey
 O' the mean and base, and a breeding-place
 For the Creatures of Decay ?

If we cannot keep the sea, you Lubbers !
 Your Cent. per Cent. must stop.
 If we do not keep the sea, you Lubbers !
 How can you keep the shop ?
 Our Empire's built a-top of the wave,
Not at the bottom, and we
 Think they are the only men to save
By land who will save us at sea.

THE FUTURE WAR.

BY W. HEPPWORTH DIXON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE FIRST.



WILL the Baltic question burn into a quarrel, and the quarrel lead into an actual war—a war between the two chief military empires of the earth? On either side of the river Niemen stand a million men in arms: one million with their faces and their fancies mainly turned towards Europe; and a second million with their faces and their fancies mainly turned towards Asia. Are these mighty armies likely to be thrown upon each other, to decide by bayonet-thrusts and storms of shot and shell, which form of civil life—the Moscovite or the Teutonic—shall in future flourish on the Baltic coast?

Thousands of Germans think they may, and millions of Russians think they must. On both banks of the Niemen there is fear of war—of early and tremendous havoc—which no courtly and imperial messages can charm away. The cause of conflict lies too deep for speeches to remove. It lies in what is called the nature of things—in history, in race, in growth, in law, in language, and in frame of mind. It is secreted, so to say, in the foundation of civil society in these Baltic provinces. The Kaiser loves his nephew Alexander, not without good cause, for Alexander is the gentlest and the bravest prince alive; the Czar admires his uncle Wilhelm, not without good cause also, for Wilhelm is the oldest, hardiest, and most picturesque soldier in the world; but kinsmen who admire and love each other may be drawn into opposing camps. In truth, the compliments of Czar and Kaiser have been somewhat over-done, and now, the more these potentates protest, the more men shrug their shoulders and distrust the coming day. Men feel that such a question as the right of Germany to protect her children in the outer Baltic districts, is not one for emperors to settle by a friendly telegram and an after-dinner speech.

"I tell you how that matter stands," exclaims an ardent leader of the national party on the Russian side, as we smoke our evening "papers" in the luxurious English club at Moscow. "We are acting in our right, and we shall fight for what we have been doing in the Baltic while we have a rouble and a rifle left. Those countries are our own; the people who inhabit them are of a kindred stock. The Wends and Letts are two Slavonic tribes. For many generations they were serfs and slaves. A priestly Order broke into their country,

drove them into heresy, and taught them foreign fashions with a rod of steel. We go to help them in their agony. They recognise in us their long-lost brethren. What we offer them, our laws, our faith, our dress, they take with joyful hearts. Berlin complains that we are Russianising Russia! Well, Berlin is right for once; we mean to Russianise our frontier districts, and to bear the blessings of our national church to every province which obeys our flag. One law, one church, one tongue, one banner—this is what we mean to have. Holy Russia shall be one in heart and purpose; and a Russian patriot can no more tolerate a Lutheran influence on the Dvina than a Catholic influence on the Vistula, and a Moslem influence on the Don."

"And you will fight upon that line?"
 "Yes, fight till we have spent our last rouble. We shall fight for our ideas. You in Western Europe have the past, but we in Eastern Europe have the future. France and Germany are worn-out countries; we are still a young and virgin soil. What Europe had in her—the feudal system and commercial enterprise—she has produced. Her work is over. We alone have new and saving elements in reserve—a pure and primitive faith, a patriarchal form of life, a righteous ownership of land. These elements of a better social state are found with us, and not elsewhere. In lifting up the flag of Holy Russia, we are working on a providential plan."

An older and more sober statesman of the party adds, "No man now living can tell us what events may bring about; but you may rest assured that we shall hold our Baltic coasts. If Berlin seeks second Schleswig question on her western border, she can find it ready to her hand. The plot is ripe; the cords are cut; but Russia is not Denmark, and we shall not yield to her the conquests made by Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great."

"Yield your conquests! Surely such a question is not raised?"

"It is by implication; if not more. The Germans talk of a protectorate—the very language that we were wont to use at Constantinople, in favour of our fellow-Christians in Bulgaria, Syria and the Caucasus. A protectorate means divided powers—we cannot tolerate intrusion. Justice to their brethren! Sir, these German sympathisers interfere with us. They claim to have some rights in Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia. What rights can they pretend to have? Are we not masters in our own domain? Have we no more than a divided power? Are we, in managing our house, to take account of people in Berlin? If so, we are

but vassals of that foreign city. We protest against such doctrines. We deny that anybody in Berlin can sit as a protector in our provinces. To raise that question would be war. If Bismarck meddles with political affairs in Riga and Dorpat—as some people think he may do—he will find us ready to repel his first advance. Livonia, Courland, and Esthonia are to us what Leinster, Munster, and Connaught were to you in ages past, when Spain was strong enough to do you hurt. You never listened to what Spain might say about the mass-book and the Brehon law, nor shall we listen to what Germany can say about the laws observed in Riga, and the class-books used in Dorpat. We shall treat our disaffected Baltic provinces as you treat your disaffected Irish provinces. We won them by the sword, and we shall hold them by the sword.”

“You set aside the force which modern critics call the spirit of the age?”

“We set aside what modern pundits call the spirit of the age—a ramby-pamby spirit—for we mean to stand by truth and fact. These countries on the Baltic are essential to our safety. When we yield Livonia and Esthonia, we must yield St. Petersburg; without these provinces our capital would be open to attack; Warsaw would become untenable; and we should have to fall back into Moscow and Kazan, and be in future what your Western writers say we ought to be—an Asiatic power.”

“Would all that follow?”

“Every part of it. Without St. Petersburg we should be nothing but an Asiatic power. We have no choice; these districts in the Baltic are essential to our commerce and our safety. Cast an eye upon this map of Russia. Nature, as you see, has not been kind to us in one thing—she has turned our rivers in the wrong direction. Here we stand in Moscow, with our faces towards the north and west; but all our waters flow off busily towards the south and east. We boast the biggest stream in Europe, but this river runs into an Asiatic lake. Our thoughts are turned towards Berlin and Paris, but our argosies go down towards Taurida and Astrachan. From Russia Proper, only one great river finds a way to Europe—the Dñna; and this river, after wandering through a thousand miles of wintry waste and forest, falls into the Frozen Sea. One other stream, the Volkhoff, after draining Novgorod the Great and part of the province of St. Petersburg, drops into Lago Ladoga, and thence into the Baltic; but an enemy at Schlüssel might seal it up again, as Swedish sovereigns scaled it up in ages past. Our larger rivers run into the Black Sea, the Azoff Sea, the Caspian Sea. The port of Moscow and Nishni is Astrachan; the port of Khar-koff and Voronezh is Rostoff; the port of Kieff and Kremenchoug is Kherson. While our government was at Moscow, we had more to do with the

Crim Tartars and the Chinese than with the French and Germans, and Pekin was oftener in our thoughts than Paris. As you know, the trading quarter of this city still retains the name of China-town. Livonia and Esthonia are the outposts of our empire. Take from us these maritime provinces, and we lose command of the Gulf of Finland—the approaches and defences of our capital. If we were to drop Esthonia, our enemies would be at Narva, three days' march—as Prussian soldiers march—from the Winter Palace. The capital would lie exposed, and Warsaw would be hardly tenable. If Warsaw and St. Petersburg were gone, we should be lost to Europe. Yes; my friend is right; we stake our empire on those Baltic coasts.”

“To hold as conquests—by the sword?”

“To hold as you hold India, with a grip of steel.”

For years it was a joke with public men that no fellow could be expected to understand the Schleswig-Holstein question; yet this question of the Western Baltic was a thing of fact and law; depending for solution on certain facts of birth and treaty, and on certain principles of public law. Given a good head, a free use of the Latin, French, and German tongues, and some acquaintance with public and family history in Europe since the fourteenth century, and a man might hope in time to make up an opinion for himself. The Baltic question is a greater puzzle, since the matter is a maze of old romance and modern sentiment, in which the sharpest critic of pretences finds it hard to catch a single clue. In dealing with the Danish claims, both sides admitted certain facts. In dealing with the Baltic provinces, the writers east and west of the river Niemen seem to be treating of two different countries. Uriei Samarin, the chief writer on the Russian side, has hardly a single fact in common with Julius Eckardt, one of his principal antagonists, on the German side. They agree in nothing, not even in the physical aspects of the districts in dispute. In what they say about the people—race, religion, customs, sympathies—they differ like writers who might be describing Berlin and Kazan.

May one attempt—within the compass of a page or so—to sketch an outline of the case?

Along the Baltic coast, between the busy Prussian port and town of Memel, and the poor Russ port and town of Narva (where Charles the Twelfth of Sweden beat the Russians in a battle which recalled the days of Cressy), runs a broken and irregular plain—a marshy, misty plain—with forests, sandy wastes, and lakes. The Gulf of Riga dips into this plain, dividing it into unequal parts. Two large islands, Dago and Oesel, with a group of rocks and islets, lie about the entrance to this gulf, and give it something of the safety and variety of an inland lake. This district, with the sea-coasts and islands, is divided into the three provinces of

Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia; called so from ancient Wendish tribes—the Kurs, the Letts and Estts—whom German missionaries found upon the soil. The people are of mixed and mongrel race. The upper ranks are mainly Germans, Danes, and Swedes; the lower ranks are mainly Finns, Letts, Kurs, and Polacks. As a rule the upper ranks are Teutons and the lower ranks are Slavics. These provinces have had a most uneasy past. Five hundred years ago, they were the battle-ground of rival races and of rival creeds; a war being waged along these misty coasts as fierce as ever desolated Oriental plain. From that fierce fight we get the terrible name of slave—from the Slavonic captive, who was seized and sold to service by the stronger, won by Christian knight.

Long after Germany and Poland were baptised into the Gospel, wild and picturesque pagan shepherds, fishermen, and amber-divers dwelt along these Baltic coasts, from Pomerania to the Gulf of Finland. Zealous priests looked up into these northern fields of labour, but the sturdy followers of Perune, the thunder-god, took hold of any stray monk who came their way, insulting what he called their sticks and stones, and roasted him in his own fat. Until the Teutonic knights, returning from Jerusalem, went up into the Baltic provinces, not much could be achieved among those pagan tribes. But Conrad's knights made swift and easy progress with their missionary work. A short, sharp sword, an offer of the cross or death, put down Perune and all his imps. A hundred years passed by: the provinces were Christian. Many sorrows were in store for them. Courland was separated from Livonia, Livonia from Esthonia. The provinces were still the battle-ground of rival forces. "Courland fell to Poland; afterwards she became a sovereign state; at length the Russians seized her. Livonia was Danish, Polish, Swedish, Russian, in her turn. Esthonia, too, was Swedish long before she fell into the hands of Peter the Great. But under all these changes in their outer fortunes, these three Baltic provinces retained their natural order. The society was German. Every art and science in the provinces was brought from Germany. The Slavic peasants had no letters, no civility, and hardly any popular songs. The forts were built by Germans; and the towns were built by Germans. Knight, and monk, and trader settled in the land, cleared off superfluous woods, drained fen and swamp, and raised up colleges and cloisters in the towns. A native house was built of sods and clay; the Germans substituted brick and stone. A native harbour was a grove of trees and rocks; the Germans threw out piers and jetties, lighted lanterns, dredged and deepened natural lakes. The missionaries were the masters, and the native proselytes were held to service under feudal lords.

Through good and evil days, this framework of

society remained the same. Whether the Baltic provinces were divided or united, whether they were subject or independent, the upper classes were always German, the lower classes were always Slavonic. This German element took and kept the lead. When the German gentry became Lutheran, the Slavonic rustics also became Lutheran. A Catholic movement came in with the Polish occupation; but the peasants and the gentry held together, and the Roman movement ended like a dream. A Finnish movement was attempted by the Swedes, but came to nothing. All the law, the learning, and the enterprise were German; and when Russia gained possession of these German colonies, she found her wisdom was to treat them as a separate state—a German portion of her empire—which would give her men and methods of superior force, and open up to her a way into the heart of Europe. Peter willingly agreed that the German gentry were to have their own language, their own religion, their own laws and tribunals, their own schools, colleges, and customs. Nay, he meant to draw from these German provinces his future ministers, generals, and diplomatists; and therefore, in his selfish interests, he maintained the articles he had signed. Nor were his calculations wrong. From his day down to our day, these small German provinces have given more statesmen to the empire than all the Russ and Tartar provinces put together; men of high accomplishments in art and science; splendid writers and economists; able, patient, confidential servants of the Czars. The Nesselrodes and Brunnows, equally with the Dubbels and Kleinmichaels, come from these Baltic coasts. More than half the Russian chairs are filled by Baltic Germans, and a large majority of seats in the Academy of St. Petersburg have been held by this highly-favoured race. It would be no abuse of words to say that since the Baltic provinces were annexed to Russia, they have governed her by their superior skill in arts and arms. St. Petersburg was at once their sign and citadel; a German city with a German name. German was the domestic language of the court; German was the speech of academy, university, and lecture-room. The scientific books were printed in German; most of the government correspondence was in German. To enter a profession a man must study German, and the highest marks of the learned professions were reserved exclusively to Germans. In fact, it rather seemed as if the three Baltic provinces had annexed Russia, than that Russia had annexed the three Baltic provinces. When the Czar asked Lermontoff what he could do for him, in return for his great services, that soldier answered, "Sire, if you would only make me a German, all the rest would follow in good time."

HALF A DREAM.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.



NOW then, sir, look alive!" said the guard roughly. I awoke from my amazement.

"Miss Frere! how very fortunate! I am thankful indeed that you are not injured. You remember me?—Robinson, whom you met at the Land's End? Now you must let me take you out, and I will see to you, and not leave you till I have safely handed you to your friends."

"Mr. Robinson!" she said dreamily; "ah, yes; I will leave this now," and she took my arm while I hurried her out of the train. Luckily the accident had happened a hundred yards from a little station, and we were soon under its shed, she trembling convulsively still, and clasping my arm tightly. I let her remain silent for a few minutes, I then poured out some sherry for her from my flask. This revived her, and she said, with a sweet resumption of her old graceful manner, "Mr. Robinson, how can I thank you enough? but what shall I do? I have forty miles yet to travel to S—, and my luggage lost, and I with such a headache as shaken with it all!"

"The first thing is to telegraph to your friends at S— that you are safe. To whom were you going?"

"To the Lamberts."

"They are friends of ours, oddly enough. You must let me telegraph to them that you cannot go further to-night. Then stay with us, only a few miles on—with my mother and sister. They will do everything in their power for you; and you can go on to-morrow, when you have rested."

At this moment the station-master's wife came to beg Miss Frere to enter her house till a few carriages were got ready to proceed, and I devoted myself to helping the wounded, and doing what could be done to alleviate their sufferings. In an hour the road was sufficiently clear for an engine to take three or four carriages on. Miss Frere accompanied me, and much to my mother's amazement I took her home. It was quite clear that she could not proceed however, for she fainted more than once before I got her safely housed for the night. Nor could she leave her room for three days.

It was impossible for the above events to have happened without my having old feelings strongly recalled to my heart. I was miserably anxious and *distrain* until she was able to be brought into the drawing-room. I was decidedly in love with Miss Frere.

I could not, however, do more than worship my goddess assiduously, as if that did aught but heap fuel on the fire! She was a rich man's only daughter—nay, his only child. Mr. Frere had been down to see her while she was ill, but had been obliged to hurry off, and gratefully commend her to our further care. What right had I to interfere with his plans?

Another consideration had still more weight with me. She had never named Buchanan, which I magnified into an acknowledgment that they were engaged—especially when I remembered the familiar terms on which they had been on the only two occasions when I had previously met Miss Frere. How could I be so treasonable to my friend as to undermine him in his absence? Clearly I could not make open love to his *fiancée*. But I was nettled all the same; and I, too, never mentioned his name.

Our talks became longer and more confidential. Sometimes I even read to her. Then there were always little cares to be attended to, flowers to be put near her couch, her shawl to be arranged over her feet, and so forth. It was a sweet yet a terribly dangerous thing to be thus brought into such close relations with a lovely and loveable girl. Perhaps she felt it too, for she was in no lively mood the last two days of her visit.

The end must come to the sweetest dreams. Miss Frere was now well enough to leave on the morrow; I was to depart for India the following week. Naturally that evening we were neither very cheerful. My sister was gone to visit a friend: my mother knitted in silence; our talk at the sofa had gradually died also into silence. Twilight crept in and brought its store of sad memories. We were to part for a long term of years to-morrow. Still how could I speak of love? Be base to Buchanan and abuse his trust? never!

At length Miss Frere rose and went to the piano. She had a light touch, and a voice as full of expression as her face. After a few soft bars, she broke into the dreamy music of *Faust*, and sang with the utmost pathos. I listened, leaning on the back of my chair in raptures. Presently she stopped, and remained seated at the instrument as if in deep thought. I had never till then noticed that my mother had been called out of the room.

After a pause I rose. "Miss Frere, to-morrow will end the sweetest week of my whole life."

"Will it indeed?" (Here was 'a stopper on enthusiasm!')

"Can you doubt it? And next week I go to India. I positively hate India!"

"Yes—no doubt."

"I hope, Miss Frere, that you will be very happy. I am sure that you deserve it."

"Do I? but thank you all the same!" and still she remained pensive.

At length I said desperately, "Well, I shall sometimes—often—think of you. When is the happy day to be? Excuse my asking, but I feel quite an old friend, you know."

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow! Good gracious! Miss Frere, what do you mean?"

She looked up startled. "To-morrow. Did you not say, when was the unhappy day?"

"No; I said, when was the happy day?"

"What happy day?"

"What happy day! why—when—when—you know—well—when you are to be married."

"Married!" and she jumped up and opened her eyes widely—"married! who ever said I was going to be married? What do *you* mean?"

I remained silent a moment. We looked into each other's faces, and then fairly laughed.

"Why, of course," I said, feeling very much relieved, "I thought you were going to marry my old friend Buchanan."

"Marry my cousin Dick, whom I have known from his cradle! who ever thought of such a thing?"

"Then if you are not going to be married, I—"

"I am not going to be married at all, I tell you," she said archly.

"But, Miss Frere—Ellen—don't let us make our lives a waste for want of a word—if I asked you to be married, for the sake of a very old, old love that I have cherished for you, and because—well, because of our preservation the other night"—and I drew near and took her hands—"eh, Ellen?"

"Well, if you asked me, perhaps I might possibly consent to change my mind"—but that was all she said, for in another moment she was at my heart.

After a moment more I said, "Well, when is the happy day to be now?"

"When you like."

As our conversation then began to be somewhat insensate, after the manner of lovers, and she had declared she would go with me to India, and I had avowed my intention of never taking her there, I may as well stop.

Here comes Geordie with the flies. Now you see, gentle reader, why I am thus enjoying *dolce far niente* on the grass by the side of the Spey. I have no doubt you can guess that Ellen is up at the Lodge with her father, and that my good fortune in securing her for a wife, with a couple of thousands per annum, was all owing to my moralising that wet evening in the street—"after the theatre." I remarked then that a young lady left out in the rain often stepped into a hearse; in Ellen Frere's case it was luckily into her marriage coach.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

AN ISLAND WITHOUT A DOCTOR.

I HAD not time to feel any fear, for almost before I could realise the fact that I was falling I touched the ground. The point from which I had slipped was above the reach of the water, but I fell upon the shingly beach so heavily that I was hardly conscious for a few minutes.

When I came to my senses again I lay still, trying to make out where I was, and how I came there. I was stunned and bewildered. Underneath me were the smooth round pebbles, which lie above the line of the tide on a shore covered with shingle. Above me rose a dark frowning rock, the chilly shadow of which lay across me. Without lifting my head I could see the water on a level with me, but it did not look on a level; its bright crested waves seemed swelling upwards to the sky, ready to pour down and bury me beneath them. I was very faint, and sick, and giddy. The ground felt as if it were about to sink under me. My eye-

lids closed languidly when I did not keep them open by an effort; and my head ached, and my brain swam with confused fancies.

After some time, and with some difficulty, I comprehended what had happened, and recollected that it was already past mid-day, and Mrs. Tardif would be waiting for me. I attempted to stand up, but an acute pain in my foot compelled me to desist. I tried to turn myself upon the pebbles; and my left arm refused to help me. I could not check a sharp cry of suffering as my left hand fell back upon the stones on which I was lying. My fall had cost me something more than a few minutes' insensibility and an aching head. I had no more power to move than one who is bound hand and foot.

After a few vain efforts I lay quite still again, trying to deliberate as well as I could for the pain which racked me. I reckoned up, after many attempts in which first my memory failed me, and then my faculty of calculation, what the time of the high tide would be, and how soon Tardif would

come home. As nearly as I could make out, it would be high water in about two hours. Tardif had set off at low water, as his boat had been anchored at the foot of the rock, where the ladder hung; but before starting he had said something about returning at high tide, and running up his boat on the beach of our little bay. If he did that he must pass close by me. It was Saturday morning, and he was in the habit of returning early on Saturdays, that he might prepare for the services

very cold, and a creeping moisture was oozing up from the water. A vague wonder took hold of me as to whether I was really above the line of the tide, for now the March tides were come I did not know how high their flood was. But I thought of it without any active feeling of terror or pain. I was numbed in body and mind. The ceaseless chime of the waves, and the regularity of the rattling play of the pebbles, seemed to lull and soothe me, almost in spite of myself. Cold I was, and in sharp



"HE PAUSED THEN"

of the next day. I might count, then, upon the prospect of his running the boat into the bay, and finding me there within the next two hours.

It took me a very long time to make out all this, for every now and then my brain seemed to lose its power for a while, and everything whirled about me. Especially there was that awful sensation of sinking down, down through the pebbles into some chasm that was bottomless. I had never either felt pain or fainted before, and all this alarmed me.

Presently I began to listen to the rattle of the pebbles, as the rising tide flowed over them and fell back again, leaving them all ajar and grating against one another—a strange, gurgling, jangling sound that seemed to have some meaning. It was

pain, but my mind had not energy enough either for fear or effort. What appeared to me most terrible was the sensation, coming back time after time, of sinking, sinking into the fancied chasm beneath me.

I remember also watching a spray of ivy,* far above my head, swaying and waving about in the wind; and a little bird, darting here and there with a brisk flutter of its tiny wings, and a chirping note of satisfaction; and the clouds drifting in soft, small cloudlets across the sky. These things I saw, not as if they were real, but rather as if they were memories of things that had passed before my eyes many years before.

At last—whether years or hours only had gone by,

I could not then have told you—I heard the regular and careful beat of oars upon the water, and presently the grating of a boat's keel upon the shingle, with the rattle of a chain cast out with the grapple. I could not turn round or raise my head, but I was sure it was Tardif, and that he did not yet see me, for he was whistling softly to himself. I had never heard him whistle before.

"Tardif!" I cried, attempting to shout, but my voice sounded very weak in my own ears, and the other sounds about me seemed very loud. He went on with his unlading, half whistling and half humming his tune, as he landed the nets and creel on the beach.

"Tardif!" I called again, summoning all my strength, and raising my head an inch or two from the hard pebbles which had been its resting-place.

He paused then, and stood quite still, listening. I knew it, though I could not see him. I ran the fingers of my right hand through the loose pebbles about me, and his ear caught the slight noise. In a moment I heard his strong feet coming across them towards me.

"Mon Dieu! mam'zelle," he exclaimed, "what has happened to you?"

I tried to smile as his honest, brown face bent over me, full of alarm. It was so great a relief to see a face like his after that long, weary agony, for it had been agony to me, who had not known what bodily pain was like. But in trying to smile I felt my lips drawn, and my eyes blinded with tears.

"I've fallen down the cliff," I said feebly, "and I am hurt."

"Mon Dieu!" he cried again. The strong man shook, and his hand trembled as he scooped down and laid it under my head to lift it up a little. His agitation touched me to the heart, even then, and I did my best to speak more calmly.

"Tardif," I whispered, "it is not very much, and I might have been killed. I think my foot is hurt, and I am quite sure my arm is broken."

Speaking made me feel giddy and faint again, so I said no more. He lifted me in his arms as easily and tenderly as a mother lifts up her child, and carried me gently, taking slow and measured strides up the steep slope which led homewards. I closed my eyes, glad to leave myself wholly in his charge, and to have nothing farther to dread; yet moaning a little, involuntarily, whenever a fresh pang of pain shot through me. Then he would cry again "Mon Dieu!" in a beseeching tone, and pause for an instant as if to give me rest. It seemed a long time before we reached the farm-yard gate, and he shouted, with a tremendous voice, to his mother to come and open it. Fortunately she was in sight, and came towards us quickly.

He carried me into the house, and laid me down on the *lit de fouaille*—a wooden frame forming a sort of couch, and filled with dried fern, which

forms the principal piece of furniture in every farmhouse kitchen in the Channel Islands. Then he cut away the boot from my swollen ankle, with a steady but careful touch, speaking now and then a word of encouragement, as if I were a child whom he was tending. His mother stood by, looking on helplessly and in bewilderment, for he had not had time to explain my accident to her.

But for my arm, which hung helplessly at my side, and gave me excruciating pain when he touched it, it was quite evident he could do nothing.

"Is there nobody who could set it?" I asked, striving very hard to keep calm.

"We have no doctor in Sark now," he answered. "There is no one but mother Renouf. I will fetch her."

But when she came she declared herself unable to set a broken limb. They all three held a consultation over it in their own dialect; but I saw by the solemn shaking of their heads, and Tardif's troubled expression, that it was entirely beyond her skill to set it right. She would undertake my sprained ankle, for she was famous for the cure of sprains and bruises, but my arm was past her. The pain I was enduring bathed my face with perspiration, but very little could be done to alleviate it. Tardif's expression grew more and more distressed.

"Mam'zelle knows," he said, stooping down to speak the more softly to me, "there is no doctor nearer than Guernsey, and the night is not far off. What are we to do?"

"Never mind, Tardif," I answered, resolving to be brave; "let the women help me into bed, and perhaps I shall be able to sleep. We must wait till morning."

It was more easily said than done. The two old women did their best, but their touch was clumsy and their help slight, compared to Tardif's. I was thoroughly worn out before I was in bed. But it was a great deal to find myself there, safe and warm, instead of on the cold, hard pebbles on the beach. Mother Renouf put my arm to rest upon a pillow, and bathed and fomented my ankle till it felt much easier.

Never, never shall I forget that night. I could not sleep; but I suppose my mind wandered a little. Hundreds of times I felt myself down on the shore, lying helplessly, while great green waves curled themselves over, and fell just within reach, ready to swallow me up, yet always missing me. Then I was back again in my own home in Adelaide, on my father's sheep-farm, and he was still alive, and with no thought but how to make everything bright and glad some for me; and hundreds of times I saw the woman who was afterwards to be my stepmother, stealing up to the door and trying to get in to him and me. Sometimes I caught myself sobbing aloud, and then

Tardif's voice, whispering at the door to ask how mam'zelle was, brought me back to consciousness. Now and then I looked round, fancying I heard my mother's voice speaking to me, and I saw only the wrinkled, yellow face of his mother, nodding drowsily in her seat by the fire. Twice Tardif brought me a cup of tea, freshly made. I could not distinctly make out who he was, or where I was, but I tried to speak loudly enough for him to hear me thank him.

I was very glad when the first gleam of daylight shone into my room. It seemed to bring clearness to my brain.

"Mam'zelle," said Tardif, coming to my side very early in his fisherman's dress, "I am going to fetch a doctor."

"But it is Sunday," I answered faintly. I knew that no boatman put out to sea willingly on a Sunday from Sark; and the last fatal accident, being on a Sunday, had deepened their reluctance.

"It will be right, mam'zelle," he answered, with glowing eyes. "I have no fear."

"Do not be long away, Tardif," I said, sobbing.

"Not one moment longer than I can help," he replied.

. PART THE SECOND. CHAPTER THE FIRST. DR. MARTIN DOBRÉE.

MY name is Martin Dobrée. Martin or Doctor Martin I was called throughout Guernsey. It will be necessary to state a few particulars about my family and position, before I proceed with my part of this narrative.

My father was Dr. Dobrée. He belonged to one of the oldest families in the island—a family of distinguished *pur sang*; but our branch of it had been growing poorer instead of richer during the last three or four generations. We had been gravitating steadily downwards.

My father lived ostensibly by his profession, but actually upon the income of my cousin, Julia Dobrée, who had been his ward from her childhood. The house we dwelt in, a pleasant one in the Grange, belonged to Julia; and fully half of the year's household expenses were defrayed by her. Our practice, which he and I shared between us, was not a large one, though for its extent it was lucrative enough. But there always is an immense number of medical men in Guernsey in proportion to its population, and the island is healthy. There was small chance for any of us to make a fortune.

Then how was it that I, a young man still under thirty, was wasting my time, and skill, and professional training by remaining there, a sort of half-pensioner on my cousin's bounty? The thickest rope that holds a vessel, weighing scores

of tons, safely to the pier-head is made up of strands so slight that almost a breath will break them.

First, then—and the strength of two-thirds of the strands lay there—was my mother. I could never remember the time when she had not been delicate and ailing, even when I was a rough schoolboy at Elizabeth College. It was that infirmity of the body which occasionally betrays the wounds of a soul. I did not comprehend it whilst I was a boy; then it was headache only. As I grew older I discovered that it was heartache. The gnawing of a perpetual disappointment, worse than a sudden and violent calamity, had slowly eaten away the very foundation of healthy life. No hand could administer any medicine for this disease except mine, and as soon as I was sure of that, I felt what my first duty was.

I knew where the blame of this lay, if any blame there were. I had found it out years ago by my mother's silence, her white cheeks, and her feeble tone of health. My father was never openly unkind and careless, but there was always visible in his manner a weariness of her, an utter disregard for her feelings. He continued to like young and pretty women, just as he had liked her because she was young and pretty. He remained at the very point he was at when they began their married life. There was nothing patently criminal in it, God forbid!—nothing to 'create an open and a grave scandal on our little island. But it told upon my mother; it was the one drop of water falling day by day. "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike," says the book of Proverbs. My father's small infidelities were much the same to my mother. She was thrown altogether upon me for sympathy, and support, and love.

When I first fathomed this mystery, my heart rose in very undutiful bitterness against Dr. Dobrée; but by-and-by I found that it resulted less from a want of fidelity to her than from a radical infirmity in his temperament. It was almost as impossible for him to avoid or conceal his preference for younger and more attractive women, as for my mother to conquer the fretting vexation this preference caused to her.

Next to my mother came Julia, my cousin, five years older than I, who had coldly looked down upon me, and snubbed me like a sister, as a boy; watched my progress through Elizabeth College, and through Guy's Hospital; and perceived at last that I was a young man whom it was no disgrace to call cousin. To crown all, she fell in love with me; so at least my mother told me, taking me into her confidence, and speaking with a depth of pleading in her sunken eyes, which were worn with much weeping. Poor mother! I knew very well what unspoken wish was in her heart. Julia had

grown up under her care as I had done, and she stood second to me in her affection.

It is not difficult to love any woman who has a moderate share of attractions—at least I did not find it so then. I was really fond of Julia, too—very fond. I knew her as intimately as any brother knows his sister. She had kept up a correspondence with me all the time I was at Guy's, and her letters had been more interesting and amusing than her conversation generally was. Some women, most cultivated women, can write charming letters; and Julia was a highly cultivated woman. I came back from Guy's with a very greatly increased regard and admiration for my cousin Julia.

So, when my mother, with her pleading, wistful eyes, spoke day after day of Julia, of her dutiful love towards her, and her growing love for me, I drifted, almost without an effort of my own volition, into an engagement with her. You see there was no counter-balance. I was acquainted with every girl of my own class on the island; pretty girls were many of them, but there was after all not one I preferred to my cousin. My old dreams and romances about love, common to every young fellow, had all faded into a very common-place, every-day vision of having a comfortable house of my own, and a wife as good as most other men's wives. Just in the same way, my ambitious plans of rising to the very top of the tree in my profession had dwindled down to satisfaction with the very limited practice of one of our island doctors. I found myself chained to this rock in the sea; all my future life would probably be spent there; and fate offered me Julia as the companion fittest for me. I was contented with my fate, and laughed off my boyish fancy that I ought to be ready to barter the world for love.

Added to these two strong ties keeping me in Guernsey, there were the hundred, the thousand small associations which made that island, and my people living upon it, dearer than any other place, or any other people, in the world. Taking the strength of the rope which held me to the pier-head as represented by 100, then my love for my mother would stand at 66½, my engagement to Julia at about 20, and the remainder may go towards my old associations. That is pretty nearly the sum of it.

My engagement to Julia came about so easily and naturally that, as I said, I was perfectly contented with it. We had been engaged since the previous Christmas, and were to be married in the early summer, as soon as a trip through Switzerland would be agreeable. We were to set up housekeeping for ourselves; that was a point Julia was bent upon. A suitable house had fallen vacant in one of the higher streets of St. Peter-port, which commanded a noble view of the sea and the surrounding islands. We had taken it, though it was farther from the Grange and my mother than I

should have chosen my home to be. She and Julia were busy, pleasantly busy, about the furnishing.

Never had I seen my mother look so happy, or so young. Even my father paid her a compliment or two, which had the effect of bringing a pretty pink flush to her white cheeks, and of making her sunken eyes shine. As to myself, I was quietly happy, without a doubt. Julia was a good girl, everybody said that, and Julia loved me devotedly. I was on the point of becoming master of a house and owner of a considerable income; for Julia would not hear of there being any marriage settlements which would secure to her the property she was bringing to me. I found that making love, even to my cousin who was like a sister to me, was upon the whole a pleasurable occupation. Everything was going on smoothly.

That was till about the middle of March. I had been to church one Sunday morning with these two women, both devoted to me and centring all their love and hopes in me, when, as we entered the house on our return, I heard my father calling "Martin! Martin!" as loudly as he could from his consulting-room. I answered the call instantly, and whom should I see but a very old friend of mine, Tardif, of the Havre Gosselin. He was standing near the door, as if in too great a hurry to sit down. His handsome but weather-beaten face betrayed great anxiety, and his shaggy moustache rose and fell, as if the mouth below it was tremulously at work. My father looked chagrined and irresolute.

"Here's a pretty piece of work, Martin," he said; "Tardif wants one of us to go back with him to Sark, to see a woman who has fallen from the cliffs and broken her arm, confound it!"

"For the sake of the good God, Dr. Martin," cried Tardif excitedly, and of course speaking in the Sark dialect, "I beg of you to come this instant even. She has been lying in anguish since midday yesterday—twenty-four hours now, sir. I started at dawn this morning, but both wind and tide were against me, and I have been waiting here some time. Be quick, doctor. Mon Dieu! if she should be dead!"

The poor fellow's voice faltered, and his eyes met mine imploringly. He and I had been fast friends in my boyhood, when all my holidays were spent in Sark, although he was some years older than I; and our friendship was still firm and true, though it had slackened a little from absence. I shook his hand heartily, giving it a good hard grip in token of my unaltered friendship—a grip which he returned with his fingers of iron till my own tingled again.

"I knew you'd come," he gasped.

"Ah, I'll go, Tardif," I said; "only I must get a snatch of something to eat while Dr. Dobrée puts up what I shall have need of. I'll be ready in half an hour. Go into the kitchen, and get some dinner yourself."

"Thank you, Dr. Martin," he answered, his voice still unsteady and his moustache quivering; "but I can eat nothing. I'll go down and have the boat ready. You'll waste no time?"

"Not a moment," I promised.

I left my father to put up the things I should require, supposing he had heard all the particulars of the accident from Tardif. He was inclined to grumble a little at me for going; but I asked him what else I could have done. As he had no answer ready to that question, I walked away to the dining-room, where my mother and Julia were waiting; for dinner was ready, as we dined early on Sundays on account of the servants. Julia was suffering from the beginning of a bilious attack, to which she was subject, and her eyes were heavy and dull. I told them hastily where I was going, and what a hurry I was in.

"You are never going across to Sark to-day!" she exclaimed.

"Why not?" I asked, taking my seat and helping myself quickly.

"Because I am sure bad weather is coming," she answered, looking anxiously through a window facing the west. "I could see the coast of France this morning as plainly as Sark, and the gulls are keeping close to the shore, and the sunset last night was threatening. I will go and look at the storm-glass."

She went away, but came back again very soon, with an increase of anxiety in her face. "Don't go, dear Martin," she said, with her hand upon my shoulder, "the storm-glass is as troubled as it can be, and the wind is veering round to the west. You know what that foretells at this time of the year. There is a storm at hand; take my word for it, and don't venture across to Sark to-day."

"And what is to become of the poor woman?" I remonstrated. "Tardif says she has been suffering the pain of a broken limb these twenty-four hours. It would be my duty to go even if the storm were here, unless the risk was exceedingly great. Come, Julia, remember you are to be a doctor's wife, and don't be a coward."

"Don't go!" she reiterated, "for my sake and your mother's. I am certain some trouble will come of it. We shall be frightened to death; and this woman is only a stranger to you. Oh, I cannot bear to let you go!"

I did not attempt to reason with her, for I knew of old that when Julia was bilious and nervous she was quite deaf to reason. I only stroked the hand that lay on my shoulder, and went on with my dinner as if my life depended upon the speed with which I dispatched it.

"Uncle," she said, as my father came in with a small portmanteau in his hand, "tell Martin he must not go. There is sure to be a storm to-night."

"Pooh! pooh!" he answered. "I should be glad enough for Martin to stay at home, but there's no help for it, I suppose. There will be no storm at present, and they'll run across quickly. It will be the coming back that will be difficult. You'll scarcely get home again to-night, Martin."

"No," I said. "I'll stop at Gavey's, and come back in the Sark cutter if it has begun to ply. If not, Tardif must bring me over in the morning."

"Don't go," persisted Julia, as I thrust myself into my rough pilot coat, and then bent down to kiss her cheek. Julia always presented me her cheek, and my lips had never met hers yet. My mother was standing by and looking tearful, but she did not say a word; she knew there was no question about what I ought to do. Julia followed me to the door and held me fast with both hands round my arm, sobbing out hysterically, "Don't go." Even when I had released myself and was running down the drive, I could hear her still calling, "Oh, Martin, don't go!"

I was glad to get out of hearing. I felt sorry for her, yet there was a considerable amount of pleasure in being the object of so much tender solicitude. I thought of her for a minute or two as I hurried along the steep streets leading down to the quay. But the prospect before me caught my eye. Opposite lay Sark, bathed in sunlight, and the sea between was calm enough at present. A ride across, with a westerly breeze filling the sails, and the boat dancing lightly over the waves, would not be a bad exchange for a dull Sunday afternoon, with Julia at the Sunday-school and my mother asleep. Besides, it was the path of duty which was leading me across the quiet grey sea before me.

Tardif was waiting, with his sails set and oars in the row-locks, ready for clearing the harbour. I took one of them, and bent myself willingly to the light task. There was less wind than I had expected, but what there was blew in our favour. We were very quickly beyond the pier-head, where a group of idlers was always gathered, who sent after us a few warning shouts. Nothing could be more exhilarating than our onward progress. I felt as if I had been a prisoner, with chains which had pressed heavily yet insensibly upon me, and that now I was free. I drew into my lungs the fresh, bracing, salt air of the sea, with a deep sigh of delight.

It struck me after a while that my friend Tardif was unusually silent. The shifting of the sails appeared to give him plenty to do; and to my surprise, instead of keeping to the ordinary course, he ran recklessly as it seemed across the *grunes*, which lie all about the bed of the channel between Guernsey and Sark. These *grunes* are reefs, rising a little above low water, but as the tide was about half-flood they were a few feet below it; yet at times there was scarcely enough depth to float

us over them, whilst the brown sea-weed torn from their edges lay in our wake, something like the swathes of grass in a meadow after the sickle has swept through it. Now and then came a bump and a scrape of the keel against their sharp ridges.

The sweat stood in beads upon Tardif's face, and his thick hair fell forward over his forehead, where the great veins in the temples were purple and swollen. I spoke to him after a heavier bump over the rocks than any we had yet come to.

"Tardif," I said, "we are shaving the weeds a little too close, aren't we?"

"Look behind you, Dr. Martin," he answered, shifting the sails a little.

I did look behind us. We were more than half-way over the channel, and Guernsey lay four miles or so west of us; but instead of the clear outline of the island standing out against the sky, I could

see nothing but a bank of white fog. The afternoon sun was shining brightly over it, but before long it would dip into its dense folds.

The fogs about our islands are peculiar. You may see them form apparently thick blocks of blanched vapour, with a distinct line between the atmosphere where the haze is and where it is not. To be overtaken by a fog like this, which would almost hide Tardif at one end of the boat from me at the other, would be no laughing matter in a sea lined with sunken reefs. The wind had almost gone, but a little breeze still caught us from the north of the fog-bank. Without a word I took the oars again, whilst Tardif devoted himself to the sails and the helm.

"A mile nearer home," he said, "and I could row my boat as easily in the dark as you could ride your horse along a lane."

END OF C

AUSTRALIAN MEAT AT HOME.

BY A QUEENSLAND COMMISSIONER.



T is September; the weather is now tolerably warm, and the fresh spring mornings are perfectly delicious. We are in Australia, and after riding on horseback the greater part of the day, have just sighted the house of Mr. R—, a large cattle station proprietor. We have travelled nearly fifty miles, and my friend Mr. B—, who is not yet accustomed to such distances, has more than once expressed a wish that we had reached our journey's end. We have seen during the day only one other house, which was too near the starting-place for us to regard it with favour, and not having conveniences for "camping out," we determined to push on.

We are both strangers here, and B—, who is also yet uninitiated in the mysteries of bush life, became rather anxious as he observed the daylight fading. Now, however, all is well. The house is prettily situated on a rising ground, and looking down the avenue presents, as we ride towards it, a picturesque appearance. Our way has been across some open plains, and we have likewise passed several beautiful lagoons; but, upon the whole, the tract over which we have come is of that character generally known as "timbered country."

Cattle are feeding in large numbers, and many are indulging in their "sundown drink." It is apparent at once that this is purely a "cattle station;" the distinction between a cattle and a sheep station being, that in either case the tract of country is used exclusively for grazing the one or the

other kind of stock. There are, however, exceptions to this.

Before reaching the house our arrival was made known by the barking of dogs, of which there invariably are several, and generally they belong to the species useful for "working" the stock. In this instance they were three large black and tan "cattle" dogs, and a desperate noise they made. A gentleman, however, soon came out and quelled their riot.

We dismounted, and upon giving our names he cordially invited us to make use of his house. Our first duty now was to see to our horses, the "seeing-to" being of a very simple nature, for removing their saddles and bridles, we turned them loose into the "Home" paddock. "Paddock" conveys here the same idea as the word "field" elsewhere; the Home paddock being a small enclosure of about a hundred acres (whence we could speedily procure our horses for an early start in the morning) and is used in contradistinction to the larger paddocks, into which are admitted the quadrupeds not likely to be immediately required. The horses look after themselves, and are wonderfully enduring animals. They will travel day by day fifty miles or more, for several days consecutively, and during all this time, as a rule, are not provided with anything beyond the natural grass and herbage.

But we return to the house, and whilst appreciating a good wash, I am greatly amused by my friend B—, who, astonished as he was at other things, was still more startled at the "absolute effrontery" (so he termed it) of riding up to a gentleman's house and, though perfect strangers, expecting as a

matter of course that he should entertain us for the night.

B— was also not a little surprised at the primitive method of forming the avenue, viz., by cutting down the trees instead of growing them; he was puzzled by the fact that until reaching the "homestead" he had not seen a fence in any direction, and wondered that the cattle did not stray; he thought it cruel in the extreme, riding on horses all day and not giving them any additional food; but with the climax he was perfectly amazed.

Upon entering the parlour, Mr. Ross (for that was the name of our host) at once ordered "tea," which consisted, by the custom of the country, of a good solid repast, the beverage in the bush at every meal being tea.

B— soon proved his ignorance of colonial matters, and Mr. Ross, seeing his evident wish for further information on the food supply, invited him to stay for a couple of days. He could then ride over the station, and seeing the cattle, judge also of the systems adopted for properly looking after them. The invitation was at once and cordially accepted. We then retired to bed; and in truth there were more sleepers than beds; but one lying on the sofa and another on a mattress by the fire, we all stowed away.

Hearing my name called, I quickly turned out, and a more lovely morning it would be difficult to conceive. The sun soon rose, and over the whole sky not a cloud was visible. The temperature, though cool, was delicious. The horses were already in the yard, whither with bridle in hand I soon hastened; but B— was before me, and a black boy, whom I met, soon explained the loud laughter which sounded from some distance; for coming up he appealed for the information of which he seemed already pretty well assured. "I believe, sa, that fellow massa new chum?" the last word being spoken as an appellation, half in pity, half in contempt for the ignorance of colonial experience which B— was evincing.

Of this excessive laughter he was the innocent cause, for, in his desire to prove his ability, he had been for some time trying to catch his horse, but unwittingly had adopted the surest course of proving his ignorance; for instead of going towards the animal's head, he was doing his utmost to catch him by the tail; and running after the horse with the bridle swinging in his hand, the faster he went the faster went the horse, and the more frantic his efforts to catch him, the more anxious the horse seemed to elude the introduction. There being also some little mud in the yard, the galloping round of a dozen horses kicking it up behind them had not improved the appearance of the undaunted pursuer. At his efforts, two half-civilised black boys were almost screaming with laughter, and sitting on the fence, they swayed to and fro

with unmistakable enjoyment till the horse was caught.

Having now breakfasted we mounted, and crossing several creeks, were just descending the spur of a low ridge when we came upon a small "mob" of cattle, which quickly seeing us, started off at a slow rate. We did not follow them, but continuing our course, reached upon the ridge of a plain a cluster of large trees, where were numerous and indubitable proofs of cattle frequently congregating; and indeed, as we saw plainly, this might be called a "camp," the meaning of which was thus explained by Mr. Ross:—

"A camp," said he, "is a space of ground to which the cattle are accustomed to go; it is often situated like this on the edge of an unexposed ridge, and is sometimes formed by the cattle themselves, which for the sake of warmth, or by reason of their gregarious nature, collect there. But then again we sometimes form them. By driving the cattle to these places and hemming them in, we after a little while accustom them to gallop thither immediately upon the crack of the whip."

"But," said B—, with his inquiring mind, "what object have you in this?"

"Oh!" replied Ross, "every reason, for so soon as we get the cattle here we have them under control. You see," he continued, "the areas of our country are so vast, that without this system we should be a good deal put about; for the distance from home where we are is often so great, that had we not these conveniences we should be compelled, when we require only a few, to take to the yards at the head station a very large number; but now, say for instance we see ten cows with young calves which we want to accustom to milking; we drive them to this 'camping-ground.' Here we can select them from the large number and draught them out. If, again, we require a small number of fat bullocks for the butcher, we can select them or, as we term it, 'cut them out' from the rest. But another great advantage is that the beast, after a little time, regards this 'camp' and the immediately adjacent pasture-grounds as his home, and so long as there is plenty of feed near he never strays. Thus we always know where to find him. Why, you see, this station has a hundred thousand acres, and I have eight thousand head of cattle; but for these advantages I could never manage it, for the stock would be all over my neighbours' stations, where now they scarcely ever stray."

While chatting thus we saw in the distance another small herd of young cattle, but amongst them specially noticeable was a large roan ox, of which B— was quite filled with admiration. "Ah! roast beef of old England," quoth he, "there you are!"

Suddenly emerging upon a large plain terminating in gently undulating ridges, we saw before us more than we could count, and looking to the

right and then to the left we still saw more. They embraced every possible colour known amongst cattle; but especially to be noticed were the huge, sleek, silky-haired roans, strawberries and reds, as amid a luxuriance of rich herbage they leisurely browsed, and seeming as though it were an effort to move, presented a picture for a painter.

B—— was in raptures. He had not even dreamed of such a sight; but Ross, who had lost money by his shipments to England of "preserved meat," *alias* "stuff," scarcely restrained his sarcasm.

"Australian beef! never mind," said he, "one more try, and if the English people don't like it, well, let them go without. Why, talk of comparing English beef, eaten in England, with Australian beef eaten in Australia, and I give my opinion in favour of the latter; and doesn't it stand to reason it should be better? Look at those cattle, free as birds, they have more *natural* pasturage than they can consume, they have more water than they can drink; they can walk, trot, or gallop; they are produced from some of the best blood in England, and in the improvement of the stock money has been almost lavishly bestowed; here you see them all the year round, and with their enjoyment of this absolute state of nature even winter does not interfere. Over there the demand is so great that you have to force them artificially, and don't even give them time to take natural meat. However, we don't want to compete with your beef, we only want to supplement your supply, for I suppose you hardly realise what is the consumption in London alone of imported meat. Here we allow to each man from two to three pounds of meat per diem."

"Indeed is it so?" rejoined B——. "Ah! if you could import those they would sell for high prices."

"Some of that meat," resumed Ross, "will, I expect, be there before six months, for I have undertaken to supply two hundred fat oxen at £4 10s. per head. I am now going to muster, and shall start them off in three days' time for the Meat Preserving Company's Depot."

The head stockman here cracked his great long whip, and with the black boys galloped off, rounding to their camps the cattle on the left side of the plain. Ross and the other stockman also started away, but we rode slowly after.

The cattle were rounded-to, and then followed the operation of "cutting out" from the large lot such as were considered suitable. To see the quick turning of the horses, as different animals marked out for the butcher endeavoured to regain the large herd, was most amusing; for although they frequently wheeled, turning almost on a pivot, the horses were as quick and frustrated their attempts, while the well-cracked and sometimes well-applied whip hurried the beasts onwards, till placed amongst the selected lot, which were being duly kept by a stockman and a black boy.

We then secured about seventy or eighty, and turned homewards. They were now driven into the yard, whence were drafted out such as after close inspection did not appear sufficiently fat; the other lot being turned into a large paddock, where they awaited the "starting for town."

We supped about seven o'clock, and Ross, who had been pointing out to B—— the construction of the yards, filled his pipe. He took about three whiffs and turned round. "Well, Mr. B——," he said, "it seems almost a pity, since you take so much interest in this matter, that you should not see it through; but as the travelling with the cattle would be rather tedious, I'll tell you in about ten words what takes place before that beef makes its appearance in England. To-day is Tuesday; on Friday morning next the cattle start, and will travel about twelve miles a-day; the men start with them every morning *very early*—as near dawn as possible—and travel half or two-thirds the distance. They then stop in the middle of the day, letting the cattle feed and rest, and continue their journey in the cool of the evening. On Wednesday they will be delivered at the Meat Preserving Establishment, and then all the responsibility on the part of the men ceases.

"The cattle are kept for a few days, to allow them thoroughly to rest and cool down after their driving; when this has been done there are run out from the number day by day, and taken to the slaughter-house, so many as are required.

"After the slaughtering, the carcass when thoroughly cold is taken to the 'cutting-up' room, and all the bone carefully removed. The best of the meat is then placed in tins according to the weights required; these being filled up with water are closed, boiled, and hermetically sealed. They are then packed in cases, and are either consumed in Australia or shipped off to England.

"The hides are carefully salted, and sent to the best market. The horns are likewise shipped off. From the hoofs oil is produced; of some of the intestines use is made, and the bones previously to being sent away are 'boiled down' with the inferior and refuse meat, in order to extract whatever fat may remain. Formerly," said Ross, "we used to boil down all of the bullock for his tallow; but since the meat-preserving industry has come in we only boil the inferior parts. But I see you are very sleepy; and no wonder, after your ride.

"Though the system of managing sheep stations is quite distinct from what you have seen of cattle farming, the same mode of preservation is applied.

"Come! have a glass of toddy and turn in. Good night."

A parting word he said as B—— rose: "If ever you hear English people speaking of our beef with contempt; calling it cagmag and stuff, please to recall the large bullocks I am selling at £4 10s. a-head."

IN THE STUDIO.



AS THE FAIR CANVAS GREW."

HE would not have me see him toil
 As the fair canvas grew;
 Yet I beheld the genius burn
 Through that deep eye of blue.

And when I chid such love of art,
 He kissed the words away,
 Vowing that art was life's best blood—
 There was no nobler way

To fill the void the spirit knew;
And then the glory rose
Upon his brow, and all my heart
Was prouder for his woes.

O days on which no sunlight glowed!
O days when hope was dim!
Days which were fraught with life to me,
Yet showed Death's face to him!

Ye surely cannot come again;
Or, if ye loom anew,
Give me the courage to console,
Or triumph with him too.

But when men see his latest work—
A vision so sublime—
Another name they must enshrine
As conqueror over Time!

I am but woman; Earth, forgive,
For Love hath pierced the mist,
And stands enrapt before the Sun—
Its soul's evangelist!

Then let the world or give or hold,
Whate'er its course may be,
I shall have life with him; and he?—
Sweet immortality.

WITH THE FRENCH ARMY.



COME, tell us, sergeant, how did you win your cross?"

This question was put by one of a number of young soldiers who stood around Sergeant Manchot in the grounds of the Invalides. The person addressed was an old one-armed man, who seemed to think that a certain air of fierce, unsmiling gravity most became a soldier of the Empire; but who, it was well known, hid one of the kindest hearts under the outer form of stern severity. On being thus questioned, he took a well-used pipe from his mouth, slowly puffed out a column of smoke, drew himself as erect as age would permit him, and replied—

"Won my cross? Yes, *mon enfant*, you say right; in those days we had to win a cross, it was not given. It was worth winning too. We didn't, with the Emperor, gain glory by fighting against one another. There were no barricades then—no battles in the streets of Paris. That great man, so wonderful in his genius, so indomitable in his courage, who always conquered, would not allow it; and let me tell you, no one dared to do what he said he should not—he soon made short work.

"Ah! those were the days when we knew what true freedom was. There were none of your Republicans, your Orleanists, your old or your new parties. We were all Frenchmen then—Frenchmen, do you hear, my children. It was against the enemies of *la belle France* we fought—against those who hated the great nation because it was so glorious—the perfidious English—the stupid Germans—the barbarous Russians.

"Yes, it was against them we Frenchmen always fought; and, when traitors did not betray us, we always conquered. They could never defeat him—the Emperor, by fair means. Ah, with what glory he covered France!"

The old man's eyes glistened with enthusiasm, and his face glowed.

"But all this is changed now," continued the old soldier in a mournful tone. "France, shame upon her! does not care what her enemies do. The Grand Army is no more. But you wish to know how I gained my cross. Well, I will tell you, for it will show you what a man the Emperor was.

"It was the 6th of November. For a long time our march had been full of glory. The enemy had fled before us, for whenever he tried to stand we defeated him. We had reached Moscow—that fatal city. We were to have wintered there. But what did these cowardly villains of Russians do? Why, as you know, they burnt down their town.

"We were compelled to retreat; and a terrible march we had had, what with frost, snow, and hunger. It was the 6th of November, I say. We had just fought the battle of Viazma, and won it of course. The Emperor, in his order of the day, said we had annihilated the enemy. Still we had to retreat, not before the Russians, no, we had crushed them, I tell you—but before the weather; it was terrible! Oh, what frost! it froze the very marrow in our bones. Oh, what snow! it cut our skins, it blinded us, we sank in it to our knees as we marched. We had been on *route* since six o'clock, and it was now past noon. An awful march it was. The ground over which we passed was strewn with our dead and dying. Not that we saw much of the foe, no, those we had not killed knew too well what they would get if they came near us. It was that terrible cold and the empty stomachs that did for us. When these made any fall behind, the rascally Cossacks, hanging all round us like a swarm of bees, either killed and plundered them, or, if they were at all able to walk, stripped them, and then tying them to their horses, made them run at their sides till they dropped from cold, hunger, and fatigue.

"Many of the officers and men in my company

had thus perished. All were dispirited—no song, no shout, no joke, and what was worse than all, no grumbling. The sullenness and recklessness of utter despair had taken hold of us.

"Our captain was a terrible little man—not a braver one than he in the whole army. And then, you see, we were all brave. He did not stand more than so high" (pointing to his shoulder), "but he would have his own way—he made us do it; if he said no, it was no—if yes, then yes; he would not change. We called him Captain Têtu, and, my faith! it was a good name, for he *was* obstinate.

"He had been a stout, red-faced man; but now, how changed!—thin, pale, and haggard. Nothing could, however, drive away his look of firmness. He was hardly able to keep up with us; but he was determined not to give in as long as he had life, so on, and still on he crawled. He had wrapped his shoeless feet in his handkerchiefs, which were now deeply stained with the blood that oozed from his wounds. Two or three times I had offered him my arm for his support, but he had refused it angrily.

"What," said he, 'do you think I can't walk as well as another? Am I a child? Every one needs all his strength for himself.'

"At last he told me that if I dared to bother him with my offers to assist him, he would have me punished severely. So what could I do?—he always meant what he said. But, obstinate as he was, he could not hold out any longer. With a faint cry of 'Ah, it is all over with me! *Vive l'Empereur!*' he fell on the snow.

"All over, my captain? oh no, not while Corporal Manchot is here!"

"Why, who is that?" is that you, Manchot? You are not with your regiment, how is that? Leave me; my battles are all fought—but stay; here, take this cross and my purse, there is not much in it. I wish for her sake there was more, but the Emperor will not forget her, when you reach France.—Ah, *la belle France!* I shall not see you again!—Go to Voroppe, near Grenoble, there you will find an old woman eighty-two years of age; it is Madame Marien, my mother. Kiss her for me, on both cheeks, give her the purse and cross, and tell her how I died. *Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!* Now go—join your company. Adieu—go."

"Not unless I take you with me. Come."

"Come! How can I come? Fool that you are, do you not see I cannot walk, or do you think I should be lying here?"

"Nevertheless, come." With that I lifted him on my shoulder.

"What are you doing? Put me down, I tell you, put me down."

"Put you down! What! to lie and die on the

snow, or be murdered by those thieves of Cossacks and then stripped? Oh, no, captain, I shall not do that: you need not ask me."

"Impudent rascal that you are! I do not ask you, I order you; disobey me at your peril."

"Excuse me, captain, you need not trouble yourself to speak. See, you can do nothing—you are too weak to struggle."

"What! am I not to be obeyed? Ah! if I survive this day you shall suffer for it. By the word of Captain Têtu you shall."

"Survive! Why not? Of course you shall. I'll carry you all safe. Survive! *ma foi!* And I, Corporal Manchot, here!"

"Villain! lay me down, I say. What! you won't? Oh, you know you would not dare to treat me so if I was strong; but, alas! I am weak, and you take a base advantage of me."

"Well, captain, let me have my own way now; when you are strong again I will obey you, as I have always done."

"Rascal that you are!"

"All this while I was trudging on as well as I could, and that was very badly. It was hard enough to walk when I had only myself to carry, but with the captain on my shoulders—it was a little more difficult. My company was now out of sight, it was of no use trying to overtake them—that was impossible. All around me stretched an immense, treeless, snow-covered plain. Nothing was to be seen upon its wild waste, but the black patches and the little mounds which showed where the dead and dying were. In the far distance, against the snow-laden horizon, I could see a few moving specks, which I soon discovered were a number of Cossacks—who at a gallop were swiftly drawing nearer to me.

"Ah! then it is all over with us, captain," said I; but he made no answer: he was insensible. "Well," said I to myself, 'I am not going to die, nor to let him either, without a good hard struggle for it; that would not become a soldier of the Empire. No; if they come near me, it will cost some of those vile Cossacks dear, they shall know what a Frenchman can do; I will stop that abominable burrah of one or two of them, or my name is not Manchot.'

"I had not much time to think, for they drew quickly nearer, with that wild, wretched yell of theirs. Call them soldiers! Bah! nasty, dirty, savage-looking fellows; with their bony, ragged, ugly little horses. Why, they were only fit to kill the wounded and the dying—to injure and plunder those who could not help themselves—not to fight against Frenchmen.

"Well, but what was I to do? I laid the captain down, and covered him over with snow as well as I could. Then, seeing a number of corpses lying together in a heap, I went and lay down among them, pretending that I too was dead.

"The better to hide myself, I turned over a body, and was horrified to find it was that of an old comrade of mine, who had fought by my side on the glorious field of Austerlitz—Sergeant Subra. A braver and a better soldier there was not in the whole Grand Army. At any other time I should have been much grieved, but now all my thoughts were taken up with how I was to escape the enemy. So I crept as well as I could under the corpse of the sergeant. The Cossacks were on us. Never did I think myself so near death as then. They galloped right over us, and in doing so the hoof of one of the horses came down upon me, and smashed my left arm. Ah! my children, you may be sure it was not easy for me to keep from calling out—the agony was so very great. To keep in the cry that seemed to force itself from my heart, I almost bit my lips through. Well, having done what mischief they could while on horseback, they passed on—those murdering, thieving villains.

"I then ventured to look up from my hiding-place. Ah, as I thought at first, were gone. I was glad of this, for what can one man, with a broken arm, do against a hundred with two arms, and on horseback? As I cautiously looked around, still lying where I had hid—for I was too old a soldier to betray myself until I knew that the whole coast was clear—I saw that one of the enemy still remained behind—a big, ugly scoundrel, who, dismounted and leading his horse, was at this time bent on the plunder of an officer. At this sight my anger made me forget my pain. I felt hurt that so pitiful a villain should have it in his power to injure a brave man.

"Ah! I said to myself softly, 'if I, Corporal Manchot, can help it, you shall never boast of what you are now doing.' So I seized a musket with my right hand, loaded it, and prepared to take aim. In doing this I made some noise which alarmed the thief; he started, listened, rose from his knees and looked around, but saw nothing. Not satisfied with that, he walked right round the heap where I lay, at only a few yards' distance. You may swear I did not make any noise then. I even breathed as lightly as I could. He saw—he heard nothing, so, with his confidence restored, he went back to finish his work. With that I lifted my musket—but if you ever should try to lift your musket to your shoulder to take aim with your left arm shattered, you will find it a very awkward thing to do.

"My instinct—the instinct of a veteran, see you—told me that, so I did not try, but rested my musket on the body of a dead comrade and took good aim—very good, you may be sure, for my life depended on it—fired—when, bang! his battles were all over, as the captain had said of himself; he leaped up, flung out his arms, and fell dead.

"This raised my spirits—it somehow seemed a good omen to me that I should escape. But how?

Ah! I did not yet see that. I returned to where I had buried the captain in the snow—dug him out—tried all I could to lift him again on to my shoulder, but could not do it because of my broken arm. While I was endeavouring to raise him, my pulling him about revived him—he opened his eyes and saw me leaning over him. At first he did not understand how things were, but soon recollecting himself, he said with as strong a voice as he could, though that was very weak—

"What, corporal, you here still? Am I then not to be obeyed? Did I not tell you to leave me and join your company? Why, if these things are allowed there will soon be no discipline in the army! If I live you shall be soundly punished—you shall, on the word of Captain Tétu."

"This persistency of his displeased me, so I replied to him more sharply than I should—

"*Ma foi!* captain, if you are going to be so obstinate Manchot will imitate you, or he is not a corporal in the Grand Army. If you stay here, he stays too, so say no more about it; what I have said I will do."

"He looked offended, but said nothing—poor fellow, he could not, for he soon became insensible again. Night was now fast coming on, so I went and gathered as many cloaks as I could—alas! there was no scarcity of them—and wrapped him in them.

"Then I sought for something to eat.

"It was well I had finished off the Cossack, for I found on him a flask of brandy, which he had evidently taken from one of our officers, and some bread.

"Returning to the captain, I poured a little of the spirits down his throat, which revived him; I then made him eat and drink, and took some bread and brandy myself. It was now dark, and there was nothing for it but to wait till morning, to see what that would bring forth. I knew the rear-guard of the army was not passed, and had some hopes that we might be picked up by them.

"Never shall I forget the fearful horrors of that night. It never ceased to snow. The cold seemed to pierce into one's very vitals, and freeze up the marrow in our bones, and the blood in the heart. Nothing was to be heard but the growling of the wolves and the gnashing of their jaws, as they gorged themselves on the plentiful banquet which lay around. I felt that the frost was gradually mastering me, and that it would soon numb all my limbs. I was certain I could not hold out much longer, so recalling the few simple old prayers which I had learnt from the good curé when I was a boy, I fell on my knees and repeated them. This seemed to give me new strength.

"Depend upon it, children, there is nothing will so revive a man as prayer.—What, young wiseacre, you are sneering at that, are you? you think I am very foolish, do you? Well, wait till you have gone

through as much as I have, and faced death and danger as often, and perhaps you will think as I do.—By the time I had finished my prayers, morning began to dawn. The snow had ceased for a little. Through the dimness of the early dawn, I saw a group of French officers at a little distance. To draw their attention I shouted as loudly as I could, and jumped up. They drew near.

"Hallo! how is this? Why are you not with the army?" said a short, determined-looking man, dressed in a light grey overcoat lined with fur.

"Yes, young hope of your country, it *was* the Emperor! and I do not expect France will ever give you such a general to fight under. It *was* the Emperor, but I did not know it. He was the last man I should have expected to see there. So I replied—

"Why am I not with the army! Look here!"—pointing to the captain and my arm—"with this more, and this less, how could I be? I wish with all my heart I was there instead of here."

"Sire"—Ah! then I knew it was the Emperor, that bravest of the brave, that truest of the true, that wisest of the wise. I did not know what to do or say, so I gave him the salute as well as my benumbed and stiffened limbs would allow—"Sire," said one of the suite, "I saw this man yesterday carrying an officer on his back."

"Is it so, corporal?"

"Sire, my general, what could I do? The captain could not walk, he fell down. Was I to leave him to die, or to be murdered by those cowards of Cossacks? I know it was wrong, and I did it in spite of his orders—he was very angry with me; but I could not help it, so I tried to carry him.

The Cossacks rode over me, and broke my arm; I could do no more. Pardon me, Sire."

"The Emperor smiled; yes, my children, he smiled" (here the veteran's eyes glowed with honest pride at the remembrance)—"he smiled at me, Corporal Manchot, and taking a huge pinch of snuff, said—

"It is well, very well, my brave fellow—that to me, yes, to me who now stand before you—"It is well, very well, my brave fellow"—those were his very words; as I heard them, I forgot my cold, my hunger, and the pain of my arm.

"See here, this is for you"—with that he opened his coat, took from his own breast the cross, and pinned it on mine. Oh! what joy! what ecstasy! what pride! Decorated! and with the Emperor's own cross!

"He then called to Davoust, and ordered that I, and the still insensible captain, should be carried forward in his own waggon. So I escaped from the horrors of that retreat from Russia—but not from the punishment the captain had threatened me with. As soon as he found that he and I were safe with our regiment, he placed me under arrest for fourteen days, for what, he said, had been a gross breach of discipline. Ah! he always fulfilled his promise, did Captain Têtu—he is a general now.

"What he had done to me was told the Emperor. I have heard he was much amused; he ordered my release, at the same time raising me to the rank of sergeant. That, *mes enfants*, is how I won my cross. The ribbon I wear here, where every one may see it; the cross lies next my heart, where it shall always be in life and in death."



WHEN THE GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN.

WHEN the green leaves come
again,
When the sky is blue and clear,
When in every nook and glen
Fair pale primrose tufts appear;
When the moss is softly spread
Underneath the beechen tree,
And within its mossy bed
Sings the streamlet merrily;

When bright Spring, with lavish hand
Scattering gifts, begins her reign,
Ah! we'll be happy then, love,
When the green leaves come again.

When the green leaves come again:
Strange the words sound of my song,
While the rain beats on the pane,
And the fierce wind sweeps along;
In the darkening room alone
On the leaden sky I gaze,

While my thoughts afar have flown
To the hopes of earlier days.
Wildly, wildly moans the wind;
Sadly, sadly falls the rain,
But we'll be happy yet, love,
When the green leaves come again.

Hence then, sighs and sad repinings;
Come, sweet sunshine, after rain;
Show, O clouds, your silver linings;
Quick, ye green leaves, burst again.
Aid, fair wind, the vessel sailing
Homeward o'er a distant sea;
Let not time nor tide be failing,
Bring the absent back to me.
To the joy the Spring can bring,
Weights as naught the winter's pain;
Silent birds break out and sing
When the green leaves come again.

E. CLAXTON.

TWO POEMS BY THE LATE THOMAS MOORE.

[HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.]



THE following little poems of Moore have never been published. I am indebted for them to the kindness of a relative to whom they were addressed and given by the poet. The lady occupied a high social position, and was distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments; and though an object of Moore's admiration and gallantry, she was ever too circumspect to permit that admiration to pass the bounds of respect, or that gallantry to become presumptuous. Indeed, the incident which gave rise to the first poem shows the promptitude with which she repelled any advance for which a poetic licence might, perhaps, have been successfully pleaded by one whose manners were so fascinating, and whose attentions were so gladly received by women, as were those of Moore. My friend lived to an advanced age, honoured and respected. Her death has removed the prohibition imposed by her upon my publishing these poems during her life.

J. F. W.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. —.

[One summer, while staying at a fashionable watering-place in the neighbourhood of Dublin, Moore presented Mrs. — with a seal, having a device—two hearts touching, with the legend, "Qui touche l'un fait trembler l'autre." Upon reading the motto the lady instantly returned the seal. Moore passionately flung it from the window at which they were seated into the sea beneath. A few days afterwards the seal was found on the

strand by one of the bathing women and returned to the poet, who thereupon sent to the lady the following lines.]

"The seal which she refused to keep
I flung into the silent deep;
But, cold as she, the smiling wave
Returned, like her, the gift I gave.

"Alas! my little seal, I find,
In spite of all her soft professions,
That water and Eliza's mind
Were formed alike to hold impressions."

The song which follows is very characteristic of the great Irish lyricist, both in style and sentiment. It has the easy flow and musical rhythm and cadence, as well as the happy power of illustration which so eminently mark all the songs of Moore.

"SONG.

"TO MRS. —.

I.

"Bright leaf, when storms thy bloom shall wither,
Oh, fly for calm and shelter hither;
And I will prize thy tints as truly
As when in spring thy blossom newly.
Bright leaf, when storms thy blooms shall wither,
Oh, fly for calm and shelter hither."

II.

"Sweet maid, while hope and rapture cheer thee,
'Tis not for me to linger near thee;
But when joys fade and hope deceives thee,
When all that soothes and flatters leaves thee—
Oh, then, how sweet in one forsaken,
Fresh hopes and joys again to waken!"

THE FUTURE WAR.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.



NOW a change has come on Russia since the close of the Crimean episode. She has begun to doubt the wisdom of her long submission to the Baltic provinces. She wants to be herself; and "Russia for the Russ" is now her passionate cry. The emperor, no longer using German in his family circles, steadily enjoins the use of Russ at court. Russ ministers are getting into place. Russ books of science are encouraged, and a seat in the Academy of St. Petersburg, with splendid rooms, a patent of nobility, and a special income, is no longer the assured reward of third-rate Germans

from the University of Dorpat. Russia hopes in future to defend herself in foreign capitals—to rule herself in her home governments—by means of native wit and strength.

No sooner have the Russians caught this idea of doing without the Baltic Germans, than with Oriental impulse they desire to crush the nest from which they have long been drawing nearly all their ablest men. Two objects would be gained by Russianising Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia—that is to say, by utterly destroying every trace of German art and science, law and language, presence and supremacy in these frontier States. First—the peasants, who descend from Slavonic tribes, and

may be drawn into the national party and the orthodox church, would soon be masters of the field of public action, so that all the weight of these three border provinces might be pressed against Germany, instead of against Russia; second—that supply of staid, methodical, and able foreign servants which these provinces have given to every czar since the days of Peter the Great would be cut off; a wider opening in the public service would be made for Russians of the old type, and then the whole direction of affairs would pass into native hands.

The case is one without parallel in our experience. Here is a country in which the peasants are of one race, the gentry of another, and the rulers of a third. Something like this state of things occurs in Delhi, Travancore, and other provinces of India, where the common people are Hindoos, the gentry Mohammedans, and the rulers English; but the resemblance is not perfect, even in principle; for the Mohammedan gentry of Delhi cannot be said to have civilised the country, and the Hindoo rustics have no claim to an affinity of blood with their English lords. Nor have the Delhi gentry a great and sympathetic people at their back, determined to support them in their efforts to pursue their national life. If Spain had conquered Ireland in the seventeenth century, and held it by a treaty which compelled her to respect existing institutions in that island, we should have had a closer parallel to the Baltic provinces. Occupied by a Celtic peasantry and a Saxon gentry, Ireland would have been to Spain what Courland and Livonia are to Russia; while England, as the home from which those Saxon gentry sprang, would lie at hand to fret and stir with every cry of pain from Cork and Dublin.

Russia puts her case in few and striking words. In the three Baltic provinces there are about :

Men of Germanic race, 200,000 ;

Men of Slavonic race, 1,600,000.

All liberal science leads a ruler to regard the interests of the vast majority of his people, as his highest guide. For every German there are eight Slavonians. This one German scorns these eight Slavonians, whom he looks upon as beasts of burthen. These eight Slavonians hate the one German, whom they call a master and fear as a tyrant. In the Estonian dialect, there is no separate word for German. *Saxa* means lord, and *Saxa* means also German. "Is this right?" the Russians ask; "why should we sacrifice the many to the few?" The only answer is, that they are bound by their own acts.

"Our treaties bind you to preserve our rights, laws, schools and institutions, as you found them," say the Baltic Germans. But a treaty does not last for centuries unless it corresponds to general wants. The Baltic treaties took no heed of that great rustic class, which has been rising in the world of late with

such enormous strides. A rude Moscovite democracy will listen to a rude Livonian democracy, in spite of paper rights; and in the name of a Slavonic movement of nationality, those rude democracies are pressing on the highly-civilised German aristocracy in the three provinces.

Will the Fatherland be deaf to the low wail of agony from these Baltic shores, on which a noble offshoot of Germanic civilisation is menaced with a violent death?

"This Baltic question," says a fierce Teutonic scholar, with the bronze of actual war upon his cheek, "is burning at our hearts. We cannot close our eyes and ears to it. The Schleswig-Holstein question hardly pressed so much; yet Germany could not sleep while her poor children in the Danish duchies were abused. We marched on Denmark with a pang; for we were not unmindful of the ties which bind all northern nations to each other. The Danes were of a kindred race; they knelt with us at the same altars; they were civilised and lettered, and in their pretension of supremacy there was at least some show of law and right. And liberal Europe, as we saw too well, was set against us in our aims and means. But no opinion of the outside world could stay that passion of the German heart—that impulse of the father to assist and save his child. Who then shall stop our march on Courland, Livonia, and Estonia? The Russians in the Baltic are barbarians, Slaves and Tartars from the Oriental steppe. Their home is on the Volga, not the Düna; in the Kozak camp, and not the German town. They speak an uncouth jargon, they profess a hostile creed; they have no letters, no civility, and they affect no other right in those three provinces than that of brutal force. In marching on these Moscovites, we should be cheered by liberal Europe, which has never seen with patience any footprint of these Russians on her soil."

This fierce professor, who is ready to shut up his book and load his rifle, represents a mighty German force; the Teutons pure and simple—the aristocratic circles—and the anti-Moscovites in general. But his passion is not universal. Many of the philosophic liberals, though they hate the Moscovites, and wish to strengthen German culture in the Baltic, are opposed to making the cause of Courland and Livonia an imperial question. In the first place, they object to entering on another war, not only on account of the enormous cost and suffering even of successful wars, but from the fear that every victory in the field must deepen and extend the personal power of the sovereign as against the parliamentary estates. In the second place, they have no sympathy with the Baltic Germans in the matter which those Baltic Germans feel most sorely—in their class ascendancy. The philosophic liberals rather take the side of Lett and Kur, than of their German lords. A victory of the

Courland noble over his rustic neighbours, and their Moscovite abettors, could not fail to influence social and political movements in the provinces of Prussia, Brandenburg, and Pomerania, in a sense unfavourable to the march of modern thought. In the third place, they foresee that if the Baltic question leads to war, the provinces are likely to be occupied by German armies, and annexed to the new empire. Such a prospect fills them with alarm. A man who objects to the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine by force, might be expected to protest more sternly still against the conquest and incorporation of three such distant and uncivilised provinces. Esthonia would prove a second Posen. A majority of the people are not German, and if popular schools and institutions are allowed, with ballot-box and universal voting, it is clear that the representatives of that province must be reckoned, like the Poles, as so many foes within the camp. Esthonia is two hundred years behind Brandenburg in civilisation, and to link these provinces together in a common march might be to embarrass Brandenburg with a weight beyond her strength to drag along.

"Would you sit still, and see the German element stamped out by the Moscovite?"

"A Moscovite," replies the philosophic liberal, "cannot stamp out a superior culture. German learning asks no backing from such men as Bismarck and Moltke. As to the aristocratic privilege, which

the Baltic nobles claim as *German*, I shall see it perish with the utmost joy."

The fiercer passion that would lead to war has a better chance of being heard than the milder reason that would counsel peace. Jacobi tried philosophy with a crowd at Königsberg; his argument was just, humane, unanswerable from a philosopher's point of view; but nations are not logical, and poor Jacobi lost his seat in Parliament, and his personal liberty to teach and preach.

Suppose my fancy of a Spanish conquest of Ireland in the seventeenth century had been a leading fact in our political annals. For a hundred years the Saxon gentry might have ruled, not only in Ireland, but Spain. At last, a Spanish mob resolves that Ireland shall be governed by the Celts, and that the English language, the English tribunals, the English civilisation shall be suppressed. They shut up Trinity College. They give St. Patrick's Cathedral to a band of Castilian monks. They force the English children to speak Erse. They take away the land from its present owners and bestow it on the peasants. At the cry of anguish coming from these English homes in Ireland, what would England do? Would England listen to her philosophic liberals, who could give her ten good reasons for not troubling herself about the Irish question? Or, snatching at the nearest weapons, would she not dash upon the foreign spoiler of her children, and compel him to relax his grip?

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A SURPRISE.

MY face was turned westward now, and I kept my eye upon the fog-bank creeping stealthily after us. I thought of my mother and Julia, and the fright they would be in. Moreover a fog like this was pretty often succeeded by a squall, especially at this season; and when a westerly gale blew up from the Atlantic in the month of March, no one could foretell when it would cease.

I had been weather-bound in Sark, when a boy, for three weeks at one time, when provisions ran short, and it was almost impossible to buy a loaf of bread. I could not help laughing at the recollection, but I kept an anxious look-out towards the west. Three weeks' imprisonment in Sark now would be a bore.

But the fog remained almost stationary in the front of Guernsey, and the round red eye-ball of the sun glared after us as we ran nearer and

nearer to Sark. The tide was with us, and carried us on blithely. We anchored at the fisherman's landing-place below the cliff of the Havre Gossefin, and I climbed readily up the rough ladder which leads to the path. Tardif made his boat secure, and followed me; he passed me, and strode on up the steep track to the summit of the cliff, as if impatient to reach his home. It was then that I gave my first serious thought to the woman who had met with the accident.

"Tardif, who is this person that is hurt?" I asked, "and whereabouts did she fall?"

"She fell down yonder," he answered, with an odd quaver in his voice, as he pointed to a rough and rather high portion of the cliff running inland; "the stones rolled from under her feet so," he added, crushing down a quantity of the loose gravel with his foot, "and she slipped. She lay on the shingle underneath for two hours before I found her—two hours, Dr. Martin!"

"That was bad," I said, for the good fellow's voice failed him — "very bad. A fall like that might have killed her."

We went on, he carrying his oars, and I my little portmanteau. I heard Tardif muttering, "Killed her!" in a tone of terror; but his face brightened a little when we reached the gate of the farmyard. He laid down the oars noiselessly upon the narrow stone causeway before the door, and

an anchorite to any beauty or homeliness in those whom he was attending professionally; he should have eyes only for the malady he came to consider and relieve. Dr. Dobrée had often sneered and made merry at my high-flown notions of honour and duty; but in our practice at home he had given me no opportunities of trying them. He had attended all our younger and more attractive patients himself, and had handed over to my care



"THE DOOR WAS THRUST OPEN."

lifted the latch as cautiously as if he was afraid to disturb some sleeping baby.

He had given me no information with regard to my patient; and the sole idea I had formed of her was of a strong sturdy Sark woman, whose constitution would be tough, and her temperament of a stolid, phlegmatic tone. There was not ordinarily much sickness among them, and this case was evidently one of pure accident. I expected to find a nut-brown, sunburnt woman, with a rustic face, who would very probably be impatient and unreasonable under the pain I should be compelled to inflict upon her.

It had been my theory that a medical man, being admitted to the highest degree of intimacy with his patients, was bound to be as insensible as

all the old people and children—on Julia's account, he had said, laughing.

Tardif's mother came to us as we entered the house. She was a little ugly woman, stone deaf, as I knew of old. Yet in some mysterious way she could make out her son's deep voice, when he shouted into her ear. He did not speak now, however, but made dumb signs as if to ask how all was going on. She answered by a silent nod, and beckoned me to follow her into an inner room, which opened out of the kitchen.

It was a small crowded room, with a ceiling so low, it seemed to rest upon the four posts of the bedstead. There were of course none of the little dainty luxuries about it, with which I was familiar in my mother's bed-room. A long low window

opposite the head of the bed threw a strong light upon it. There were check curtains drawn round it, and a patchwork quilt, and rough, home-spun linen. Everything was clean, but coarse and frugal, such as I expected to find about my Sark patient, in the home of a fisherman.

But when my eye fell upon the face resting on the rough pillow I paused involuntarily, only just controlling an exclamation of surprise. There was absolutely nothing in the surroundings to mark her as a lady, yet I felt in a moment that she was one. There lay a delicate refined face, white as the linen, with beautiful lips almost as white; and a mass of light, shining silky hair tossed about the pillow; and large dark grey eyes gazing at me beseechingly, with an expression that made my heart leap as it had never leapt before.

That was what I saw, and could not forbear seeing. I tried to recall my theory, and to close my eyes to the pathetic beauty of the face before me; but it was altogether in vain. If I had seen her before, or if I had been prepared to see any one like her, I might have succeeded; but I was completely thrown off my guard. There the charming face lay: the eyes gleaming, the white forehead tinted, and the delicate mouth contracting with pain: the bright silky curls tossed about in confusion. I see it now, just as I saw it then.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WITHOUT RESOURCES.

I suppose I did not stand still more than five seconds; yet during that pause a host of questions had rushed through my brain. Who was this beautiful creature? Where had she come from? How did it happen that she was in Tardif's house? and so on. But I recalled myself sharply to my senses; I was here as her physician, and common sense and duty demanded of me to keep my head clear.

I then advanced to her side, and took the small, blue-veined hand into mine, and felt her pulse with my fingers. It beat under them a low but fast measure; too fast by a great deal. I could see that the general condition of her health was perfect, a great charm in itself to me; but she had been bearing great pain for over twenty-eight hours, and she was becoming exhausted. A shudder ran through me at the thought of that long spell of suffering.

"You are in very great pain, I fear," I said, lowering my voice.

"Yes," her white lips answered, and she tried to smile a patient though a dreary smile, as she looked up into my face; "my arm is broken. Are you a doctor?"

"I am Dr. Martin Dobrée," I said, passing my hand softly down her arm. The fracture was above the elbow, and was of a kind to make the setting

of it give her sharp, acute pain. I could see she was scarcely fit to bear any further suffering just then; but what was to be done? She was not likely to get much rest till the bone was set.

"Have you had much sleep since your fall?" I asked, looking at the weariness visible in her eyes.

"Not any," she replied; "not one moment's sleep."

"Did you have no sleep all night?" I inquired again.

"No," she said, "I could not fall asleep."

There were two things I could do—give her an opiate, and strengthen her a little with sleep beforehand, or administer chloroform to her before the operation. I hesitated between the two. A natural sleep would have done her a world of good, but there was a gleam in her eyes, and a feverish throb in her pulse, which gave me no hope of that. Perhaps the chloroform, if she had no objection to it, would answer best.

"Did you ever take chloroform?" I asked.

"No; I never needed it," she answered.

"Should you object to taking it?"

"Anything," she replied passively. "I will do anything you wish."

I went back into the kitchen and opened the portmanteau my father had put up for me. Splints and bandages were there in abundance, enough to set half the arms in the island, but neither chloroform nor anything in the shape of an opiate could I find. I might almost as well have come to Sark altogether unprepared for my case.

What could I do? There are no shops in Sark, and drugs of any kind were out of the question. There was not a chance of getting what I needed to calm and soothe a highly-nervous and finely-strung temperament like my patient's. A few minutes ago I had hesitated about using chloroform. Now I would have given half of everything I possessed in the world for an ounce of it.

I said nothing to Tardif, who was watching me with his deep-set eyes, as closely as if I was meddling with some precious possession of his own. I laid the bundles of splints and rolls of linen down on the table with a professional air, whilst I was inwardly execrating my father's negligence.

I emptied the portmanteau in the hope of finding some small phial or box. Any opiate would have been welcome to me, that would have dulled those over-wrought nerves. But the practice of using anything of the kind was not in favour with us generally in the Channel Islands, and my father had probably concluded that a Sark woman would not consent to use them. At any rate, there they were not.

I stood for a few minutes, deep in thought. The daylight was going, and it was useless to waste time; yet I found myself shrinking oddly from

the duty before me. Tardif could not help but see my chagrin and hesitation.

"Doctor," he cried, "she is not going to die?"

"No, no," I answered, calling back my wandering thoughts and energies; "there is not the smallest danger of that. I must go and set her arm at once, and then she will sleep."

I returned to the room, and raised her as gently and painlessly as I could, motioning to the old woman to sit beside her on the bed and hold her steadily. I thought once of calling in Tardif to support her with his strong frame, but I did not.

She moaned, though very softly, when I moved her, and she tried to smile again as her eyes met mine looking anxiously at her. That smile made me feel like a child. If she did it again I knew my hands would be unsteady, and her pain be tenfold greater.

"I would rather you cried out or shouted," I said. "Don't try to control yourself when I hurt you. You need not be afraid of seeming impatient, and a loud scream or two would do you good."

But I knew quite well as I spoke that she would never scream aloud. There was the self-control of culture about her. A woman of a lower class might shriek and cry, but this girl would try to smile at the moment when the pain was keenest. The white round arm under my hands was cold, and the muscles were soft and unstrung.

I felt the ends of the broken bone grating together as I drew them into their right places, and the sensation went through and through me. I had set scores of broken limbs before with no feeling like this, which was so near unnerving me. But I kept my hands steady, and my attention fixed upon my work. I felt like two persons—a surgeon who had a simple scientific operation to perform, and a mother who feels in her own person every pang her child has to suffer.

All the time the girl's white face and firmly-set lips lay under my gaze, with the wide-open, unflinching eyes looking straight at me: a mournful, silent, appealing face, which betrayed the pain I made her suffer ten times more than any cries or shrieks could have done. I thanked God in my heart when it was over and I could lay her down again. I smoothed the coarse pillows for her to lie more comfortably upon them, and I spread my cambric handkerchief in a double fold between her cheek and the rough linen—too rough for a soft cheek like hers.

"Lie quite still," I said. "Do not stir, but go to sleep as fast as you can."

She was not smiling now, and she did not speak; but the gleam in her eyes was growing wilder, and she looked at me with a wandering expression. If sleep did not come very soon there would be mischief. I drew the curtains across the window to

shut out the twilight, and motioned to the old woman to sit quietly by the side of our patient.

Then I went out to Tardif.

He had not stirred from the place and position in which I had left him. I am sure no sound could have reached him from the inner room, for we had been so still that during the whole time I could hear the beat of the sea dashing up between the high cliffs of the Havre Gosselin. Up and down went Tardif's shaggy moustache, the surest indication of emotion with him, and he fetched his breath almost with a sob.

"Well, Dr. Martin?" was all he said.

"The arm is set," I answered, "and now she must get some sleep. There is not the least danger, only we will keep the house as quiet as possible."

"I must go and bring in the boat," he replied, bestirring himself as if some spell was at an end. "There will be a storm to-night, and I should sleep the sounder if she was safe ashore."

"I'll come with you," I said, glad to get away from the sea-weed fire.

It was not quite dark, and the cliffs stood out against the sky in odder and more grotesque shapes than by daylight. A host of sea-mews were fluttering about and uttering the most unearthly hootings, but the sea was as yet quite calm, save where it broke in wavering, serpentine lines over the submerged reefs which encircle the island. The tidal current was pouring rapidly through the very narrow channel between Sark and the little isle of Breckhou, and its eddies stretching to us made it rather an arduous task to get Tardif's boat on shore safely. But the work was pleasant just then. It kept our minds away from useless anxieties about the girl. An hour passed quickly, and up the ravine, in the deep gloom of the overhanging rocks, we made our way homewards.

"You will not quit the island to-morrow, doctor," said Tardif, standing at his door, and scanning the sky with his keen; weather-wise eyes.

"I must," I answered; "I must indeed, old fellow. You are no land lubber, and you will run me over in the morning."

"No boat will leave Sark to-morrow," said Tardif, shaking his head.

We went in, and he threw off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves, preparatory to frying some fish for supper. I was beginning to feel ravenously hungry, for I had eaten nothing since dinner, and as far as I knew Tardif had had nothing since his early breakfast, but as a fisherman he was used to long spells of fasting. Whilst he was busy cooking I stole quietly into the inner room to look after my patient.

The feeble light entering by the door, which I left open, showed me the old woman comfortably asleep in her chair, but not so the girl. I had told her when I laid her down that she must lie quite

still, and she was obeying me implicitly. Her cheek still rested upon my handkerchief, and the broken arm remained undisturbed upon the pillow which I had placed under it. But her eyes were wide open and shining in the dimness, and I fancied I could see her lips moving incessantly, though soundlessly. I laid my hand across her eyes, and felt the long lashes brush against the palm, but the eyelids did not remain closed.

"You must go to sleep," I said, speaking distinctly and authoritatively; wondering at the time how much power my will would have over her. Did I possess any of that magnetic, tranquillising influence about which Jack Senior and I had so often laughed incredulously at Guy's? Her lips moved fast; for now my eyes had grown used to the dim light I could see her face plainly, but I could not catch a syllable of what she was whispering so busily to herself.

Never had I felt so helpless and disconcerted in the presence of a patient. I could positively do nothing for her. The case was not beyond my skill, but all medicinal resources were beyond my reach. Sleep she must have, yet how was I to administer it to her?

I returned, troubled and irritable, to search once more my empty portmanteau. Empty it was, except of the current number of *Punch*, which my father had considerably packed among the splinters for my Sunday evening reading. I flung it and the bag across the kitchen, with an ejaculation not at all flattering to Dr. Dobrée, nor in accordance with the fifth commandment.

"What is the matter, doctor?" inquired Tardif.

I told him in a few sharp words what I wanted to soothe my patient. In an instant he left his cooking and thrust his arms into his blue jacket again.

"You can finish it yourself, Doctor Martin," he said hurriedly; "I'll run over to old mother Renouf; she'll have some herbs or something to send mam'zelle to sleep."

"Bring her back with you," I shouted after him as he sped across the yard. Mother Renouf was no stranger to me. While I was a boy she had charmed my warts away, and healed the bruises which were the inevitable consequences of cliff-climbing. I scarcely liked her coming in to fill up my deficiencies, and I knew our application to her for help would be inexpressibly gratifying. But I had no other resource than to call her in as a fellow-practitioner, and I knew she would make a first-rate nurse, for which Suzanne Tardif was unfitted by her deafness.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

A RIVAL PRACTITIONER.

MOTHER RENOUF arrived from the other end of the island in an incredibly short time, borne along by Tardif as if he were a whirlwind and she a leaf

caught in its current. She was a short, squat old woman, with a skin tanned like leather, and kindly little blue eyes, which twinkled with delight and pride.

Yes, there they are, photographed somewhere in my brain, the wrinkled, yellow, withered faces of the two old women, their watery eyes and toothless mouths, with figures as shapeless as the boulders on the beach, watching beside the bed where lay the white but tenderly beautiful face of the young girl, with her curls of glossy hair tossed about the pillow, and her long, tremulous eyelashes making a shadow on her rounded cheek.

Mother Renouf gave me a hearty tap on the shoulder, and chuckled as merrily as the shortness of her breath after her rapid course would permit. The few English phrases she knew fell far short of expressing her triumph and exultation; but I was resolved to confer with her affably. My patient's case was too serious for me to stand upon my dignity.

"Mother," I said, "have you any simples to send this poor girl to sleep? Tardif told me you had taken her sprained ankle under your charge. I find I have nothing with me to induce sleep, and you can help us if any one can."

"Leave her to me, my dear little doctor," she answered, a laugh gurgling in her thick throat; "leave her to me. You have done your part with the bones. I have no touch at all for broken limbs, though my father, good man, could handle them with any doctor in all the islands. But I'll send her to sleep for you, never fear."

"You will stay with us all night?" I said coaxingly. "Suzanne is deaf, and ears are of use in a sick-room, you know. I intended to go to Gavey's, but I shall throw myself down here on the fern bed, and you can call me at any moment, if there is need."

"There will be no need," she replied, in a tone of confidence. "My little mam'zelle will be sound asleep in ten minutes after she has taken my draught."

I went into the room with her to have a look at our patient. She had not stirred yet, but was precisely in the position in which I placed her after the operation was ended. There was something peculiar about this which distressed me. I asked mother Renouf to move her gently and bring her face more towards me. The burning eyes opened widely as soon as she felt the old woman's arm under her, and she looked up, with a flash of intelligence, into my face. I stooped down to catch the whisper with which her lips were moving.

"You told me not to stir," she murmured.

"Yes," I said; "but you are not to lie still till you are cramped and stiff. Are you in much pain now?"

"He told me not to stir," muttered the parched

lips again—"not to stir. I must lie quite still, quite still, quite still!"

The feeble voice died away as she whispered the last words, but her lips went on moving, as if she was repeating them to herself still. Certainly there was mischief here. My last order, given just before her mind began to wander, had taken possession of her brain, and retained authority over her will. There was a pathetic obedience in her perfect immobility, united with the shifting restless glance of her eyes, and the ceaseless ripple of movement about her mouth, which made me trebly anxious and uneasy. A dominant idea had taken hold upon her which might prove dangerous. I was glad when mother Renouf had finished stewing her decoction of poppyheads, and brought the nauseous draught for the girl to drink.

But whether the poppyheads had lost their virtue, or our patient's nervous condition had become too critical, too full of excitement and disturbance, I cannot tell. It is certain that she was not sleeping in ten minutes' or in an hour's time. Old dame Tardif went off to her bedroom, and mother Renouf took her place by the girl's side. Tardif could not be persuaded to leave the kitchen, though he appeared to be falling asleep heavily, waking up at intervals, and starting with terror at the least sound. For myself I scarcely slept at all, though I found the fern bed a tolerably comfortable resting-place.

The gale that Tardif had foretold came with great violence about the middle of the night. The wind howled up the long, narrow ravine like a pack of wolves; mighty storms of hail and rain beat in torrents against the windows, and the sea lifted up its voice with unmistakable energy. Now and again a stronger gust than the others appeared to threaten to carry off the thatched roof bodily, and leave us exposed to the tempest with only the thick stone walls about us; and the latch of the outer door rattled as if some one was striving to enter.

I am not at all fanatical, but just then the notion came across me that if that door opened we should see the grim skeleton, Death, on the threshold, with his bleached, unclad bones dripping with the storm. I laughed at the ghastly fancy, and told it to Tardif in one of his waking intervals, but he was so terrified and troubled by it that it grew to have some little importance in my own eyes. So the night wore slowly away, the tall clock in the corner ticking out the seconds and striking the hours with a fidelity to its duty, which helped to keep me awake. Twice or thrice I crept, with quite unnecessary caution, into the room of my patient.

No, there was no symptom of sleep there. The pulse grew more rapid, the temples throbbed, and the fever gained ground. Mother Renouf was ready to weep with vexation. The girl herself sobbed and shuddered at the loud sounds of the

tempest without; but yet, by a firm, supreme effort of her will, which was exhausting her strength dangerously, she kept herself quite still. I would have given up a year or two of my life to be able to set her free from the bondage of my own command.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

LOCKS OF HAIR.

THE westerly gale, rising every few hours into a squall, gave me no chance of leaving Sark the next day, nor for some days afterwards; but I was not at all put out by my captivity. All my interest—my whole being in fact—was absorbed in the care of this girl, stranger as she was. I thought and moved, lived and breathed, only to fight step by step against delirium and death, and to fight without my accustomed weapons. Sometimes I could do nothing but watch the onset and inroads of the fever most helplessly.

There seemed to me to be no possibility of aid. The stormy waters which beat against that little rock in the sea came swelling and rolling in from the vast plain of the Atlantic, and broke in tempestuous surf against the island. The wind howled, and the rain and hail beat across us almost incessantly for two days, and Tardif himself was kept a prisoner in the house, except when he went to look after his live stock. No doubt it would have been practicable for me to get as far as the hotel, but to what good? It would be quite deserted, for there were no visitors to Sark at this season, and I did not give it a second thought. I was entirely engrossed in my patient, and I learned for the first time, what their task is who hour after hour watch the progress of disease in the person of one dear to them.

Tardif occupied himself with mending his nets, pausing frequently with his solemn eyes fixed upon the door of the girl's room, very much as a patient mastiff watches the spot where he knows his master is near to him, though out of sight. His mother went about her household work ploddingly, and mother Renouf kept manfully to her post, in turn with me, as sentinel over the sick-bed. There the young girl lay whispering from morning till night, and from night till morning again—always whispering. The fever gained ground from hour to hour. I had no data by which to calculate her chances of getting through it; but my hopes were very low at times.

On the Tuesday afternoon, in a temporary lull of the hail and wind, I started off on a walk across the island. The wind was still blowing from the south-west, and filling all the narrow sea between us and Guefnsey with boiling surge. Very angry looked the masses of foam whirling about the sunken reefs, and very ominous the low-lying, hard blocks of clouds all along the horizon. I strolled

as far as the Coupée, that giddy pathway between Great and Little Sark, where one can see the seething of the waves at the feet of the cliffs on both sides three hundred feet below one.

Something like a panic seized me. My nerves were too far unstrung for me to venture across the long, narrow isthmus. I turned abruptly again, and hurried as fast as my legs would carry me back to Tardif's cottage.

I had been away less than an hour, but an advantage had been taken of my absence. I found Tardif seated at the table, with a tangle of silky, shining hair lying before him. A tear or two had fallen upon it from his eyes. I understood at a glance what it meant. Mother Renouf had cut off my patient's pretty curls as soon as I was out of the house. I could not be angry with her, though I did not suppose it would do much good, and I felt a sort of resentment, such as a mother would feel, at this sacrifice of a natural beauty. They were all disordered and ravelled. Tardif's great hand caressed them tenderly, and I drew out one long, glossy tress and wound it about my fingers, with a heavy heart.

"It is like the pretty feathers of a bird that has been wounded," said Tardif sorrowfully.

Just then there came a knock at the door and a sharp click of the latch, loud enough to penetrate dame Tardif's deaf ears, or to arouse our patient, if she had been sleeping. Before either of us could move the door was thrust open, and two young ladies appeared upon the door-sill.

They were—it flashed across me in an instant—old school-fellows and friends of Julia's. I declare to you honestly I had scarcely had one thought of Julia till now. My mother I had wished for, to take her place by this poor girl's side, but Julia had hardly crossed my mind. Why, in Heaven's name, should the appearance of these friends of hers be so distasteful to me just now? I had known them all my life, and liked them as well as any girls I knew; but at this moment the very sight of them was annoying.

They stood in the doorway, as much astonished and thunderstricken as I was, glaring at me, so it seemed to me, with that soft, bright brown lock of hair curling and clinging round my finger. Never had I felt so foolish or guilty.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

CRIMINAL LUNACY.

BY EDGAR SHEPPARD, M.D.



THE coincidence in one session of two remarkable trials for murder, in both of which was raised the plea of insanity, has naturally given great interest to the question of Criminal Lunacy at the present moment. No apology, therefore, will be necessary for endeavouring to elucidate a subject of so much importance to every member of the community.

Matters, indeed, have come to such a point, and there is such a distinct antagonism between two noble professions as to what does and what does not constitute criminal responsibility, that now, if ever, is the time for some legislative discussion and interference. Nothing can be more anomalous—nothing more injurious to public morality—than the "inconsistency of law and medical science" which has been made manifest by the recent trials alluded to.

One profession (Law) says with rigid and un-moving exactness, that if a man, whether sane or insane, commits an offence against the same, *knowing it to be wrong*, he is amenable to its penal enactments. This knowledge of right and wrong is the required test of his responsibility.

The other (Medicine) says that science is pro-

gressive, and the law should be, progressive likewise, adapting and re-adjusting its relations thereto. It explains this statement by declaring that physiological and pathological researches have established the existence of certain morbid changes in the structure of nerve element which destroy its functional capacity, and give rise to various diseases comprised under the general term Insanity. One of these diseases shapes itself into an "impulsive" form, and is dependent upon impairment of the *will*, leaving altogether untouched the inner consciousness of right and wrong. These impulses are sudden and irresistible, involving at times the most frightful catastrophes.

Now, naturally enough, Society and its great protector, the Law, are very suspicious of this doctrine, watching jealously its growth and development. They see, and forcibly urge, that it is liable to enormous abuse, and may be unscrupulously raised upon the commission of any startling and impulsive crime, to evade responsibility. But, on the other side, Medical Science urges the certainty that a number of persons have undergone capital punishment who were so diseased as to have lost all control over their actions, although they had been acquainted with the criminal nature of the act which involved their trial and suffering. She further illustrates her position by saying that every

large lunatic asylum contains cases of this kind, in which, under the influence of delusions, and hallucinations of sight and hearing, the subjects thereof are prompted and borne irresistibly to overt acts, of whose wickedness and consequences, they themselves have no manner of doubt. We have seen unhappy creatures rushing away in despair to rid themselves of the imperious dictations of voices and personalities, and avoid the perpetration of crimes from which they shrank with abhorrence. But there is no escape. "Which way I fly is hell—myself am hell." All this results from structural lesion of the brain, dominating the *will*, but leaving the consciousness untouched.

It must be distinctly understood that those who devote themselves to the special study of psychology, and who constitute what are vulgarly called "mad doctors," are agreed about the existence of this particular form of mental disease. The differences which obtain among medical witnesses in courts of law do not arise from any doubt as to this abstract proposition. They all affirm that to make the knowledge of right and wrong the legal test of responsibility is thoroughly irrelevant to the issue—which should really be the existence or non-existence of a particular form of insanity. The conflicting opinions among "mad doctors" arise from the different estimate which they severally attach to particular evidence to establish disease in particular cases. This will always be so, and the circumstance forms no exception to the well-recognised fact, that in all societies and professions the value of evidence is variable and uncertain, according to the experience, or bias, or original mental structure of those to whom it is submitted.

Turning to the legal aspect of the question, it is clear from what Mr. Justice Byles admitted at Mr. Watson's trial, that several of the judges are dissatisfied with the present legal test of criminal responsibility, and think that the issue to be put by them before juries should be amended in its form. This then is the time for renewing a legislative discussion, such as that which took place after McNaughten's trial for the murder of Mr. Drummond in 1843, when he was acquitted on the ground of insanity. Now is the time for the dignitaries of the law to take the initiative, and no longer allow themselves to be fettered by the traditional legal definition of responsibility, which ignores the teachings of an advanced psychology, and the recognised facts of pathological research. A connection which shall fuse the two great professions of law and medicine on this matter is essential for public safety and morality. It is essential also for the protection of juries, who, charged with great and onerous duties, are now exposed to the supreme farce of being battered at by the rams of legal and scientific acumen, and forced into the finding of verdicts which are immediately reversed by another tribunal.

This state of things is as unseemly as that display of temper which characterised the late Lord Campbell, when he refused to have the term "impulsive insanity" made use of in his official presence; or as a more recent ebullition at the Old Bailey on the part of one of the judges, who "almost roughly" summed up against the theory of insanity in a trial for murder, and then in a few days expressed his opinion to the Home Secretary that the person found guilty by his ruling should not be executed.

It is important to bear in mind that the late Mr. Justice Maule, one of the most profound lawyers, and keenest observers of human nature, who ever sat upon the Bench, dissented from the ruling of the judges after the discussion in the House of Lords upon the McNaughten trial. In that discussion, too, Lord Brougham ranged himself against the popular interpretation of the law. "One judge," he said, "lays down the law that a man is responsible if he is 'capable of knowing right from wrong;' another says, if he is 'capable of distinguishing good from evil;' another, 'capable of knowing what was proper;' another, 'what was wicked.' He was not sure that the public at large 'knew right from wrong,' though their lordships knew that 'distinguishing right from wrong' meant a knowledge that the act a person was about to commit was punishable by law."

If this be a fair statement (as we believe it is) of the antagonism of Law and Medicine upon the question of criminal responsibility, it will readily be conceded that the existing state of things is eminently anomalous and unsatisfactory. It is only by an Act of Parliament that the law can be altered. Surely the suggestion is worthy of consideration, as to whether a commission, consisting of eminent members of the two professions, might not be appointed to consider this subject and report thereupon to the legislature. If once the judges can be induced to accept the verities of psychological and pathological science, they will modify their views of insanity in its relation to crime; and they may be sure that physicians are equally engaged with themselves in protecting society from imposition, and the attempt to establish, save in very exceptional cases, the identity of disease and crime. If something of this kind could be brought about it might further eventuate in a more satisfactory mode of investigating every criminal case where the plea of insanity was raised. Thus the justice of the plea might be determined before the case was submitted to a jury at all, by a mixed tribunal of the two professions.

Unfortunately there is a disposition on the part of the legal profession to resist attempts, from whatever quarter, to pull down any of that elaborate machinery which is interlaced with what are called constitutional rights and privileges. For instance, it must be known that "a Jury of Matrons" is

utterly inadequate to determine the question upon which they are summoned together. But with a ludicrous solemnity they were recently empanelled to decide a physiological point, without the smallest idea how to set about it, or the least knowledge of the scientific requirements for such a task. No better illustration could be given of the necessity of cutting away some of those encumbrances which, whatever their traditional value

as "privileges" and "bulwarks of safety," have no relation to the larger knowledge and more enlightened teaching of the day in which we live.

We have called attention to the subject of Criminal Lunacy from a conviction that it has lately excited an unexampled amount of interest, and left upon the public mind an impression that its anomalies are so great as to invite the serious attention of our two legislative assemblies.

UNDER THE WAVES.



IN his cheek my brave love bore roses;
Life-warm the grasp of his hand,
The warmth that a true heart discloses,
And true hearts understand.

How then should I think of my lover,
And how of his dear face speak,
If not with the smiles dancing over,
The roses set in his cheek?

Still red in his cheek are the roses
Mid the sea-winds roughly blown;

Still my hand in his hand reposes,
While the hot tears fall—my own!

So, how should I dream of my lover,
Nor dream of his love and truth?
And how should my fancy discover
A vision of Death in youth?

And yet, fool, oh, fool! my brave lover
Is lying the waves below;
And their weight sweeps cruelly over
The red roses turned to snow!

REMINISCENCE OF CHARLES DICKENS.



ONE trait was more conspicuous in the character of the great novelist whose name heads this paper, than the thoroughness with which he entered into every labour he undertook. Whether it was in actual work, or in the preparation of pleasure for others, his heartiness was at all times and seasons apparent. Obstacles which many would have considered insurmountable were to him but molehills, and this faculty of "overcoming" had doubtless much to do with his success. Take an instance of this in the early part of his career which has not yet been made known. Mr. J. T. Fields, the American publisher, is just about to issue a work which will contain an autograph letter of Charles Dickens that has not hitherto seen the light. The epistle in question was written in November, 1835, and sent by Dickens to his employer, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, while the former was on a reporting expedition for that journal. Writing from Newbury on a Sunday morning, he informs his "dear Fraser" that in conjunction with the *Herald* he had arranged for a horse express from Marlborough to London, for six guineas the whole distance, half of which had been paid, but the other half held in *terrorem* to ensure speedy arrival in town—an excellent example of "our own's" foresight. But what a contrast, this, to the special reporting of our times! The Prime Minister, or Leader of the Opposition, speaks, say

late some evening at an out-of-the-way place in the far north, Lancashire or Yorkshire, and a verbatim report of the proceedings can be read over his breakfast-table next morning by the London merchant. "The messenger from the *Herald* will"—continues Dickens, giving instructions as to a report much more difficult to secure—"be in waiting at your office for their copy," and adds the honourable correspondent, "it is an indispensable part of our agreement that *he should not be detained one instant.*" Then the enthusiasm of the man comes out strongly in this passage, which Earl Russell and doubtless many others may read with interest:—"As all the papers have arranged to leave Bristol the moment Russell is down, we have determined on adopting the same plan—one of us will go to Marlborough in the chaise with one *Herald* man, and the other remain at Bristol with the second *Herald* man, to conclude the account for the next day. The *Times* has ordered a chaise and four the whole distance, so there is every probability of our beating them hollow. I have only, in conclusion, to impress upon you the necessity of having all the compositors ready at a very early hour, for if Russell be down by half-past eight, we hope to have his speech in town at six." In later years the novelist must often have looked back with wonder to these "good old times" when the rapidity with which newspaper work was executed must have astonished his contemporaries quite as much as the public now are sometimes startled by praiseworthy feats in newspaper enterprise.



APPROXIMATE DATES

APPROXIMATE DATES



SHALL I?



"WHAT WOULD SHE SAY?"

SHALL I? Shall I? What would she say
If I asked her to be my own,
Here, where the gleams from the lanterns play,
Where the shades of the leaves are thrown?

We've danced, we've chatted—the room was hot,
While here 'mid the plants 'tis cool;
Shall I tell her I love her? Well, yes; why not?
But after—who then would rule?

She's fair and bright, she can dress and dance ;
 Can manage her fan— bouquet ;
 Has travelled—the usual—Switzerland—France ;
 Draws a crowd when she sits to play.
 Archery good, and at croquet true ;
 Sings well—operatic style ;
 Reads fairly ; but claims no cerulean hue ;
 And a hermit would melt at her smile.

But I linger still, and the words don't spring ;
 There's a something more that I seek
 To find at heart in the belle I ring,
 It is—well, perhaps I am weak—
 It is that soft love that the eye can tell,
 Untaught, untried, and untold ;
 And does it live in two seasons' belle,
 At twenty a flirt grown old ?

Exactng—hard—call me what you will,
 I've flurled too in my day ;
 But your flirt's but straw, and no husband's skill
 Can make it cling to its stay.
 For I seek e'en now for the gentle vine,
 Who'd bind me with tendril hand ;
 Each year grown tighter, and ever mine
 Whilst I, the protector, stand.

Shall I ? Shall I ? She's calm ; and here
 The strains of the music float ;
 The memory taught from this hour be dear ;
 Shall I say the old words by rote ?
 " I love you dearly ! " What would she say ?
 Would the words in her heart be burned ?
 She jilted Sydney, and Grant, and Gray—
 It's time to the dance we turned.

FOR BABY'S SAKE.

BY L^{ieut}. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.



HEY tell me to write down my story. Why not ? I am always telling it. I tell it to the friends around me, to the servants, to the visitors, for when any one comes they are sure to ask for it.

When I am alone I tell it to myself—to the pictures—to the furniture. I look out of the window and tell it to the passers-by—that is when I have a window.

There is one room that has no window—no pictures—no furniture ; and the walls are soft and dull. I do not tell it there. But as soon as I go back I begin it again.

It is not long. It is soon told, and yet it seems to me to go on, and on, and on—never to stop for one moment. It always lies on my brain, and the more I try to get rid of it, the heavier it weighs. This is the story :—

My parents were poor people, very, very poor. We lived in one of the most crowded and poverty-stricken districts of Loomchester, and there were nine of us to struggle with starvation in the biting cold of the long winters.

When I was about eighteen, I was knocked down by a horse, as I was carrying my youngest brother past the gates of one of the largest houses in the town. The child was not hurt, but I was stunned and my arm was badly broken. I was carried into that house, and there I found a happy home for two years ; for it belonged to the gentleman whose horse had caused the accident, and his wife was a good kind lady, and was sorry for me. When I was well enough to be moved, she would not let me go, but kept me on to be trained for service. I was

glad enough to escape from the privations of home, and as I was quick and handy, I was soon regularly engaged to help the lady's-maid. Everybody was very kind to me, and my mistress herself taught me to read and write. I was a great deal with her in one way and another, for she was an invalid and wanted constant waiting upon. Thus I saw the two extremes of life, for she was very rich, and no luxury was wanting in her beautiful home. To me it seemed a Paradise. I was never very strong, and was quite unfit to bear up under privations such as I had known before.

In two years I married. My mistress was vexed, and did all in her power to dissuade me. I thought her hard at the time, and I did not understand her words, though I never forgot them. " Wait, Mary," said she, " wait till you are older and have saved a little money. You have no stamina ; you have not strength of body or mind to fight with poverty."

I despised her in my heart for thinking that there could be no happiness without riches, for I never imagined that poverty for Tom and me could mean the same thing as the poverty of my father's house. So we were married, and my mistress was very kind, and gave us some handsome presents and our wedding breakfast.

At first all went well. Wages were high, and work plentiful. Summer was before us, and we needed little firing. The winter was a trial—but my mistress helped us, and we never knew real want, though we were very near it sometimes. In April, when baby was about three weeks old, came the first beginning of sorrow. It did not come to us suddenly. It began a little way off, as if to warn us of its nearer approach—a little way off, but ah ! too near—too near.

My dear, kind mistress died, and the family removed to a distance. I was still weeping over this blow, when Tom came home one day with a face of gloom which I had never seen him wear before. The men were out upon strike, and the battle promised to be a long one, and it was hard to the starving ones at home. He could have got work in plenty, yet dared not. But there came a day when he did dare. No food had passed our lips for forty-eight hours. He went out at dusk to do a job to save our lives, and he was brought back on a stretcher, a charred and mutilated mass.

They took me away. They took me to my father's house—I had no other home. I returned to it a widow, with my fatherless child in my arms. I was not more fit to bear the pinching poverty, the crowding and squabbling, and the rough ways. It was all very terrible to me. Here I can sit and cry all day long if I like, but there I had not even that comfort, but was forced to go out and work like the others. I was young, and my heart died within me at the prospect before me—the long life of drudgery and want. But the worst pain, oh! the worst was the thought that my baby, my little Mary, must grow up to the same bitter life. I used to lie awake at night for hours and hours, thinking, thinking, thinking how I could save her from it. I thought if I could only make a little money, ever so little, I might turn it over, and scrape and save and add to it; and by the time she was old enough to take notice, we might get away from this wretched hole, for so in my heart I called it. We would take a little shop by ourselves, and be clean and tidy and happy. That was my dream—a very innocent one, you will say. And yet it led to evil.

One day I heard some one talking of a house, an old, old house, in a back street of the town. It was haunted, they said, and nobody dared to live there, though if anybody could do so it would make them very rich. Nobody seemed to know how or why. It was all mere hearsay. My curiosity was excited, and I asked my father about it. It so chanced that he knew more about it than most people, for, when a youth, he had been employed for some time in the household of the person who had the care of it—a Mr. Russel, now a very old man. The house was haunted, there could be no doubt, for by the will of the last owner, it would become the property of any one who had courage to live there for a month; and although many had made the attempt, not one had ever been able to remain through a second night, so fearful were the sights and sounds. They must have been very terrible, for my father declared that strong, fearless men—gentlemen, as well as some of our own class—had tried often and failed.

I smiled as I listened. Nay, I hid my face in baby's shoulder, and almost laughed to myself, for the thought darted through my mind that I would make the attempt. For her sake, her welfare, what

would I not brave? I feared no ghosts or spirits. A mother's love is surely all-powerful. The mere courage of man sinks in comparison.

The very next day I went to Mr. Russel, and told him what I wished. He seemed surprised. It was many years, he said, since he had had such an application, though in days gone by they were endless, when the bequest was a novelty, and the talk of the town. At first he imagined I was asking for my father, whom he remembered, but when he heard my tale he at once refused the permission. I implored, I entreated; I told him what baby's life must be if I could find no means of saving her. I asked, had he the heart to refuse me such a chance?

"Young woman," said he, "you do not know what you are asking." And then he tried to frighten me with tales of what had been seen and heard in this Fargate House. So I held up baby to him, and asked if he thought I should so much as look or listen to anything, with her in my arms. He seemed struck by this, and walked up and down the room two or three times without speaking to me, but I heard him mutter, "It may be the way—the reading of the riddle. It seems wrong to decline."

And then he gave me leave. I was almost mad with joy, and was hurrying away, but he stopped me. There were arrangements to make, and the conditions of my stay were to be explained to me. I do not remember much of what he said. Even then the turmoil in my brain was so great that I could only grasp enough of his meaning to enable me to understand the task before me. Baby and I were to remain in the house for one month, without speaking to anybody from the outer world. I was not to go to work, and Mr. Russel was to furnish money for our expenses. That was all I understood. Stay! there was one other thing, and the room seemed to go round and round when I heard it.

"You have come in the very nick of time," said Mr. Russel. "Henderson's are after the place. They want the site, and are trying to set aside the will. They will give ten thousand pounds for the house as it stands."

Ten thousand pounds! Why, she would be a lady. She might command every luxury I had seen in my mistress's home. She need never know even the meaning of Want.

In a short time my preparations were made. I got Ben, my eldest brother, to wheel my few things for me on a truck, and I set off with baby in my arms. My mother cried and scolded; my friends laughed at me, and my father called me a silly fool, and swore he would not take me in again when I came back—which they all prophesied would be within twenty-four hours. Little enough I cared for any of that. I went off in high spirits, with more than hope—with certainty of success.

Mr. Russel was kind enough to meet us himself at the gate, and he and Ben came into the house

with me. It was a gloomy place. I do not know that I could fancy one more gloomy. It stood a long way back from the road in a dark, damp shrubbery. Large iron gates opened from the street. The coach-way was grass-grown, yet very wet and muddy. It led to a common door in a high wall, and through this we passed into a small dark court, surrounded on three sides by the house itself. It was a fine old building, low and massive. The front door was very peculiar. It was approached by a descent of three deep steps, and it shut upon a fourth, so that it ran below the threshold, and as it opened one ran the risk of falling head foremost into the house. Three bay-trees grew close up to the windows, and almost closed the approach.

It was a still, dark November day. There was not a breath of wind, and yet I remember that a blast of air seemed to rush through the house, rattling all the doors and windows as we entered. Ben and even Mr. Russel shuddered; but I only laughed as I moved fearlessly on before them, glorying in the place—all Mary's—soon to be all my child's.

We stood in a large vaulted hall, lined with beautiful old black oak carving. It was of irregular shape, with deep recesses, heavy buttresses, and windows long and narrow, of stained glass. There were several doors approached by steps leading up or down. We opened two or three, and found rooms of the same description, though not so large. I chose the most cheerful, and began to settle myself at once. Ben would have tumbled my things down on the floor, and made off as fast as his legs would carry him, but Mr. Russel insisted upon his helping me. The old man 'seered' quite loth to leave me himself, and was as busy as possible in suggestions for my comfort. They were just talking of going; Ben was lighting the fire, and Mr. Russel standing close by, when we all three distinctly heard a laugh. It was near us—not behind us, or before us, but above, close to our heads. Ben dropped his sticks, and old Mr. Russel turned deadly white. I clasped baby in my arms and laughed too. I had no shadow of fear.

"You shall not stay here!" exclaimed Ben, jumping to his feet.

"Does *that* frighten you!" said I. "I mean to stay, and if there be things ten times worse than that I will not be daunted. Look!" and I pointed at the heavy and curious old furniture. "Look at that, and that, and that. That is all gold for baby—all her own. Think of that! and then remember what we left at home. Do you think I will not save her from *that*?"

I heard Mr. Russel mutter, "She'll do it! She'll do it!" and I felt triumphant.

And then they went away, and baby and I were left all alone. I did not even think of that laugh, I was so resolved not to let my mind dwell on

such things. Baby was so beautiful that night, that I really believe I forgot where I was, as I slowly undressed her, playing with her and talking to her out loud as I put her to bed. And I forgot it still, as I sat by her and watched her, and dreamed of her future.

At that moment she moved slightly. I was kneeling by her, bending over her, and I moved back rather quickly, thinking I had disturbed her. I half turned my head. It was met by a face—only a face, that of a man—nay, I thought a demon, so horrible was it. Unshapely, distorted, eyes askew, wide nose, slit lips, long projecting fangs. It met me so closely that for half a moment I was paralysed. We looked into one another's eyes, I and that fearful vision, and for half a moment I was cowed. Then like lightning the thought of what I had undertaken flashed across my brain. I was to brave all for baby. I laughed—I laughed with happiness as I thought of that—and slowly, slowly the face went back, and faded away in the black gloom of the room.

That was the first vision I had, and when I am telling my story, and come to this part, I have seen people look at one another, and I have heard them whisper, "It was then that the madness seized her." I laugh at them. I know that I was brave and strong in my mother-love.

So I sat down again by my child, and I tried to take up again the thread of my dreams for her. But I could not do it, for I felt that that face was near me. Sometimes it seemed to rest on my shoulder, and sometimes it touched my hair; now it was above me, now behind. Presently I got up and walked about the room. Then baby woke with a cry, and I took her up and was so intent upon hushing her off to sleep again, that by degrees all thought of that hateful face faded from my mind.

At length I laid her down again, and turned to the fire with thoughts of supper. There was a kettle of water boiling on the hob, and as I stood and watched it for a minute, a large bony hand dashed down the chimney and whisked it off. I was so startled that I stood quite still, but when I saw the hand going to the spot where baby slept, I sprang forward like a tiger, and called out to it not to touch her. Then the hand vanished like the head, and the kettle was safe in its place again, boiling away at a fine rate. After that I had my supper, and I felt very happy as I looked at my darling sleeping peacefully, with one tiny dimpled hand outside the coverlet—a very picture of health and beauty, keeping away by her innocent presence all evil things that could hurt us.

Presently I began again to walk about, for I was rather excited from very happiness. When I got to the furthest end of the room I stopped. Something was going round—round, and round, and round, very fast, close to the ground. I could see

nothing ; I could hear nothing. But I knew by the current of air, and by an indescribable feeling, that something close to me was hard at work. I felt a cold chill creep into my veins. To me this was worse than face or hand. They were at least visible. Baby was not in my arms, not in sight, and it needed all my still vivid impression of the misery and poverty at home, and of the choice before me, to enable me to conquer my horror and turn away. I crept very quickly to bed after that ; but I kept baby close to me, and murmuring words of love to her I fell asleep.

I must have been tired out indeed, for I know that much passed in the room that night and yet it did not rouse me. I was dimly conscious of ghostly shapes, strange sounds, a throng of beings around me ; but throughout all, the foremost figure was my child's. It was as though she filled my heart, and nothing could approach us.

Morning dawned, and she woke me, bright and beautiful as a summer's day. I was more than happy. I was triumphant. We had lived through the first night, and there had been nothing to hurt us, nothing but what I would live through again and again for love of my precious one. I looked upon the place as more than ever her own.

As the day wore on however, and the sun disappeared behind the heavy tree-tops, my spirit declined somewhat. I wished the night over and longed for the brightness of another day. Long before daylight faded I had lighted my candle, and as I set it down a new terror arose. Something was before me. I could see nothing, but whichever way I moved the something got in my way. More than once I nearly tumbled over it, and at length it

came between me and my child as I was advancing to take her up. Fortunately this made me so angry that my growing fear again vanished, and at the same time the thing seemed to pass away. Baby was kicking and crowing so prettily, that I forgot everything else till she was settled for the night.

I believe I made myself nervous after that, for I sat up expecting the face and the hand, and thinking I would not go to bed till they had been. They did not come, and the waiting, and the awful stillness of the house, frightened me more than if they had appeared as before. Still I felt very proud of having stayed longer than any one else, and at length made up my mind to lie down. I walked to the window to see if the shutters were safe, and when I turned I nearly dropped down with fright. A man was bending over the child. Spirit or flesh, I flew at him. I struck at him. I pushed him aside. My hand and arm passed through him. Even that at the moment I heeded not. I snatched up my precious one. I looked to see if she were hurt. I clasped her to my heart. I wept over her. She looked up in my face and laughed—bless her ! and I turned to gaze after the figure. It retreated to the fireplace. It seated itself with its back to me. In my frenzy of rage and excitement I marched up to it.

"You dared to look at her ! You dared to touch her ! Leave the house this moment. Go !" cried I, almost beside myself, and clasping baby tighter, tighter as I spoke. She was dancing and kicking with glee, my precious one ! so that I could hardly hold her. Slowly it rose. Slowly the head moved round. . . . I nearly dropped my child in my great horror. It had no face !

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST

ROYAL PROGRESSES TO ST. PAUL'S.

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ, SOMERSET HERALD.*



NUMEROUS as have been the processions of the Kings and Queens of England through their "good City of London" on great and solemn occasions—especially to St. Paul's on days appointed for general Thanksgivings—that which has so recently engrossed the attention of the public, not merely in the metropolis but throughout the United Kingdom, was but the second in the course of three hundred years, prompted by the same sentiments, and exciting similar interest. Out of thirteen, of which official records exist in MS. in the College of Arms, or have been printed in the gazettes, journals, and magazines of the last and present centuries, only one was distinguished by the

affecting instance of a Sovereign's personal and public offering of thanks for the blessing of health restored—that of Her Majesty's grandfather, King George the Third, on his recovery from illness, April 23rd, 1789. Of this ceremony there is an exceedingly fine engraving by J. Nagle, from a drawing by E. Dayes, draughtsman to the Duke of York, and published by B. B. Evans, in the Hall of the College of Arms, representing the Royal Procession passing from the west door through the nave of the Cathedral, lined by the Yeomen of the Guard and the Grenadiers, who are in the act of saluting the King and Royal Family, of whom the portraits appear to be very faithful.

The other instances are as follow :—

* Queen Elizabeth was in State from Somerset House, Paul's, to return than for the dispersion and defeat Spanish Armada.

1660. King James the First, on the 26th of March, "to lie.

sermon," it being Mid-Lent Sunday, and to promote the repairing of the Church.

- 1702. Queen Anne, November 12th, for the victories of the English, and Allied Forces, under the Earl of Marlborough, in the Low Countries; those of the Duke of Ormond and Sir G. Rooke, by sea, and other successes.
- 1704. Queen Anne, September 20th, for the famous victory of Blenheim.
- 1705. Queen Anne, August 25th, for a victory in the Spanish Netherlands.
- 1706. Queen Anne, June 27th, for successes in Brabant; and again December 31st, the same year, for similar triumphs.
- 1707. Queen Anne, May 1st, on the occasion of the Union of the Kingdoms of England and Scotland.
- 1708. Queen Anne, August 10th, for the victory at Oudenarde, being Her Majesty's seventh visit to St. Paul's in the course of six years.*
- 1715. George the First, January 20th, on the occasion of His Majesty's Accession.
- 1797. George the Third, December 29th, went a second time in State, to return thanks for several great naval victories.
- 1814. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, proceeded in great State to St. Paul's, July 7th, on the conclusion of the war.

As great similarity in the order of these processions necessarily prevailed, being regulated by precedent, it is not my intention to encumber these pages with the form of each, although the materials are before me, through the kindness of my friend and chief, Sir Albert Woods, Garter King of Arms, who has for some time past been officially engaged on the subject, and has obligingly placed his own private collection of "Ceremonials" at my disposition. It will be sufficient to give the order of the earliest of which the full details exist in our archives, as a curiosity, and of that in 1789 as being one which will present the more modern features of this national solemnity; briefly noticing any variations in, or incidents connected with, the rest, which may appear worthy of observation. A MS. in the Heralds' College, marked W.Y., folio 203, is evidently the "scheme of proceeding," drawn up by the Officers of Arms, for Queen Elizabeth's approval. It is entitled "Her Maties. Goeing to Paules Church, in A.D. 1588, from Somersett House," and contains simply a list of the various personages—official, clerical, and legal—the great Estates of the Realm, and the great Officers of the Crown and of the Household, marshalled according to the rules of precedence by their titles, but without their names. Some of the great officers are mentioned twice, and their position in the procession, accompanied by this deferential reservation, "In this place if it should please Her Majesty." The only noteworthy points in it are (1) that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen (no mention of the Sheriffs), are included in the procession, which they would join at Temple Bar; the latter following the Masters in Chancery and the Lord Mayor, in a line with Garter King of Arms and "the Ambassadors;" (2) that "the Queen's

Majestie's Person Royal" was "in a charrette," and that a palfrey of honour was led after her by the Master of the Horse. With the exception of Queen Elizabeth herself, it is probable that the majority of the personages of high distinction were on horseback, but there is no direction to that effect.*

A similar meagre outline of the procession of James the First is given under the date of 1620; the only important difference consisting in the absence of ladies, the Queen (Anne of Bohemia) having died in 1619, and the presence of "the Prince," Charles, afterwards Charles the First—his promising elder brother, Henry, having died in 1612. This was not a Thanksgiving Day, but Mid-Lent Sunday, and His Majesty's object was to "give countenance and encouragement to the repairs" of the Cathedral, the ruinous state of which had become a serious subject of public consideration. The King was on horseback, the Marquess of Hamilton carrying the sword before him, and immediately behind the Prince, who was "bare-headed." At Temple Bar the King was received by the Lord Mayor (Sir William Cockayne) and Aldermen, and was presented with "a purse of gold."

This appears to have been the last State procession of the Sovereign to the old Cathedral, which was destroyed in the Great Fire of London. Divine service was first performed in the present building on December 2nd, 1697, when King William the Third appointed a Thanksgiving Day for the Peace of Ryswick, but there was no State procession. We therefore pass at once to the reign of Queen Anne, which is the first to which the late pageant would bear any resemblance.

The original account is in a MS. preserved in the College of Arms, in a book of Ceremonials, marked M. 3, and is entitled "An Account of the Proceeding of Her Most Excellent Majesty Queen Anne to the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, in the City of London, on the 12th day of November, 1702." It states that the Lords and Commons met separately in their respective Houses, and proceeded from Westminster through St. James's Park, "passing before Her Majesties Palace of St. James, down the Pall Mall, and so on to the west door of the Cathedral, where they alighted, and went to their own places to repose themselves till the Queen's coming;" the organ playing a voluntary as they entered. At this period carriages had become general, and the Commons were "in coaches with two horses;" and the Lords "all in coaches with six horses;" the Peers wearing their Parliament robes, and those who were Knights of the Garter, the Collars of the Order. The Queen's procession was as follows:—

* There was another Thanksgiving Day and Procession to St. Paul's in 1713, but the Queen was not present. She attended service in her private Chapel.

* A fuller account, with the names of the principal personages, is to be found in Nichols' "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth;" but it contains no further information.

Knight Marshalls-men,
Sir Philip Meadows, Knight Marshall, } on horseback.
Her Majesty's leading Coach, with Equerries, Pages of Honour,
and Gentlemen Ushers-in-Waiting.
In one of the Queen's Chariots, the Duke of Somerset, Master of
the Horse; and the Duke of Ormond, Captain of the
Guards-in-Waiting.

A troop of Horse Grenadiers.
In another of the Queen's Coaches, the Bed-chamber Women to
Her Majesty.

In a fourth, the Maids of Honour to Her Majesty.
In the travelling Body-coach, Ladies of Her Majesty's Bed-
chamber.

Her Majesty's Footmen.
Officers of the Yeomen of the Guard, on horseback.
Yeomen of the Guard, on foot, before and on each side of Her
Majesty's Coach.

HER MAJESTY,

in her Coach of State, drawn by eight horses; (the Queen)
"habited in purple cloth, a- being in mourning for the late King
William the Third, of glorious memory; with her great Collar and
George of the Order about her neck, and the Garter, set with
diamonds, tyed on her left arm; with the Countess of Marl-
borough, as Groom of the Stole and Chief Lady of the Bed-chamber;
and the Countess of Sunderland, as Lady of the Bed-chamber-
in Waiting

"Her Majesty's Third Troop of Guards closing the proceeding"

"At Temple Bar, waited for Her Majesty the
Right Honourable Sir Samuel Dashwood, Knight,
Lord Mayor of the City of London, in a gown of
crimson velvet, with the City Collar and Jewel;
accompanied by the Aldermen, Recorder, and
Sheriffs in their scarlet gowns, on horseback; the
City Officers on foot, all bareheaded." On the
Queen's arrival within the Bar, the Lord Mayor
alighted, and at the coach-side, after a short con-
gratulatory address, surrendered the City Sword to
Her Majesty, who returned it again to him, to be
borne before her to the Church. The Queen was
received at the west door of the Church by the
Peers and the great Officers of State; the Duke
of Ormond bearing the Sword of Estate; all Her
Majesty's train having alighted, and gone to their
places in the choir allotted to them; and then the
Queen, descending from her coach, was conducted
through the Church in procession, as follows:—

Two Pursuivants of Arms.

Barons, two and two.
Bishops, two and two.
Two Heralds of Arms.
Viscounts, two and two.
Two Heralds of Arms.
Earls, two and two.
Two Heralds of Arms.
Dukes, two and two.
Norroy King of Arms.

Lord Steward of the Household, Lord Privy Seal.
Lord President of the Council, Lord Treasurer.

Sir Nathan Wright, Lord Keeper.

Genl. Usher, { Sir Henry St. George, Knight, } Genl. Usher.
 { Garter King of Arms.

The Sword of Estate, borne by the Duke of Ormond, in his Collar
of the Order.

THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY,

Gent. Pensioners led by the Gent. Pensioners.
Earl of Jersey, Lord Chamberlain.

The Countess of Sunderland, The Countess of Marlborough,
Lady of the Bed-chamber-in- Groom of the Stole.
Waiting.

The Honourable Peregrine Bertie, Esq., Vice-Chamberlain.
Marquis of Hartington, son and Duke of St. Albans, Captain of
heir of the Duke of Devon- the Guard of Gentlemen Pen-
shire, Captain of the Yeomen sioners.
of the Guard.

Ensign and Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard.
Yeomen of the Guard.

The Queen returned in the same State, the Lord
Mayor and Sheriffs preceding her on horseback—
the Lord Mayor bearing the City Sword before
her coach—to Temple Bar, and then taking their
leave of Her Majesty. The Westminster Militia
lined the streets from St. James's Palace to Temple
Bar, and four regiments of the City Militia from
thence to the Church; and all the City Companies
were present on their stands on each side of the
way from Chancery Lane to St. Paul's Churchyard,
with banners, streamers, and bands of music, and
remained there until the Queen had repassed
through Temple Bar on her return to St. James's.

"Note.—The great guns in the Tower, those on
the river, and the main in St. James's Park were
thrice discharged. First, when Her Majesty passed
from St. James's Palace; the second time, at the
singing of *Te Deum*; and the third, when Her
Majesty alighted out of her coach at St. James's."

On the 7th of September, 1704, the splendour
of the procession was increased by the equipages
and attendants of H.R.H. Prince George of
Denmark. "The Queen's rich State Coach was
drawn by eight fine bay horses, their manes and
tails trim'd with knots of red, white, and blue
ribbands; Her Majesty wearing a fitch gown and
petty-coat of cloth of gold brocade," with the
Collar of the Order, and the Garter in diamonds
on her left arm. The Prince was in "a rich cloth
suit, embroidered with silver;" and opposite to
them sat the Duchess of Marlborough, Groom of
the Stole; and Charlotte, Lady Freschville, Lady
of the Bed-chamber-in-Waiting. The streets were
lined, as before, by the Westminster Militia and
City Train Bands; Her Majesty's Foot Guards
continuing the line in the Churchyard and through
the body of the Church.

On the 27th of August, 1705, the arrangements
and ceremonies were the same. "The balconies
and windows of the houses were hung with carpets
and rich tapestry," and in the evening there were
bonfires and illuminations. In the City, the streets
were raised off and hung with blue cloth, as on
former occasions, from Temple Bar to the Church;
the several Companies, in their gowns, standing on
scaffolds, with their banners and bands of music.

The subsequent visits of "good Queen Anne"
present no variations of importance.

Of George the First's procession, 20th January,
1715, to return thanks to God for his peaceable
accession to the throne, the official records are
very brief, and contain nothing deserving quotation.

During the reign of George the Second no such
solemnity appears to have taken place, so we come

to the visit of George the Third and Queen Charlotte in 1789, to return thanks for His Majesty's restoration to health.

The procession began at a quarter before eight. The Commons, in their carriages, opened the march, preceded by two messengers on horseback to clear the way; and followed by the Speaker in his State Carriage, attended by the Officers of the House. Next came the Masters in Chancery, and the Judges; and after them the Peers, in the order of precedence; the two Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and the Lord Chancellor in his State Coach. The male members of the Royal Family followed closely after in the subsequent order:—

A detachment of the Horse Guards (Blue)

A coach containing the Gentlemen-in-Waiting on H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland.

The Duke of Cumberland, in his State Coach, drawn by a pair of horses tastefully dressed with ribbons; and escorted by Horse Guards (Blue).

A carriage with the attendants of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, preceding His Royal Highness in his State Coach, escorted by Horse Guards.

H.R.H. the Duke of York, in the same State, and with a like escort; his servants in extremely rich liveries

A coach and six containing the Equerries and other Officers of the Prince of Wales

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in his State Coach, drawn by six grey horses dressed with ribbons; the servants in splendid liveries of scarlet and gold.*

Then followed the procession of their Majesties, who left "the Queen's House" (now Buckingham Palace) about ten o'clock.

• Horse Guards (Blue).

Coach and six with the Women of Her Majesty's Bed-chamber.

Another with the Maids of Honour.

A third with the Equerries, and a fourth with the Ladies of the Bed-chamber.

The carriage of the Earl of Waldegrave, Master of the Horse to the Queen; and with him the Earl of Ailesbury, Her Majesty's Chamberlain.

A Royal Carriage and six with the Officers of the Yeomen of the Guard, and of the Gentlemen Pensioners.

Another with His Majesty's Equerries.

A third with the Groom of the Bed-chamber

A fourth with the Lords of the Bed-chamber.

The Duke of Montague, the King's Master of the Horse, in his carriage, accompanied by the Earl of Salisbury, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household.

THE KING AND QUEEN,

"in a private carriage, panels and front of glass,"† drawn by eight cream-coloured horses; attended by six pages and six footmen, and escorted by a troop of Horse Guards (Blue).

Two carriages and six containing the Princess Royal and the Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, and Mary.

Two carriages and six with their attendants.

The whole closed by a troop of the Royal Horse Guards.

At Temple Bar they were received by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and a deputation of the Common Council, all in their robes, and mounted on white horses gaily caparisoned; the brides being embroidered with the motto, "God save the King."

* Until recently the liveries of the junior members of the Royal Family were crimson and green, those of the King and the Prince of Wales alone being scarlet and blue.

† The State Carriage built for His Majesty, and painted by Cipriani, was first used in 1766; but it appears not upon this

and each horse decorated with blue and white ribbons; and the procession was joined by the London Association, the Artillery Company, and a party of the Society of Ancient Archers in green uniforms, with bows and arrows, and the belts of their quivers embroidered with "Long live the King," who fell into the line immediately before the Prince of Wales.

Their Majesties were received at the west door of the Cathedral by the Peers in their robes, Garter King of Arms and his Officers; the Gentlemen Pensioners being all in waiting.

On their Majesties' return they were preceded to Temple Bar by the Pioneers and Grenadiers of the Royal Artillery Company, and by the Royal Archers.

A magazine of that day (the *Imperial*) records that "the Lord Mayor was in a large cloak of purple velvet, that covered both his lordship and his steed, which he managed with great skill and dexterity." This description does not accord with the official account, nor with that in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The Lord Mayor is therein stated to have been in his rich crimson velvet gown of office, as was no doubt the case.

The streets were lined as far as Temple Bar by the Brigade of Foot Guards (who were under arms as early as three in the morning), the Grenadier companies of which were posted in St. Paul's Church, and in the Churchyard. The streets were also patrolled by parties of the Royal Horse Guards, and the avenues to all through which the procession passed were guarded by the Queen's Light Dragoons. From Temple Bar to the Church the streets were lined by the Artillery Company, and the Militia of the City.

December 19th, 1797.—On the Thanksgiving for the naval victories, the procession included three artillery wagons bearing the French, Spanish, and Dutch flags taken from the enemy, attended by the English Flag Officers and Captains in their carriages, the Lieutenants on foot, the Portsmouth Guard of Marines with their band, etc. The St. George's and Royal Westminster Volunteers, and the Westminster Volunteer Cavalry, took part with the Guards and other regiments in keeping the ground.

The procession of the Prince Regent, in 1814, was essentially the same as that of King George the Third in 1789, which I have described in full. On that occasion the loyal heart of England unmistakably expressed its gratification at the sight of its Sovereign (temporarily, alas!) restored to health and happiness; but great and sincere as were the rejoicings on that occasion, the intense anxiety of the whole nation during the alarming illness of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the universal feeling of joy and gratitude at his recovery, invested the solemnity of the 27th of February with an interest unsurpassed in the annals of this country.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A RUSE.

"MARTIN DORRÉE!" ejaculated both in one breath.

"Yes, mesdemoiselles," I said, uncoiling the tress of hair as if it had been a serpent, and going forward to greet them; "are you surprised to see me?"

"Surprised!" echoed the elder. "No; we are

a dangerous fall. To think of you being in Sark ever since Sunday, and we never heard a word of it!"

No, thanks to Tardif's quiet tongue, and mother Renouf's assiduous attendance upon mam'zelle, my sojourn in the island had been kept a secret; now that was at an end.

"Is that the young woman's hair?" asked Emma,



"LOOK THERE, TARDIF!"

amazed—petrified! However did you get here? When did you come?"

"Quite easily," I replied. "I came on Sunday, and Tardif fetched me in his own boat. If the weather had permitted I should have paid you a call; but you know what it has been."

"To be sure," answered Emma; "and how is dear Julia? She will be very anxious about you."

"She was on the verge of a bilious attack when I left her," I said; "that will tend to increase her anxiety."

"Poor, dear girl!" she replied sympathetically.

"But, Martin, is this young woman here so very ill? We have heard from the Renoufs she had had

as Tardif gathered together the scattered tresses and tied them up quickly in a little white handkerchief, out of their sight and mine. I saw them again afterwards. The handkerchief had been his wife's—white, with a border of pink roses.

"Yes," I replied to her question, "it was necessary to cut it off. She is dangerously ill with fever."

Both of them shrank a little towards the door. A sudden temptation assailed me, and took me so much by surprise that I had yielded before I knew I was attacked. It was their shrinking movement that did it. My answer was almost as automatic and involuntary as their retreat.

"You see it would not be wise for any of us to

go about," I said. "A fever breaking out in the island, especially now you have no resident doctor, would be very serious. I think it will be best to isolate this case till we see the nature of the fever. You will do me a favour by warning the people away from us at present. The storm has saved us so far, but now we must take other precautions."

This I said with a grave tone and face, knowing all the while that there was no fear whatever for the people of Sark. Was there a propensity in me, not hitherto developed, to make the worst of a case?

"Good-bye, Martin, good-bye," cried Emma, backing out through the open door. "Come away, Maria. We have run no risk yet, Martin, have we? Do not come any nearer to us. We have touched nothing, except shaking hands with you. Are we quite safe?"

"Is the young woman so very ill?" inquired Maria from a safe distance outside the house.

I shook my head in silence, and pointed to the door of the inner room, intimating to them that she was no farther away than there. An expression of horror came over both their faces. Scarcely waiting to bestow upon me a gesture of farewell, they fled, and I saw them hurrying with unusual rapidity across the fold.

I had at least secured isolation for myself and my patient. But why had I been eager to do so? I could not answer that question to myself, and I did not ponder over it many minutes. I was impatient, yet strangely reluctant, to look at the sick girl again, after the loss of her beautiful hair. It was still daylight. The change in her appearance struck me as singular. Her face before had a look of suffering and trouble, making it almost old, charming as it was; now she had the aspect of quite a young girl, scarcely touching upon womanhood. Her hair had not been shorn off closely—the woman could not manage that—and short, wavy tresses, like those of a young child, were curling about her exquisitely shaped head. The white temples, with their blue, throbbing veins, were more visible, with the small, delicately shaped ears. I should have guessed her age now as barely fifteen—almost that of a child. Thus changed, I felt more myself in her presence, more as I should have been in attendance upon any child. I scanned her face narrowly, and it struck me that there was a perceptible alteration; an expression of exhaustion or repose was creeping over it. The crisis of the fever was at hand. The repose of death or the wholesome sleep of returning health was not far off. Mother Renouf saw it as well as myself.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH. WHO IS SHE?

We sat up again together that night, Tardif and I. He would not smoke, lest the scent of the tobacco should get in through the crevices of the door, and

lessen the girl's chance of sleep; but he held his pipe between his teeth, taking an imaginary puff now and then, that he might keep himself wide awake. We talked to one another in whispers.

"Tell me all you know about mam'zelle," I said. He had been chary of his knowledge before, but his heart seemed open at this moment. Most hearts are more open at midnight than at any other hour.

"There's not much to tell, doctor," he answered. "Her name is Ollivier, as I said to you; but she does not think she is any kin to the Olliviers of Guernsey. She is poor, though she does not look as if she had been born poor, does she?"

"Not in the least degree," I said. "If she is not a lady by birth, she is one of the first specimens of Nature's gentlefolks I have ever come across."

"Ah, there is a difference!" he said, sighing. "I feel it, doctor, in every word I speak to her, and every step I walk with her eyes upon me. Why cannot I be like her, or like you? You'll be on a level with her, and I am down far below her."

I looked at him curiously. The slouching figure—well shaped as it was—the rough, knotted hands, the unkempt mass of hair about his head and face, marked him for what he was—a toiler on the sea as well as on the land. He understood my scrutiny, and coloured under it like a girl.

"You are a better fellow than I am, Tardif," I said; "but that has nothing to do with our talk. I think we ought to communicate with the young lady's friends, whoever they may be, as soon as there are any means of communicating with the rest of the world. We should be in a fix if anything should happen to her. Have you no clue to her friends?"

"She is not going to die!" he cried. "No, no, doctor. God must hear my prayers for her. I have never ceased to lift up my voice to Him in my heart since I found her on the shingle. She will not die!"

"I am not so sure," I said; "but in any case we should write to her friends. Has she written to any one since she came here?"

"Not to a soul," he answered eagerly. "She told me she had no friends nearer than Australia. That is a great way off."

"And has she had no letters?" I asked.

"Not one," he replied. "She has neither written nor received a single letter."

"But how did you come across her?" I inquired. "She did not fall from the skies, I suppose. How was it she came to live in this out-of-the-world place with you?"

Tardif smoked his imaginary pipe with great perseverance for some minutes, his face overcast with thought. But presently it cleared, and he turned to me with a frank smile.

"I'll tell you all about it, Doctor Martin," he said. "You know the Seigneur was in London last

autumn, and there was a little difficulty in the Court of Chefs Plaids here about an ordonnance we could not agree over, and I went across to London to see the Seigneur for myself. It was in coming back I met with Mam'zelle Ollivier. I was paying my fare at Waterloo Station—the omnibus fare I mean—and I was turning away, when I heard the man speak grumblingly. I thought it was at me, and I looked back, and there she stood before him, looking scared and frightened at his rough words. Doctor, I never could bear to see any soft, tender, young thing in trouble. If it's nothing but a little bird that has fallen out of its warm nest, or a lamb slipped down among the cliffs, I feel as if I could risk my life to put it back again in some safe place. Yes, and I have done it scores of times, when I dared not let my poor mother know. Well, there stood mam'zelle, pale and trembling, with the tears ready to fall in her eyes; just such a soft, poor, tender soul as my little wife used to be. You remember my little wife, Doctor Martin?"

I only nodded as he looked at me.

"Just such another," he went on; "only this one was a lady, and less able to take care of herself. Her trouble was nothing but the omnibus fare, and she had no change, nothing but an Australian sovereign; so I paid it for her. I kept pretty near her about the station whilst she was buying her ticket, for I overheard two young men, who were roaming up and down, say as they looked at her, 'Pas de gants, et des souliers de velours!' That was true; she had no gloves on her hands, and her little feet had nothing on but some velvet slippers, all wet and muddy with the dirty streets. So I walked up to her, as if I had been her servant, you understand, and put her into a carriage, and stood at the door of it, keeping off any young men who wished to get in—for she was such a pretty young thing—till the train was ready to start, and then I got into the nearest second-class carriage there was to her."

"Well, Tardif?" I said impatiently, as he paused, looking absently into the dull embers of the seaweed fire.

"I turned it over in my own mind then," he continued, "and I've turned it over in my own mind since, and I can make no sort of an account of it—a young lady travelling without any friends in a dress like that, as if she had not had a minute to spare in getting ready for her journey. It was a bad night for a journey too. Could she be going to see some friend who was dying? At every station I looked out to see if my young lady left the train; but no, not even at Southampton. Was she going on to France? 'I must look out for her at the pier-head,' I said to myself. But when we stopped at the pier I did not want her to think I was watching her, only I stood well in the light, that she might see me when she looked round. I saw her stand

as if she was considering, and I moved away very slowly to our boat, to give her the chance of speaking to me, if she wished. But she only followed me very quietly, as if she did not want me to see her, and she went down into the ladies' cabin in a moment, out of sight. Then I thought, 'She is running away from some one, or from something.' She had no shawls, or umbrellas, or baskets, such as ladies are generally cumbered with, and that looked strange."

"How was she dressed?" I asked.

"She wore a soft, bright brown jacket," he answered—"a seal-skin they call it, though I never saw a seal with a skin like that—and a hat like it, and a blue silk gown, and her little muddy velvet slippers. It was a strange dress for travelling, wasn't it, doctor?"

"Very strange indeed," I repeated. An idea was buzzing about my brain that I had heard a description exactly similar before, but I could not for the life of me recall where. I could not wait to hunt it out then, for Tardif was in a full flow of confidence.

"But my heart yearned to her," he said, "more than ever it did over any bird fallen from its nest, or any lamb that had slipped down the cliffs. All the softness and all the helplessness of every poor little creature I had ever seen in my life seemed about her; all the hunted creatures and all the trapped creatures came to my mind. I can hardly tell you about it, doctor. I could have risked my life a hundred times over for her. It was a rough night, and I kept seeing her pale, hunted-looking face before me, though there was not half the danger I've often been in round our islands. I couldn't keep myself from fancying we were all going down to the bottom of the sea, and that poor young thing, running away from one trouble, was going to meet a worse—if it is worse to die than to live in great trouble. Doctor Martin, they tell me all the bed of the sea out yonder under the Atlantic is a smooth, smooth floor, with no currents, or tides, or streams, but a great calm; and there is no life down there of any kind. Well, that night I seemed to see the dead who have perished by sea lying there calm and quiet, with their hands folded across their breasts. A great company it was, and a great graveyard, strewn over with sleeping shapes, all at rest and quiet, waiting till they hear the trumpet of the archangel sounding so that even the dead will hear and live again. It was a solemn sight to see, doctor. Somehow I came to think it would not be altogether a bad thing for the poor young troubled creature to go down there amongst them and be at rest. There are some people who seem too tender and delicate for this world. Yet if there had come a chance I'd have laid down my life for hers, even then, when I knew nothing much about her."

"Tardif," I said, "I did not know what a good

follow you were, though I ought to have learned it by this time."

"No," he answered, "it is not in me; it's something in her. You feel something of it yourself, doctor, or how could you stay in a poor little house like this, thinking of nothing but her, and not caring about the weather keeping you away from home? But let me go on.—In the morning she came on deck, and talked to me about the islands, and where she could live cheaply, and it ended in her coming home here to lodge in our little spare room. There was another curious thing—she had not any luggage with her, not a box nor a bag of any kind. She never fancied that I knew, for that would have troubled her. It is my belief that she has run away."

"But who can she have run away from, Tardif?" I asked.

"God knows," he answered, "but the girl has suffered; you can see that by her face. Whoever or whatever she has run away from, her cheeks are white from it, and her heart sorrowful. I know nothing of her secret; but this I do know: she is as good, and true, and sweet a little soul as my poor little wife was. She has been here all the winter, doctor, living under my eye, and I've waited on her as her servant, though a rough servant I am for one like her. She has tried to make herself cheerful and contented with our poor ways. See, she mended me that bit of net; those are her meshes, though her pretty white fingers were made sore by the twine. She would mend it, sitting where you are now in the chimney-corner. No; if *mam'zelle* should die, it will be a great grief of heart to me. If I could offer my life to God in place of hers, I'd do it willingly."

"No, she will not die. Look there, Tardif!" I said, pointing to the door-sill of the inner room. A white card had been slipped under the door noiselessly—a signal agreed upon between mother Renouf and me, to inform me that my patient had at last fallen into a profound slumber, which seemed likely to continue some hours. She had slept perhaps a few minutes at a time before, but not a refreshing, wholesome sleep. Tardif understood the silent signal as well as I did, and a more solemn expression settled on his face. After a while he put away his pipe, and stepping barefoot across the floor without a sound, he stopped the clock, and brought back to the table, where an oil-lamp was burning, a large old Bible. Throughout the long night, whenever I awoke (for I threw myself on the fern bed and slept fitfully) I saw his handsome face, with its rough, unkempt hair falling across his forehead as it was bent over the book, whilst his mouth moved silently as he read to himself chapter after chapter, and turned softly the pages before him.

I fell into a heavy slumber just before daybreak, and when I awoke two or three hours after I found

that the house had been put in order, just as usual, though no sound had disturbed me. I glanced anxiously at the closed door. That it was closed, and the white card still on the sill, proved to me that our charge had no more been disturbed than myself. The thought struck me that the morning light would shine full upon the weak and weary eyelids of the sleeper; but upon going out into the fold to look at her easement, I discovered that Tardif had been before me and covered it with an old sail. The room within was sufficiently darkened.

The morning was more than half gone before mother Renouf opened the door and came out to us, her old face looking more haggard than ever, but her little eyes twinkling with satisfaction. She gave me a patronising nod, but she went up to Tardif, laid a hand on each of his broad shoulders, and looked him keenly in the face.

"All goes well, my friend," she said significantly. "Your little *mam'zelle* does not think of going to the good God yet."

I did not stay to watch how Tardif received this news, for I was impatient myself to see how she was going on. Thank Heaven, the fever was gone, the delirium at an end. The dark grey eyes, opening languidly as my fingers touched her wrist, were calm and intelligent. She was as weak as a kitten, but that did not trouble me much. I was sure her natural health was good, and she would soon recover her lost strength. I had to stoop down to hear what she was saying.

"Have I kept quite still, doctor?" she asked faintly.

I must own that my eyes smarted, and my voice was not to be trusted. I had never felt so overjoyed in my life as at that moment. But what a singular wish to be obedient possessed this girl! What a wonderful power of submissive self-control! If she had cast aside authority and broken away from it, as she had done apparently, there must have been some great provocation before a nature like hers could venture to assert its own independence.

I had ample time for turning over this reflection, for mother Renouf was worn out and needed rest, and Suzanne Tardif was of little use in the sick-room. I scarcely left my patient all that day, for the rumour I had set afloat the day before was sufficient to make it a difficult task to procure another nurse. The almost childish face grew visibly better before my eyes, and when night came I had to acknowledge somewhat reluctantly that as soon as a boat could leave the island it would be my bounden duty to return to Guernsey.

"I should like to see Tardif," murmured the girl to me that night, after she had awakened from a second long and peaceful sleep.

I called him and he came in barefoot, his broad,

burly frame seeming to fill up all the little room. She could not raise her head, but her face was turned towards us, and she held out her small wasted hand to him, smiling faintly. He fell on his knees before he took it into his great, horny palm, and looked down upon it as he held it very carefully with tears standing in his eyes.

"Why, it is like an egg-shell," he said. "God bless you. mam'zelle, God bless you for gettingt well again!"

She laughed at his words—a feeble though merry laugh, like a child's—and she seemed delighted with the sight of his hearty face, glowing as it was with happiness. It was a strange chance that had thrown these two together, I could not allow Tardif to remain long, but after that she kept devising little messages to send to him through me whenever I was about to leave her. Her intercourse with mother Renouf was extremely limited, as the old woman's knowledge of English was slight; and with Suzanne she could hold no conversation at all. It happened, in consequence, that I was the only person who could talk or listen to her through the long and dreary hours.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH. WHO ARE HER FRIENDS?

At another time I might have recognised the danger of my post; but my patient had become childish-looking, and her mind, enfeebled by delirium, was in so childish a condition, that it seemed to me little more than tending some young girl whose age was far below my own. I did not trouble myself, moreover, with any exact introspection. There was an under-current of satisfaction and happiness running through the hours which I was not inclined to fathom. The winds continued against me, and I had nothing to do but to devote myself to mam'zelle, as I called her in common with the people about me. She was still so far in a precarious state, that if she had been living in Guernsey it would have been my duty to pay to her unflinching attention.

But upon Friday afternoon Tardif, who had been down to the Creux Harbour, brought back the information that one of the Sark cutters was about to venture to make the passage across the channel the next morning, to attend the Saturday market, if the wind did not rise again in the night. It was as clear as day what I must do. I must bid farewell to my patient, however reluctant I might be, with a very uncertain prospect of seeing her again. A patient in Sark could not have many visits from a doctor in Guernsey.

She was recovering with the wonderful elasticity of a thoroughly sound constitution; but I had not considered it advisable for her even to sit up yet, with her broken arm and sprained ankle. I took

my seat beside her for the last time, her fair, sweet face lying upon the pillow as it had done when I first saw it, only the look of suffering was gone. I had made up my mind to learn something of the mystery that surrounded her; and the child, as I called her to myself, was so submissive to me that she would answer my questions readily.

"Mam'zelle," I said, "I am going away to-night. You will be sorry to lose me?"

"Very, very sorry," she answered, in her low, touching voice. "Are you obliged to go?"

"If I had not been obliged to go, I should then and there have made a solemn vow to remain with her till she was well again.

"I must go," I said, shaking off the ridiculous and troublesome idea. "I have been away nearly six days. Six days is a long holiday for a doctor."

"It has not been a holiday for you," she whispered, her eyes fastened upon mine, and shining like clear stars.

"Well," I repeated, "I must go. Before I go I wish to write to your friends for you. You will not be strong enough to write yourself for some days, and it is quite time they knew what danger you have been in. I have brought a pen and paper, and I will post the letter as soon as I reach Guernsey."

A faint flush coloured her face, and she turned her eyes away from me.

"Why do you think I ought to write?" she asked at length.

"Because you have been very near death," I answered. "If you had died, not one of us would have known whom to communicate with, unless you have left some direction in that box of yours, which is not very likely."

"No," she said, "you would find nothing there. I suppose if I had died nobody would ever have known who I am. How curious that would have been!"

Was she amused, or was she saddened by the thought? I could not tell.

"It would have been very painful to Tardif and to me," I said. "It must be very painful to your friends, whoever they are, not to know what has become of you. Give me permission to write to them. There can scarcely be reasons sufficient for you to separate yourself from them like this. Besides, you cannot go on living in a fisherman's cottage; you were not born to it—"

"How do you know?" she asked quickly, with a sharp tone in her voice.

It was somewhat difficult to answer that question. There was nothing to indicate what position she had been used to. I had seen no token of wealth about her room, which was as homely as any other cottage chamber. Her conversation had been the simple, childish talk of an invalid recovering from a serious illness, and had scarcely proved her to be

an educated person. Yet there was something in her face, and tones, and manner—which, as plainly to Tardif as to me, stamped this runaway girl as a lady.

"Let me write to your friends," I urged, waiving the question. "It is not fit for you to remain here. I beg of you to allow me to communicate with them."

Her face quivered like a child's when it is partly frightened and partly grieved.

"I have no friends," she said; "not one real friend in the world."

An almost irresistible inclination assailed me to fall on my knees beside her, as I had seen Tardif do, and take a solemn oath to be her faithful servant and friend as long as my life should last. This, of course, I did not do; but the sound of the words so plaintively spoken, and the sight of her quivering face, rendered her a hundredfold more interesting to me.

"Mam'zelle," I said, taking her hand in mine, "if ever you should need a friend you may count upon Martin Dobreé as one, true as any you could wish to have. Tardif is another. Never say again you have no friends."

"Thank you," she answered simply. "I will count you and Tardif as my friends. But I have no others, so you need not write to anybody."

"But what if you had died?" I persisted.

"You would have buried me quietly up there," she answered, "in the pleasant graveyard, where the birds sing all day long, and I should have been forgotten soon. Am I likely to die, Doctor Martin?"

"Certainly not," I replied hastily; "nothing of the kind. You are going to get well and strong again. But I must bid you good-bye now, since you have no friends to write to. Can I do anything for you in Guernsey? I can send you anything you fancy."

"I do not want anything," she said.

"You want a great number of things," I said; "medicines of course—what is the good of a doctor who sends no medicine?—and books. You will have to keep yourself quiet a long time. You would like some books?"

"Oh, I have longed for books," she said, sighing; "but don't buy any; lend me some of your own."

"Mine would be very unsuitable for a young lady," I answered, laughing at the thought of my

private library. "May I ask why I am not to buy any?"

"Because I have no money to spend in books," she said.

"Well," I replied, "I will borrow some for you from the ladies I know. We will not waste our money, neither you nor I."

I stood looking at her, finding it harder to go away than I had supposed. So closely had I watched the changes upon her face that every line of it was deeply engraved upon my memory. Other and more familiar faces seemed to have faded in proportion to that distinctness of impression. Julia's features, for instance, had become blurred and obscure, like a painting which has lost its original clearness of tone.

"How soon will you come back again?" asked the faint, plaintive voice.

Clearly it did not occur to her that I could not pay her a visit without great difficulty. I knew how it was next to an impossibility to get over to Sark, for some time at least; but I felt ready to combat even impossibilities.

"I will come back," I said—"yes, I promise to come back in a week's time. Make haste and get well before then, mam'zelle. Good-bye now; good-bye."

I was going to sleep at Vaudin's Inn, near to Creux Harbour, from which the cutter would sail almost before the dawn. At five o'clock we started on our passage—a boat-load of fishermen bound for the market. The cold was sharp, for it was still early in March, and the easterly wind pierced the skin like a myriad of fine needles. A waning moon was hanging in the sky over Guernsey, and the east was growing grey with the coming morning. By the time the sun was fairly up out of its bed of low-lying clouds, we had rounded the southern point of Sark, and were in sight of the Havre Gréselin. But Tardif's cottage was screened by the cliffs, and I could catch no glimpse of it, though as we rowed onwards I saw a fine, thin column of white smoke blown towards us. It was from his hearth, I knew, and at this moment he was preparing an early breakfast for my invalid. I watched it till all the coast became an indistinct outline against the sky.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE TRUE SLEEPING BEAUTY.



SADNESS holds the dark still woods,

Grey clouds with frequent-varying moods

Veil them in tender haze;

Now lift and leave their ghosts; the streams

Flow surly on, no golden dreams

Haunt them from buried days.

No blue mosaics, set with ranks

Of white star-blossoms, gem the banks

And tempt the thrush's song;

No bryony with scarlet beads

Twines where shy foxgloves hang their heads,

The fragrant dells among.

In death-like trance now Nature lies ;
 What magic seals her beauteous eyes ?
 This morning snow-flakes fell
 On the hushed couch where wan and sad
 She sleeps, in sombre amice clad.
 Who can reverse the spell ?

Linger no more, sweet Prince ; one smile
 From sleep our Ladye would beguile !
 Thy touch would death defy !
 Why tarriest thou 'mongst orange-groves,
 'Neath sultry skies with sun-burnt loves ?
 We for thy presence sigh.

What light step rustles through the trees ?
 Whose perfumed breath floats on the breeze ?
 The Prince ! He comes at last :
 He bends to kiss the pale cold form,
 He clasps her to his bosom warm
 With love—her trance is past !

Majestic in long robes of green,
 Thick-jewelled, with her old sweet mien,
 The Sleeping Beauty wakes,
 A rapture seizes birds and flowers,
 New joys confuse the happy hours,
 Into soft tears heav'n breaks.

Throughout the murm'rous budding land
 Walk Spring and Nature hand in hand ;
 Lambs skip before their feet ;
 The lark salutes them from the skies,
 Echo to cuckoo-calls replies ;
 They smile and onward fleet.

Thus Earth renews her bridal morn,
 By time's slow lapse, not yet outworn,
 Fresh hopes old sorrows blend :
 Blend in the gladness of this time,
 Which, first enjoyed in Eden's prime,
 Will cheer man to the end.

M. G. WATKINS.

OUR OWN NEGLECT.



ENGLAND continually boasts—and not altogether without reason—of the vast machinery she can put into operation for the physical and moral elevation of the world generally, and for those parts of it in particular which come more directly under her control. She is shocked occasionally by news of the massacre of whites: she weeps repeatedly at the depravity of the blacks. Her virtuous feelings are outraged by the wickedness of foreign cities. She turns more than ever to those means she considers likely to minister theoretical comfort; but when the stress of trouble, anguish, or solicitude is past she becomes almost as though the former times had not been, and says to herself that perhaps now, at last, the first streaks of the Millennial dawn must surely almost incontinently gleam in the distant horizon. The dawn does not break, of course; but the dream does, and many national philanthropic tears are thereby wasted.

Now, why is it so difficult to get the mother country to attend to the cries of her own children—articulate enough, God knows, when listened to with unstopped ears? We are thrilled with indignation when the news of a murder runs through the land, but let us see what havoc in human life the Moloch of ignorance and neglect accomplishes in the course of a year. The Registrar-General reports that during the twelve months which ended on the 31st of December last, no fewer than twenty-two thousand, nine hundred, and seven children and adults in England and Wales fell victims to small-pox alone; and he pertinently asks, "Who

shall say how much of this mortality—which is entirely without parallel in England during the past thirty years—is directly due to neglect and apathy as to vaccination, induced by the comparative immunity from the disease which the nation enjoyed during the three years, 1867-8-9?" There is the secret: cessation of threatening symptoms, cessation of watchfulness. We have got over the consequences of our previous neglect; we can therefore afford to relax the stringent measures for preserving the public health. One point is particularly noticeable here. It is proved by incontrovertible statistics that in the raging of epidemics the close and smoky towns exhibit the greatest mortality, and that the country districts enjoy a comparative immunity; and it is further proved that in those densely populated towns where disease has been most prevalent, the vast majority of deaths have occurred in special districts where to the sin of overcrowding has been added that of ignorance. Take the town of Wolverhampton for instance. Is there reasonable ground for surprise in the mind of any one who has passed through the thickly populated, black, and irregularly built streets of that borough, that it should enjoy an unenviable notoriety in the death-rate of the past year? In the North, too, more than one borough could be singled out (they are now in the writer's eye) where the maximum of dirt has been invariably accompanied by the maximum of disease, misery, and death. The same remark applies to the over-crowded and wretched portions of every great town in the United Kingdom—where the sacrifice of human life through the incapacity or culpability of human intellect has been almost appalling. Where, on the other hand,

sanitary precautions have been duly observed, Death has been often successfully grappled with, and driven speedily to fatten in those regions of filth and darkness where he never fails to discover more easy prey.

One grand imperial necessity has been made apparent by the returns just issued—England must call for a more real apprehension of duty in sanitary matters than has hitherto been the case, and she must not be content till the duty is fulfilled to the letter. It is all very well for us to say of the nation so repeatedly, what is often said of the individual—

"Be to her virtues ever kind,
And to her faults a little blind."

We have been a *great deal* blind, and when the question is asked, shall we sacrifice, or, at least, risk the lives of twenty thousand persons yearly because we are phlegmatic, and indisposed to interfere with the blind chance of things? we demand the only answer which can be handed down to our posterity with safety and honour: "No, a thousand times no!" Surely, no other fact need be put before the responsible portion of society than this, which is to be found in effect in that document that seldom errs—the Registrar's official report—viz., that one life is sacrificed every year out of each twenty thousand of the population, which might have been saved had but the proper precautionary measures been taken.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

BY W. C. BENNETT.



FIRST of April, how I prize
You, true saint's-day of the
wise!
We, who sagely keep your
rules,
Owlish dullards christen
fools.
Ah, my brothers! in this
age,
Who are fools and who are
sage?
Wisest they, I hold, by half
Who have most faith in a laugh.
Let this one day sacred be

Unto old-time jollity;
Grudge not some few moments spent
With our fathers' merriment;
Let the old world live again,
Let Unreason roistering reign;
He shall be true liege to us,
Making crime our toil and fuss.
The wisacre is a dunce;
Owls are banished birds of once;
Jangle, jangle, hark! there swells
Music gay from Folly's bells;
Mopping, mowing, everywhere;
"Motley is your only wear;"
"Cakes and ale" rejoice the sun;
Who would traitor be to Fun?
Who, in stupid Wisdom's pride,
Shall our revels dare deride,
He shall for a Bottom pass,
This day held and mocked—an ass.
Come, to Folly's court repair;
Ah! strange visitors are there;
Not alone o'er candid fools

She to-day unquestioned rules;
No, my friends, before our eyes
Troop such as the world holds wise;
Yes, the wit it surely tasks
Fools to find in all their masks.
Look, as schoolmen, here they're found,
Grave and bookish, capped and gown'd
Here as statesmen, with keen faces,
Loud in strife for names and places;
Here as pantaloons, whose parts
Are played out in banks and marts;
Here, as soldiers, fierce they tramp
In the scarlet of the camp;
Here bewigged, of courts the awe,
Throng they who befog the law;
See them even in such things
As come crowned and robed as kings;
Yet, whatever garb they wear,
Spite of dress and speech and air,
We, my brothers, with clear sight,
See the would-be wise aright,
And enjoy, with laughing eyes,
Folly in each quaint disguise.

Nay, Unreason, shall we say
That you rule but on this day?
Ask all other days in vain
For the madness of your reign?
Sooth to say, methinks 'tis true,
Wisdom's reign is halved with you;
Well, dear Folly, you may laugh;
You have far the larger half.
First of April—Day of Fools?
Why, Unreason always rules;
"A mad world, my masters!" Nay,
All the year is "All Fools' Day."

THE CHILDREN OF THE STONES.



"UNDER THE DRY ARCHES."

THE amount of raw human material running to waste and crime in our London streets, must have struck any statesman or man of statesman-like mind. Of these poor wretches are made the seed-plots of crime, and from their ranks are recruited the army that is sure to fight against us in any social revolution that may happen in this country. Let us rejoice, however, that many thoughtful

minds have forestalled these dangers of the future; have seized the floating, houseless wanderers, and turned them into useful members of the community. Among the many valuable institutions set on foot by philanthropic individuals, not the least interesting is the Boy Beadle.

Strange as it may appear, even the most destitute, the shelterless outcasts, do not come to the home where food and shelter await them. We know how the poor will rot in misery rather than go to the workhouse. Poor houseless children will night by night shiver during the winter months in the most unheard-of places, rather than apply for relief.

The favourite bed of these poor little fellows is beneath the tarpauling covering in Covent Garden, which protects the vegetables. Here they will huddle together in dozens for the warmth they impart to each other, but the police will not allow them the luxury if they know it. The barges off Billingsgate, among the pads or fish-baskets, is another favourite resort; again, under the dry arches; and one little boy for several winters slept—where does the reader think?—in the iron roller in the Regent's Park Garden! Even this uninviting cover was denied him by a "Bobby," who one night turned him out.

To these poor little fellows, suffering the direst extremities of human want, strange to say, a home must be brought; and the duty of the Boy Beadle is to search about for these wild Arabs by night and day, and bring them to the Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children in Great Queen Street.

The Beadle then is generally the practical agent by which thousands of poor boys have, within a few years, been induced to come again within the pale of civilisation. Once within the hospitable walls of the Home, they are made men. The line of life they may wish to pursue is at their own choice. If it is a mechanical trade, they are taught tailoring, shoemaking, or carpentering, and the training and practice are equal to an apprenticeship.

Boys who like an agricultural life are sent to the farm at Bisley, near Woking, where they are trained to be young farmers; to work in the fields, grow crops, feed stock, and become familiar with the breeding of animals. Their education is also generally attended to, and in addition they are taught the trades of tailoring, bootmaking, and carpentering. Hundreds of these have been aided to emigrate to the colonies, and their training makes them the very best colonists that can be sent to uncultivated spots in our outlying empire—far better than those of higher station and means, who have been without this special training. It would seem as though these poor lads, when they had reached the lowest rung of Fortune's ladder, were suddenly lifted into the way of comfort and affluence.

The Boy Beadle is the Eastern Caliph, who at

once changes their fortune. Nothing in the Arabian Nights is more wonderful, indeed, than the manner in which these poor helpless outcasts are snatched from the gutters of this great metropolis; and have at once opened to them the means of life, and even of affluence.

The love of the sea leads the majority of the boys to go on board the training-ship *Chichester*, which lies at Greenhithe. This fifty-gun wooden frigate has never even been to sea, but in consequence of the new method of construction was laid aside, until the Government presented it to the Refuge Society, which has returned the gift by sending into her Majesty's Navy some of the best-trained sailors in the world. The splendid condition of these lads, who on festive occasions leave their ship and come to the Home habited in their sailor's uniform, headed by their capital band, the public must have seen; and no doubt they have in these promenades induced many other little wanderers to follow in their footsteps.

The boys whilst on board the vessels are taught knotting, splicing, sail-making, reefing sails, the management of boats, signalling, swimming, etc.; a prize for the latter art being given to each seaman when he leaves the ship on his first voyage, by Mr. Macgregor, of Rob Roy fame. The boys when sufficiently instructed are sent to sea, the Royal Marine and the Mercantile Marine absorbing them with the greatest willingness.

We are glad to see that the feeling of home engendered is not lost by the lads being transferred to a ship. When they return from a voyage they often call in Great Queen Street, and inspire the inmates by yarns gathered fresh from the great sea. We question whether the wandering Arab life these little fellows experienced, before they were captured and disciplined, does not remain in the blood to give a dash of rambling life fitted for the jolly sailor. When, however, we think of the remarkable change which these boys must experience when taken out of the streets, wild as young colts from the moorland, and cunning as fox-cubs, and placed in the Home, where for a while their will is suppressed by a rigid discipline—it does seem strange that they submit so easily to the new state of things. Mr. Williams, the superintendent, says that they fall into their places in the human machine, and move as easily as a cog-wheel. The influence of the trained boys is sufficient at once to stop bad language; the power of imitation so strong in youth leads the new arrivals to follow their example, and in the course of a week they fall into their places as quietly as though they had been there for months. Three or four more years of vagabondage would have rendered them confirmed thieves and ruffians.

The art lies in catching them young. This idea has, we are glad to find, taken possession of the British mind. The Boy Beadle is now seconded

by police and other magistrates, who cut short the career of crime in boys by at once sending them to reformatories, instead of to prison; and country magistrates take the same merciful and judicious course.

Whilst referring to the training-ship department of the Refuge establishment, we must remind the reader that, although the *Chichester* training-ship was the first to make the experiment of training street Arabs into sailors, the plan has been followed by several other societies and authorities, Governmental as well as parochial. At Purfleet, the *Cornwall* three-decker is turned into a reformatory, in which three hundred boys are rescued from dens of thieves, and made into gallant seamen. The *Goliath*, another three-decker, is stationed down the Thames, for the training of the pauper boys from Forest Gate; this school is paid for by the parochial taxes at Charlton. The *Warspite* fifty-gun frigate trains from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty boys; and we are glad to find that the great sea-ports are not without the means of fulfilling the aspiration of youth—that of following the sea.

At Bristol, the large old fifty-gun frigate *Indefatigable* is moored off the north of the Avon at Portishead, and trains a hundred boys. At Cardiff, not far off, lies the *Havannah*, another fifty-gun frigate training the same number; whilst at Liverpool there are three large men-of-war employed on a similar service. At Dundee, the *Mars* receives lads; at Newcastle, the *Wellfleet* takes one hundred boys; and at Hull, the *Southampton* a similar number—all sent by the magistrates. In short, there are stationed at our various seaports, and in our great rivers, a number of men-of-war sufficient to form a formidable fleet—old vessels the Government has wisely given to the different municipal authorities and the magistrates, for the noble purpose of educating a Naval and Mercantile Marine for the service of the country.

With this little digression, which the nature of the subject necessitated, let us return to the further work the Refuge Society has undertaken for poor forlorn children untainted by crime.

The boys have, it may be said, as a rule, called forth the sympathies of the public, for the reason that they are more seen in the street, whereas the girls keep more in the filthy dens, where the misery is unseen. Nevertheless their case is not more hard than that of their poor sisters, whose fate, unless early rescued, is sure to be one of hopeless shame. To prevent this sad eventuality, schools for their training have been established at the Girls' Refuge in Broad Street, Bloomsbury.

At the dinner given to all these poor children the other day, the girls to the number of forty were present, and certainly their appearance does

credit to the Bloomsbury air; more healthy, neat-looking girls we have seldom seen. There is a country home at Ealing, which is at present being enlarged, and when this is accomplished the Broad Street inmates will be removed there, and then ample room will be found for one hundred girls.

These are instructed in every kind of household work; they wash for all the members of the Home, male and female; they cook, scour, make the clothes, etc., and become thoroughly trained either for domestic service or for emigration. Already a good supply of these girls have gone into service, and we should imagine that they are far better prepared for their posts than girls ordinarily received from their poverty-stricken homes. The history of all the inmates, male and female, is strictly kept, both while in the Refuge and, as far as possible, after they have left.

The results of the year's work for 1871 may be summed up thus:—Boys placed out in 1871: in situations, by the institution and by various friends, 80; sent out as emigrants, 21; sent to Royal Navy, 39; sent to Merchant Service, 192; sent to regimental bands, 3; total, 335. Girls placed out in service in 1871: by Committee, 39; by friends, 8; transferred to Soldiers' Orphan School, 1; died, 1; total, 49; grand total, 384.

Ships were also provided for 245 boys on their second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh voyages. All the boys and girls in the Refuges and Ship are fed, clothed, lodged, educated, and trained to earn their own living.

The above is the Refuge work. Nearly 1,000 children have been gratuitously educated in the ragged, day, and Sunday schools. In the winter months about 9,000 dinners are given to the ragged school children.

One would think this was labour enough for the society, but the superintendent, who seems to have an unappeased appetite for work, has lately allied himself to the Ragged School Shoe-Black Society, Central, situated in Greystoke Place, Fetter Lane.

We all feel an interest in these little fellows, who minister to our comfort and cleanliness. The 1st Brigade, known as the Red Brigade, was started in the Great Exhibition year of 1851 by J. Macgregor, Esq. (Rob Roy), and since that time seven other brigades, situated in different parts of the metropolis, have followed suit, so that now there is scarcely a populous thoroughfare in London that is without this useful little public servant, ready at a moment's notice.

It is with this Central Red Brigade, which is affiliated to the Refuge for the Homeless and Destitute, that we have to do.

It may well be imagined that the boys forming this brigade require a thorough organisation and supervision, which they must look to others to

accomplish for them. But first a word for the boys themselves. As far as we have had any experience, the shoe-black is the only public servant who not only does his work with uncompromising energy, but is often led by his sense of duty to do it over and over again, until accomplished to his satisfaction. There is something, we suppose, in the occupation which leads to this sense of the necessity for conscientious work. To leave one bit of the leather without a bright polish seems impossible to these boys—the dull spot seems to cry out and compel them to try again. If the manner in which they black shoes is an earnest of the manner in which they will undertake any future work, they have a bright prospect before them.

The organisation of the brigade is very strict. Each society has its regular district, out of which it must not trespass. The Central Red Brigade, as its name implies, is posted in the central portion of the metropolis. There are about one hundred boys in it, who are distributed in their places according to certain well-understood arrangements. Of course it would not do to give the good posts to any boys in perpetuity; they are therefore removed from spot to spot once a fortnight.

As may be imagined, certain stands are very much more lucrative than others; as a rule railway stations are the best posts, and of these by far the busiest are Charing Cross and Cannon Street. At these stations the boys sometimes earn between three and four pounds in the course of a week. But it must not be imagined that this sum all goes to themselves.

The regular scheme of distribution of the takings is as follows:—sixpence is retained each day by the boy, and the remainder is divided into three parts, of which one-third goes to the boy in addition to the sixpence, one-third is retained by the society, and the remaining third is saved up in the boys' bank. The boys are provided with their uniforms, their block, blacking, and brushes by the society. These implements they must bring home every evening, and deposit together with their money and their clothes. When they return they are furnished with bread and butter, and tea or coffee, at cost price; and a limited number are provided with a bed, for which they pay twopence.

It is intended to provide a larger home than they have at present, so that all the boys may have a bed found them if they require it. This is a very important matter in our opinion, as the late hours of the evening may lead them into temptation unless they are under some control. Schools are held three days in the week, in which "the three R's" are taught. Singing classes are also held, and a fife and drum band is established. Lectures are sometimes given by friends, accompanied by illustrations, and every means is taken to make the poor little fellows feel the attractions of the Home.

Until, however, sufficient beds for the lodging of the full number are established, the word "home" cannot be fully realised by them.

The amount of earnings last year by the ninety-three boys of the Central Brigade was three thousand, one hundred, and fifty-two pounds, and out of this sum they managed to put by in the bank eight hundred and thirty-nine pounds, after being clothed and fed. Many of the boys have saved sufficient to pay their passage-money to the colonies, and all of them as they grow up manage to get something to start them in life, provided they are not drafted into the *Chichester*, sent to the farm at Bisley, or turned into craftsmen at the Refuge Home in Great Queen Street. We have only given the statistics of the parent society—the Red Brigade—the seven others are, we believe, equally successful.

There is another class of boys with which the public are perhaps even better acquainted than with the shoeblacks; we refer to the news-boys—the little fellows to be seen in every quarter with the *Echo*, and other papers. In New York, homes for these children have long been established, and one has now been formed in Grays Inn Road, where fifty boys are already lodged, with capabilities, when the funds are forthcoming, of receiving three times that number. Here they are lodged for twopence a night, and breakfast, dinner, and supper are provided at cost price. The Home is closed at nine p.m., and employment is found for the spare hours after the lads come in, chopping fire-wood. Instruction is not, however, neglected, as a night-school is established, and lectures are given, and inducements are held out to wean them from the attractions of the streets.

Little lads like these, living from hand to mouth, particularly require to be defended against temptation; and the promoters of the society have established a savings-bank, in which a bonus is given for all deposits left over three months. These newspaper-boys are a very energetic race, as the public are aware by the importunity with which they press their sheets. The identification of the society with the Refuge enables these lads to take advantage of all the training establishments belonging to it, and many a boy who begins by vending literature, ends by becoming a sailor, or a handicraftsman.

Of all the truly practical charities of the day, we cannot help thinking that this Refuge for homeless children is by far the best. It makes self-reliant men and women out of the dregs of the streets—it transforms little ragged beggars into energetic men and women. If we could employ a Larger Boy Beadle to lay hands on all those who from want of work are drifting into pauperism and poverty, we should speedily feel a difference in our rates, and the poor-houses would be no longer needed, but for the aged and infirm.

A. W.

LIFE-SAVING AT SEA BY CORK LIFE-BELTS OR MATTRESSES.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL A. P. RYDER.

TWO PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.



THE number of lives lost at sea annually is very great—many thousands—but is larger of course in the English Merchant Service, in peace time, than in the Royal Navy. The Lords of the Admiralty have under consideration a suggestion made to them

by me some months since, viz., that as it appears on the score of stowage room to be objectionable to supply a cork life-belt to every man, which would require seven to eight hundred in a first-rate iron-clad, the mattresses in the naval hammocks should be stuffed with granulated cork, instead of horse-hair as at present; and forty cork mattresses have been issued for experimental purposes, to be tested for comfort. I

have slept on one for seven consecutive nights, and can vouch for its comfort. Their lordships have no doubt about the buoyancy of the mattress. The object I have in view in writing this article is to bring the subject under

the notice of the public generally, hoping that public opinion may be brought to bear upon the Board of Trade, upon marine insurance companies, upon ship-owners, upon the masters of merchant vessels,

and others who may have it more or less in their power to ensure that there be on board every merchant ship either a cork life-belt for each person embarked, which shall be kept at hand and in good order, or that the mattresses be stuffed with cork,

and so fitted as to be capable of being used as life-belts. Let me here disclaim all originality in my suggestion. Cork mattresses were made originally by Mr. Ritchie, and are now made by Messrs. Birt and Mr. Pellew. Their immediate introduction in the Royal Navy and Merchant Service in the sailor's hammock is the principal object I have in view.

Cases of collision are now so common, that I am afraid readers of newspapers are likely to become callous on the subject—and yet it nearly always happens that several men are drowned who might have been saved, had cork life-belts or mattresses been supplied.

I may here observe that if, when the amendments to the Merchant Shipping Act take effect, directions be given by the Board of Trade that it be recorded when vessels are clearing out whether or

not they have on board for each of the crew either a cork life-belt—the cork being attached outside the belt, exposed to view, and the belts apparently capable of supporting at least twenty pounds of iron—or else a cork mattress

for each of the crew, my object will be gained; for very few ships, if any, would in that case put to sea without them.

The mattresses may be stuffed with cork shavings, or granulated cork, or cork dust. The granulated cork is best, combining the maximum of comfort with the maximum of buoyancy and the minimum of weight. A mattress of the usual size can be made and completed with straps for from 7s. to 11s. 6d., according

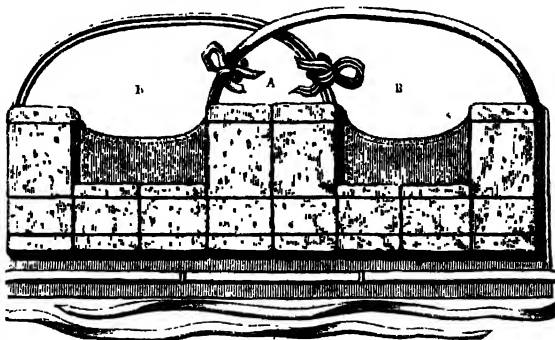


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

to the quality of the cover, by Messrs. Birt, who are the makers of life-belts for the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, and the R.N. Lifeboat Institution. In the Royal Navy, the hammock mattresses on trial have been stuffed by Messrs. Birt at a cost of 3s. 6d. each, the Admiralty supplying the cases. The cork life-belts made on the plan proposed many years since by Captain J. R. Ward, R.N., Inspector of Life-belts to the Royal National Life-boat Institution, are sold by the same makers for 6s. each, or 5s. if one hundred are ordered. These life-belts, of which many thousands have been made and distributed in all countries, have saved many hundreds of lives.

Collisions may be expected to take place oftener at night than in the day time. It is quite possible that in the hurry and confusion which often attend

all seamen, or in the case of passengers a *mattress* of *larger* size, suitable for the bed-place or berth provided for them, I will now proceed to point out how each of these may be made most useful to the wearer in case of accidents.

First.—The life-belt (Fig. 1), weighing 5 pounds, buoyancy 20 pounds, capable of supporting one man.

"As it is important that the belts should be kept together, and protected from the weather, yet be at all times accessible,

they should (in merchant vessels) be kept in a chest stowed and lashed on the upper deck, each belt with the upper or shoulder-strings ready *tied* in a half-bow, so that it can be put quickly on, over the head, without untying; the belts being occasionally examined and exposed to the air in dry weather, and the crew being shown the manner of putting



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

such accidents the men may, in the dark, put the life-belts on wrong, owing to their never having put them on before, or at all events not at night.

When Commodore of the Coast Guard, I obtained permission from the Admiralty to issue more than a thousand life-belts to Coast Guardsmen, thus completing the supply to all of them who were stationed on the sea-coast. Many of the Coast Guardsmen were stationed up rivers and creeks, and did not require them. At the suggestion of Captain J. R. Ward, R.N., I directed that the men were to be periodically exercised in putting the belts on with their eyes shut, so as to familiarise them with the "feel" of the straps in the dark, and this ought to be done in every vessel. It will otherwise be found very easy to make a mistake at night.

Assuming that each man embarked in a vessel has either a *cork life-belt*, or a *cork mattress* suitable for lashing up in a hammock, as proposed by me for

them on. To put them on without untying, the head should be put through the central opening, A, and the arms through the side openings, B (see Fig. 1). The lower or waist-strings are then brought round from behind and tied in front (see Fig. 2). The shoulder-strings, it will be observed, cross behind like trouser-braces (see Fig. 3); they should be drawn tightly over the shoulders, so as to keep the belt close up under the arms, and being tied close to the breast-corks in front, they can be readily pulled up tighter and re-tied at pleasure. They will not interfere with the free use of the arms either in rowing or swimming."

"The Royal National Life-boat Institution, with a view to assist in saving the lives of our merchant seamen under circumstances of shipwreck when they cannot be rescued by means provided on shore, is prepared to supply chests of efficient cork

life-belts, at a very low price, on board merchant vessels."

"The value of these simple and inexpensive instruments has been proved in too many cases to need any argument in their favour; and no doubt is entertained that their general adoption in our merchant vessels would be the means of saving many valuable lives." (See instructions issued by Council of R.N. Life-boat Institution.)

A few life-belts, viz., sufficient for one boat's crew, are now supplied to all men-of-war, and should always be used when boats are sent away to cross dangerous bars, or to board vessels in heavy gales of wind, etc.

Second.—The hammock, containing a mattress stuffed with granulated cork; mattress weighing 13 pounds, buoyancy 60 pounds, dimensions 5 ft. 6 in. long, 1 ft. 10 in. broad, 3 in. deep. (See Fig. 4.)

If two hammocks are lashed or toggled together,

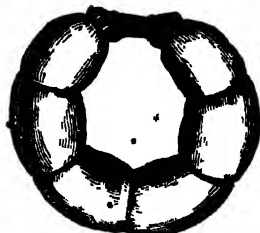


Fig. 6.

by the aid of his hammock if he secures the ends together (see Fig. 6) and places himself in the middle (see Fig. 7). Although the buoyancy is, as has already been said, enough to support three men if necessary, yet this will only be the case if they preserve their presence of mind, and do not attempt to raise themselves out of the water sufficiently to immerse the hammock. If the lashing has eight turns, one man should place himself between the second and third turns outside, another between the fourth and fifth inside, and the third between the sixth and seventh outside, so as to separate them as much as possible: the worst swimmer, or a wounded man, might be

placed in the inside berth.

The hammock-ends should be so secured that the lashing be outside, as the drawing the hammock-ends together will then tighten the lashing; whereas if the lashing is inside it will be

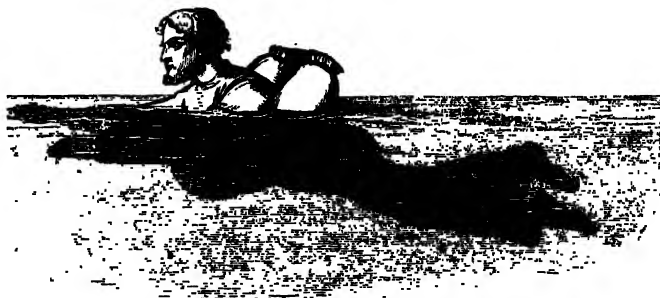


Fig. 7

either before or after the men are in the water, the latter can float between them with an arm over each hammock (see Fig. 5); and it will be found that the two hammocks can be steered by the hands in the water over and outside the hammocks, while the raft is propelled by the feet away from the sinking ship. Six men, if they are self-possessed and have been exercised in "hammock floating drill," could be supported by two hammocks; but of course there would be ordinarily only two men to each couple of hammocks.

Note.—A few mattresses for exercise in the water should be supplied to all men-of-war.

In a heavy breaking sea, the best way for life men to secure themselves from being washed away from the hammocks, should be the subject of experiment; also how to protect themselves from the blows of the breaking sea.

A single man will probably best support himself

loosened, and the hammock consequently get adrift.

It will probably be found preferable to have a toggle and a becket always secured at each end of the hammocks, which will very much facilitate and expedite the securing the ends together; as some time must necessarily elapse before the clews and laniards can be disentangled from the lashings, during which interval the man, fatigued, perhaps wounded, and too probably an imperfect swimmer, may collapse and sink.

When a man inside the circle of his hammock, after having secured the ends together, sees no immediate prospect of assistance from friend or enemy, he will begin, no doubt, to think how he can continue to support himself by aid of his hammock, with the least possible fatigue. He would find it difficult to unslung his hammock, but he could easily cut the fastenings close to the canvas, and if he knotted

the nettles of the two clews together he could make a long meshed net (with two laniards), in which, if the ends of the laniards were secured to each side of his hammock raft, he could sit with comfort and relieve the strain on his arms

remembering that the seat had better be sufficiently low under the water not to raise more than his chest out of it; in the position described he could not sink.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE SIXTIES OF GUERNSEY.

I WAS more than half-numb with cold by the time we landed at the quay, opposite the Sark office. The place was all alive, seeming the more busy and animated to me for the solitary six days I had been spending since last Sunday. The arrival of our boat, and especially my appearance in it, created quite a stir among the loungers who are always hanging about the pier. By this time every individual in St. Peter-port knew that Dr. Martin Dobrée had been missing for several days, having gone out in a fisherman's boat to Sark the Sunday previous. I had seen myself in the glass before leaving my chamber at Vaudin's, and to some extent I presented the haggard appearance of a shipwrecked man. A score of voices greeted me; some welcoming, some chaffing. "Glad to see you again, old fellow!" "What news from Sark?" "Been in quod for a week?" "His hair is not cut short!" "No; he has tarried in Sark till his beard be grown!" There was a circling laugh at this last jest at my appearance, which had been uttered by a good-tempered, jovial clergyman, who was passing by on his way to the town church. I did my best to laugh and banter in return, but it was like a bear dancing with a sore head. I felt gloomy and uncomfortable. A change had come over me since I left home, for my return was by no means an unmixed pleasure.

As I was proceeding along the quay, with a train of sympathising attendants, a man, who was driving a large cart piled with packages in cases, as if they had come in from England by the steamer, touched his hat to me, and stopped the horse. It was in order to inform me that he was conveying furniture which we—that is, Julia and I—had ordered, up to our new house, the windows of which I could see glistening in the morning sun. My spirits did not rise, even at this cheerful information. I looked coldly at the cases, bade the man go on, and shook off my train by taking an abrupt turn up a flight of steps leading directly into the Haute Rue.

I had chosen instinctively the nearest by-way homewards, but once in the Haute Rue, I did not pursue it. I turned again upon a sudden thought

towards the Market Square, to see if I could pick up any dainties there to tempt the delicate appetite of my Sark patient. Every step I took brought me into contact with some friend or acquaintance, whom I would have avoided gladly. The market was sure to be full of them, for the ladies of Guernsey, like Frenchwomen, would be there in shoals, with their maid-servants behind them to carry their purchases. Yet I turned towards it, as I said, braving both congratulations and curiosity, to see what I could buy for Tardif's "mam'zelle."

The square had all the peculiar animation of an early market where ladies do their own bargaining. As I had known beforehand, most of my acquaintances were there; for in Guernsey the feminine element predominates terribly, and most of my acquaintances were ladies. The peasant women behind the stalls also knew me. Most of the former nodded to me as I strolled slowly through the crowd, but they were much too busy to suspend their purchases in order to catechise me just then, being sure of me at a future time. I had not done badly in choosing the busiest street for my way home.

But as I left the Market Square I came suddenly upon Julia, face to face. It had all the effect of a shock upon me. Like many other women, she seldom looked well out of doors. The prevailing fashion never suited her, however the bonnets were worn, whether hanging down the neck or slouched over the forehead, rising spoon-shaped towards the sky or lying like a flat plate on the crown. Julia's bonnet always looked as if it had been made for somebody else. She was fond of wearing a shawl, which hung ungracefully about her, and made her figure look squarer and her shoulders higher than they really were. Her face struck sharply upon my brain, as if I had never seen it distinctly before; not a bad face, but unmistakably plain, and just now with a frown upon it, and her heavy eyebrows knitted forbiddingly. A pretty little basket was in her hand, and her mind was full of the bargains she was bent upon. She was even more surprised and startled by our encounter than I was, and her manner, when taken by surprise, was apt to be abrupt.

"Why, Martin!" she ejaculated.

"Well, Julia!" I said.

We stood looking at one another much in the same way as we used to do years before, when she had detected me in some boyish prank, and assumed the mentor whilst I felt a culprit. How really I felt a culprit at that moment she could not guess.

"I told you just how it would be," she said, in her mentor voice. "I knew there was a storm coming, and I begged and entreated of you not to

back in the first cutter that sailed," she went on. "I suppose you have just come in?"

"Yes," I said, "and I am half numbed with cold, and nearly famished with hunger. You don't give me as good a welcome as the Prodigal Son got, Julia."

"No," she answered, softening a little; "but I'm not sorry to see you safe again. I would turn back with you, but I like to do the marketing myself, for the servants will buy anything. Martin, a whole



"WHATSOEVER ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

go. Your mother has been ill all the week, and your father has been as cross as—as——"

"As two sticks," I suggested, precisely as I might have done when I was thirteen.

"It is nothing to laugh at," said Julia severely. "I shall say nothing about myself and my own feelings, though they have been most acute, the wind blowing a hurricane for twenty-four hours together, and we not sure that you had even reached Sark in safety. Your mother and I wanted to charter the *Rescue*, and send her over to fetch you home as soon as the worst of the storm was over, but my uncle pool-pooled it."

"I am very glad he did," I replied involuntarily.

"He said you would be more than ready to come

cart-load of our furniture is come in. You will find the invoice inside my davenport. We must go down this afternoon and superintend the unpacking."

"Very well," I said; "but I cannot stay longer now."

I did not go on with any lighter heart than before this meeting with Julia. I had scrutinised her face, voice, and manner with unwonted criticism. As a rule, a face that has been before us all our days is as seldom an object of criticism as any family portrait which has hung against the same place on the wall all our lifetime. The latter fills up a space which would otherwise be blank; the former does very little else. It never strikes you; it is almost

invisible to you. There would be a blank space left if it disappeared, and you could not fill it up from memory. A phantom has been living, breathing, moving beside you, with vanishing features and no very real presence.

I had, therefore, for the first time criticised my future wife. It was a good, honest, plain, sensible face, with some fine insidious lines about the corners of the eyes and lips, and across the forehead. They could hardly be called wrinkles yet, but they were the first faint sketch of them, and it is impossible to obliterate the lightest touch etched by Time. She was five years older than I—thirty-three last birthday. There was no more chance for our Guernsey girls to conceal their age than for the unhappy daughters of peers, whose dates are faithfully kept, and recorded in the Peerage. The upper classes of the island, who were linked together by endless and intricate ramifications of relationship, formed a kind of large family, with some of its advantages and many of its drawbacks. In one sense we had many things in common; our family histories were public property, as also our private characters and circumstances. For instance, my own engagement to Julia, and our approaching marriage, gave almost as much interest to the island as though we were members of each household.

I have looked out a passage in the standard work upon the Channel Islands. They are the words of an Englishman who was studying us more philosophically than we imagined. Unknown to ourselves we had been under his microscope. "At a period not very distant, society in Guernsey grouped itself into two divisions—one, including those families who prided themselves on ancient descent and landed estates, and who regarded themselves as the *pur sang*; and the other, those whose fortunes had chiefly been made during the late war or in trade. The former were called *Sixties*, the latter were the *Forties*."

Now Julia and I belonged emphatically to the Sixties. We had never been debased by trade, and a *misalliance* was not known in our family. To be sure, my father had lost a fortune instead of making one in any way; but that did not alter his position or mine. We belonged to the aristocracy of Guernsey, and *noblesse oblige*. As for my marriage with Julia, it was so much the more interesting as the number of marriageable men was extremely limited; and she was considered favoured indeed by fate, which had provided for her a cousin willing to settle down for life in the island.

Still more greetings, more inquiries, more jokes, as I went by my way homewards. I had become very weary of them before I turned into our own drive. My father was just starting off on horseback. He looked exceedingly well on horseback, being a very handsome man, and in excellent pre-

servation. His hair, as white as snow, was thick and well curled, and his face almost without a wrinkle. He had married young, and was not more than twenty-five years older than myself. He stopped, and extended two fingers to me.

"So you are back, Martin," he said. "It has been a confounded nuisance, you being out of the way; and such weather for a man of my years! I had to ride out three miles to lance a baby's gums, confound it! in all that storm on Tuesday. Mrs. Durande has been very ill too; all your patients have been troublesome. But it must have been awfully dull work for you out yonder. What did you do with yourself, eh? Make love to some of the pretty Sark girls behind Julia's back, eh?"

My father kept himself young, as he was very fond of stating; his style of conversation was eminently so. It jarred upon my ears more than ever after Tardif's grave and solemn words, and often deep thoughts. I was on the point of answering sharply, but I checked myself.

"The weather has been awful," I said. "How did my mother bear it?"

"She has been like an old hen clucking after her duckling in the water," he replied. "She has been fretting and fuming after you all the week. If it had been me out in Sark, she would have slept soundly and ate heartily; as it was you, she has neither slept nor ate. You are quite an old woman's pet, Martin. As for me, there is no love lost between old women and me."

"Good morning, sir," I said, turning away, and hurrying on to the house. I heard him laugh lightly, and hum an opera air as he rode off, sitting his horse with the easy seat of a thorough horseman. He would never set up a carriage as long as he could ride like that. I watched him out of sight, and then went in to seek my poor mother.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A CLUE TO THE SECRET

SHE was lying on the sofa in the breakfast-room, with the Venetian blinds down to darken the morning sunshine. Her eyes were closed, though she held in her hands the prayer-book, from which she had been reading as usual the Psalms for the day. I had time to take note of the extreme fragility of her appearance, which doubtless I noticed the more plainly for my short absence. Her hands were very thin, and her cheeks hollow. A few silver threads were growing amongst her brown hair, and a line or two between her eyebrows were becoming deeper. But whilst I was looking at her, though I made no sort of sound or movement, she seemed to feel that I was there; and after looking up she started from her sofa, and flung her arms about me, pressing closer and closer.

"Oh, Martin, my boy! my darling!" she sobbed,

"thank God you are come back safe! Oh, I have been very rebellious, very unbelieving. I ought to have known that you would be safe. Oh, I am thankful!"

"So am I, mother," I said, kissing her, "and very hungry into the bargain."

I knew that would check her hysterical excitement. She looked up at me with smiles and tears on her face; but the smiles won the day.

"That is so like you, Martin," she said; "I believe your ghost would say those very words. You are always hungry when you come home. Well, my boy shall have the best breakfast in Guernsey. Sit down, then, and let me wait upon you."

That was just what pleased her most whenever I came in from some ride into the country. She was a woman with fondling, caressing little ways, such as Julia could no more perform gracefully than an elephant could waltz. My mother enjoyed fetching my slippers, and warming them herself by the fire, and carrying away my boots when I took them off. No servant was permitted to do any of these little offices for me—that is, when my father was out of the way. If he was there my mother sat still, and left me to wait on myself, or ring for a servant. Never in my recollection had she done anything of the kind for my father. Had she watched and waited upon him thus in the early days of their married life, until some neglect or unfaithfulness of his had cooled her love for him? I sat down as she bade me, and had my slippers brought, and felt her fingers passed fondly through my hair.

"You have come back like a barbarian," she said, "rougher than Tardif himself. How have you managed, my boy? You must tell me all about it as soon as your hunger is satisfied."

"As soon as I have had my breakfast, mother, I must put up a few things in a hamper to go back by the Sark cutter," I answered.

"What sort of things?" she asked. "Tell me, and I will be getting them ready for you."

"Well, there will be some physic, of course," I said; "you cannot help me in that. But you can find things suitable for a delicate appetite; jelly, you know, and jams, and marmalade; anything nice that comes to hand. And some good port wine, and a few amusing books."

"Books!" echoed my mother.

I recollected at once that the books she might select, as being suited to a Sark peasant, would hardly prove interesting to my patient. I could not do better than go down to Barbet's circulating library, and look out some good works there.

"Well, no," I said; "never mind the books. If you will look out the other things, those can wait."

"Who are they for?" asked my mother.

"For my patient," I replied, devoting myself to the breakfast before me.

"What sort of a patient, Martin?" she inquired again.

"Her name is Ollivier," I said. "A common name. Our postman's name is Ollivier."

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I know several families of Olliviers. I dare say I should know this person if you could tell me her Christian name. Is it Jane, or Martha, or Rachel?"

"I don't know," I said; "I did not ask."

Should I tell my mother about my mysterious patient? I hesitated for a minute or two. But to what good? It was not my habit to talk about my patients and their ailments. I left them all behind me when I crossed the threshold of home. My mother's brief curiosity had been satisfied with the name of Ollivier, and she made no further inquiries about her. But to expedite me in my purpose, she rang, and gave orders for old Pellet, our only manservant, to find a strong hamper, and told the cook to look out some jars of preserve.

The packing of that hamper interested me wonderfully; and my mother, rather amazed at my taking the superintendence of it in person, stood by me in her store closet, letting me help myself liberally. There was a good space left after I had taken sufficient to supply Miss Ollivier with good things for some weeks to come. If my mother had not been by I should have filled it up with books.

"Give me a loaf or two of white bread," I said; "the bread at Tardif's is coarse and hard, as I know after eating it for a week. A loaf, if you please, dear mother."

"Whatever are you doing here, Martin?" exclaimed Julia's unwelcome voice behind me. Her bilious attack had not quite passed away, and her tones were somewhat sharp and raspy.

"He has been living on Tardif's coarse fare for a week," answered my mother; "so now he has compassion enough for his Sark patient to pack up some dainties for her. If you could only give him one or two of your bad headaches he would have more sympathy for you."

"Have you had one of your headaches, Julia?" I inquired.

"The worst I ever had," she answered. "It was partly your going off in that rash way, and the storm that came on after, and the fright we were in. You must not think of going again, Martin. I shall take care you don't go after we are married."

Julia had been used to speak out as calmly about our marriage as if it was no more than going to a pic-nic. It grated upon me just then; though it had been much the same with myself. There was no delightful agitation about the future that lay before us. We were going to set up house-keeping by ourselves, and that was all. There was no mystery in it; no problem to be solved; no discovery to be made on either side. There would be no Blue Beard's chamber in our dwelling. We had

grown up together; now we had agreed to grow old together. That was the sum total of marriage to Julia and me.

I finished packing the hamper, and sent Pellet with it to the Sark office, having addressed it to Tardif, who had engaged to be down at the Creux Harbour to receive it when the cutter returned. Then I made a short and hurried toilet, which by this time had become essential to my re-appearance in civilised society. But I was in haste to secure a parcel of books before the cutter should start home again, with its courageous little knot of market people. I ran down to Barbet's, scarcely heeding the greetings which were flung after me by every passer-by. I looked through the library shelves with growing dissatisfaction, until I hit upon two of Mrs. Gaskell's novels, "*Pride and Prejudice*," by Jane Austen, and "*David Copperfield*." Besides these, I chose a book for Sunday reading, as my observations upon my mother and Julia had taught me that my patient could not read a novel on a Sunday with a quiet conscience.

Barbet brought half a sheet of an old *Times* to form the first cover of my parcel. The shop was crowded with market people, and as he was busy I undertook to pack them myself, the more willingly as I had no wish for him to know what direction I wrote upon them. I was about to fold the newspaper round them, when my eye was caught by an advertisement at the top of one of the columns, the first line of which was printed in capitals. I recollected in an instant that I had seen it and read it before. This was what I had tried in vain to recall whilst Tardif was describing Miss Ollivier to me. "*Strayed from her home in London, on the 20th inst., a young lady with bright brown hair, grey eyes, and delicate features; age twenty-one. She is believed to have been alone. Was dressed in a blue silk dress, and seal-skin jacket and hat. Fifty pounds reward is offered to any person giving such information as will lead to her restoration to her friends. Apply to Messrs. Scott and Brown, Gray's Inn Road, E.C.*"

I stood perfectly still for some seconds, staring blankly at the very simple advertisement under my eyes. There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that it had a direct reference to my pretty patient in Sark. I had a reason for recollecting the date of Tardif's return from London, it was just after the mournful disaster off the Havre Gosselin, when four gentlemen and a boatman had been lost during a squall. But I had no time for deliberation then, and I tore off a large corner of the *Times* containing that and other advertisements, and thrust it unseen into my pocket. After that I went on with my work, and succeeded in turning out a creditable-looking parcel, which I carried down myself to the Sark cutter.

Before I returned home I made two or three half

professional calls upon patients whom my father had visited during my absence. Everywhere I had to submit to numerous questions as to my adventures and pursuits during my week's exile. At each place curiosity seemed to be quite satisfied with the information that the young woman who had been hurt by a fall from the cliffs was an Ollivier. With that freedom and familiarity which exists among us, I was rallied for my evident absence and pre-occupation of mind, which were pleasantly ascribed to the well-known fact that a large quantity of furniture for our new house had arrived from England whilst I was away. These friends of mine could tell me the colours of the curtains, and the patterns of the carpets, and the style of my chairs and tables; so engrossingly interesting to all our circle was our approaching marriage.

In the meantime I had no leisure to study and ponder over the advertisement, which by so odd a chance had come into my hands. That must be reserved till I was alone at night.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH

JULIA'S WEDDING-DRESS.

YET I found my attention wandering, and my wits wool-gathering, even in the afternoon, when I had gone down with Julia and my mother to the new house, to see after the unpacking of that load of furniture. I can imagine circumstances in which nothing could be more delightful than the care with which a man prepares a home for his future wife. The very tint of the walls, and the way the light falls in through the windows, would become matters of grave importance. In what pleasant spot shall her favourite chair be placed? And what picture shall hang opposite it to catch her eye the oftenest? Where is her piano to stand? What china, and glass, and silver is she to use? Where are the softest carpets to be found for her feet to tread? In short, where is the very best and daintiest everything to be had, for the best and daintiest little bride the sun ever shone on?

There was not the slightest flavour of this sentiment in our furnishing of the new house. It was really more Julia's business than mine. We had had dozens of furnishing lists to peruse from the principal houses in London and Paris, as if even there it was a well-understood thing that Julia and I were going to be married. We had toiled through these catalogues, making pencil-marks in them, as though they were catalogues of an Art Exhibition. We had prudently settled the precise sum (of Julia's money) which we were to lay out. Julia's taste did not often agree with mine, as she had no eye for the harmonies of colour—a singular deficiency among us, as most of the Guernsey women are born artists. We were constantly compelled to come to a compromise, each yielding some point; not without a secret misgiving on my part that the

new house would have many an eyesore about it for me. But then it was Julia's money that was doing it, and after all she was more anxious to please me than I deserved.

That afternoon Pellet and I, like two assistants in a furnishing house, unrolled carpets and stretched them along the floors before the critical gaze of my mother and Julia. We unpacked chairs and tables, scanning anxiously for damages on the polished wood, and setting them one after another in a row against the walls.

I went about the place as if in some dream. The house commanded a splendid view of the whole group of the Channel Islands, and the rocky islets innumerable strewn about the sea. The afternoon sun was shining full upon Sark, and whenever I looked through the window I could see the cliffs of the Havre Gosselin, purple in the distance, with a silver thread of foam at their foot. No wonder that my thoughts wandered, and the words my mother and Julia were speaking went in at one ear and out at the other. Certainly I was dreaming; but which part was the dream?

"I don't believe he cares a straw about the carpets!" exclaimed Julia, in a disappointed tone.

"I do indeed, dear Julia," I said, bringing myself back to the carpets. Here I had been obliged to give in to Julia's taste. She had set her mind upon having flowers in her drawing-room carpet, and there they were, large garlands of bright-coloured blossoms, very gay and, as I ventured to remark to myself, very gaudy.

"You like it better than you did in the pattern?" she asked anxiously.

I did not like it one whit better, but I should have been a brute if I had said so. She was gazing at it and me with so troubled an expression, that I felt it necessary to set her mind at ease.

"It is certainly handsomer than the pattern?" I said, regarding it attentively; "very much handsomer."

"You like it better than the plain thing you chose at first?" pursued Julia.

I was about to be hunted into a corner, and forced into denying my own taste—a process almost more painful than denying one's faith—when my mother came to my rescue. She could read us both as an open book, and knew the precise moment to come between us.

"Julia, my love," she said, "remember that we wish to show Martin those patterns whilst it is daylight. To-morrow is Sunday, you know."

A little tinge of colour crept over Julia's tintless face as she told Pellet he might go. I almost wished I might be dismissed too; but it was only a vague, wordless wish. We then drew near to the window, from which we could see Sark so clearly, and Julia drew out of her pocket a very large envelope, which was bursting with its contents.

They were small scraps of white silk and white satin. I took them mechanically into my hand, and could not help admiring their pure, lustrous, glossy beauty. I passed my fingers over them softly. There was something in the sight of them that moved me, as if they were fragments of the shining garments of some vision, which in times gone by, when I was much younger, had now and then floated before my fancy. I did not know any one lovely enough to wear raiment of glistening white like these, unless—unless— A passing glimpse of the pure white face, and glossy hair, and deep grey eyes of my Sark patient flashed across me.

"They are patterns for Julia's wedding-dress," said my mother, in a low, tender voice.

END OF CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

APRIL'S SONG TO MAN.

DEEP in the woodland's heart my white and purple violets grow,
And in my life-diffusing air the frailest wind-flowers blow.
Ye worklings! dull and weary of the city's heavy hours,
Come forth into the sunshine, and be happy with my flowers.

The world is full of blessings, if ye would but watch them spring,
Yet some ears are dull of hearing when the sweetest song-birds sing;
And mists of gloom have power to obscure the seeing eye,
Though Love and Hope be melting every cloud upon the sky.

Young mother! weave a rainbow from the last drops of thy tears,
While gazing on the golden glow that in my heaven appears,
Beneath the Holy City's light that bathes thine earliest born,
Who waits in it to welcome thee to Joy's eternal morn.

Come forth! my moss is tender and benign to way-worn feet;
I will give thee wood-lark's warble for the discord of the street.
Come forth into my sunshine, all gloomy hearts that be,
And feel the blessings of God's love in everything ye see!

JANE DIXON.

FOR BABY'S SAKE.

BY L. KNATCHBULL HUGESSEN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE SECOND.



MUST have died but for baby. Her tiny hand sought my mouth. She tried to beat me, in play—only in play. I could but smother her with kisses, and when I looked up again the faceless man was slowly fading into the gloom.

This shocked me more than all that had gone before. I began to think that the month would never end. I had not been thirty-six hours in the house, and I felt less able to brave its terrors than at first.

All that night my darling was ailing. I feared she was very ill, and all my thoughts were fixed upon her. I longed for mother. I resolved that if she were no better by morning I would run for a doctor, even though I gave up all hopes of the house by so doing. I hardly lay down at all, but was walking up and down with her all night long. It was a strange, dreamy time, for although I was so entirely engrossed, I was all the time dimly conscious that I was not alone. The air seemed thick, and at times so oppressive that I could scarcely breathe. I could hardly move my limbs. I seemed to be wading through deep waters or heavy sand. Sometimes a strong wind drove me backwards. More than once my hair was pulled down, my gown plucked, my very shoes knocked off. Yet I saw nothing; I heard nothing. Day dawned at last. baby slept calmly. With the light my senses brightened, and I felt proud of having passed through a second night unharmed.

After some rest and a good breakfast, I resolved to explore the house. It was a bold step, but I felt I should be happier when it was done. We set off, baby and I, and we left no hole or corner unsearched. It was a wonderful place, and in days gone by I would have died sooner than sleep in it a single night; but now my heart beat high, as I partly recognised the value of the fittings, and of the antique furniture. It must have been very, very old. Some of the panellings and carvings were most curious, and the tapestry might have been worth a fortune. I had picked up some knowledge of these things from my late mistress, who loved them dearly. I felt very brave, and decidedly encouraged for the work before me when we returned to our own room. I needed all the courage. As I opened the door my eyes fell on the faceless man. He was sitting by the fire, bending over it and stirring something in a saucepan.

The action recalled my poor mother to my mind. How often we had eagerly watched for her to take

off the pot, and how bitterly we had cried when there was not enough to go round! Baby's soft arms were round my neck. Never, never should she have that to bear. I advanced bravely, and called out, "Now, master, make off. Baby and I are coming."

As before, the man faded slowly away.

And now a thing happened so extraordinary that I doubt if it can be matched in all the annals of ghost-seers. The door-bell rang, or rather clanked, for so stiff had it become that it could hardly be said to ring. My longing to rush to the door, to look in the face and grasp the hand of a human being, was almost uncontrollable. But I resisted it. I feared to break the conditions by which baby was to have the house. I did, however, go to the window, which commanded a partial view of the court, and I was astonished to see the postman hurrying away as if for dear life. I went to the front door, and to my surprise an ill-folded letter met my view. It had probably been pushed through the top of the door, and had fallen on the floor. Who could write to me, I wondered, and for what? I took it up. It was addressed as follows:—

"To my Ghost without a Face,

"Fargate House,

"Blank Street, Loomchester."

I hesitated. Should I open it? Should I await the re-appearance of the faceless man? All that day I was in doubt, but as the light faded I could no longer resist a strong desire to learn the contents. With baby in my arms I opened it. Villanously written and spelt, it ran somewhat as follows:—

"To my Ghost.

"I, Richard Baxter, do hereby desire you my ghost for evermore, Amen, to be at rest if the power in you doth lie. Convinced I are that I were possessed, and that the harm you do now with the others at Fargate House is even greater than that that we did together when I lived there in the Body and did his deeds who is out of me now. "Charge you by the Powers ye wot of to Be still.

"Signed and written by me,

"— Hospital."

"RICHARD BAXTER."

Underneath was the following:—

"The writer of the above is at present an inmate of the — Hospital. He is of perfectly sound mind, and partially retains his eyesight, although suffering from the effects of an accident which has almost entirely destroyed his face, and rendered his recovery impossible. He avers that his career has been one of vice, that his early life was spent in Loomchester, and that his worst crime was committed in that city, in a house known as Fargate House, Blank Street; that the memory of that crime has never left him, and that he is fully convinced and perfectly conscious that although still in

the body elsewhere, his spirit has ever since haunted that said house, and in conjunction with other spirits, still more depraved, has rendered it impossible for any human being there to reside. Knowing himself to be at the point of death, and being deeply sensible of the enormity of his sins, he now desires by every possible means to make amends for the past, and it is by his own very strong desire that he has addressed the above lines to Fargate House, and that this explanation is added by us, the undersigned. Should any one be residing at Fargate House when this letter is delivered, Richard Baxter humbly requests that he or she will place it in the room known as the East room, which he describes as being entered by a door on which three griffins and a serpent are carved in black oak, and further to distinguish the room, he declares that it has three windows looking into a court-yard and almost covered by the boughs of some bay-trees. The particulars of his crime are as follow:—In the course of his wanderings he had married one Junia Burrowes, a gipsy girl, but finding a comfortable service at Fargate House, had left her. She traced him, and as he found his security endangered by her visits, he laid a plan to murder her, and did so, by drowning her in a tank outside the window. Hardly was the deed done before a horror of the place took possession of him, and he fled; nor has he ever entered Loomchester since, although he remains convinced that his spirit haunts Fargate House to this day.

"(Signed) EDWARD HOLTON, } House Surgeon,
ABRAHAM TREPPINGTON, } — Hospital."

When I had finished reading this extraordinary paper, I took it at once to the East room, which I could not doubt was the one I had hitherto occupied. But from that moment my horror of the room was so great, that I felt I could not pass another night there. I peered out of the window, and plainly discerned a corner of the tank, and I pictured to myself distinctly the still form resting therein. It was too horrible, and I resolved to move at once. It did not take me long to drag my things across the hall to another room. 'T was darker, certainly, but what mattered that at night? It was smaller, but it would light up all the better. By nightfall we were established. Baby seemed pleased at the change, and she talked so much to herself in her own pretty humming language, that I began to think she would soon speak, though she was so very young. It would be nice, I thought, if she said her first word in her own house, and I tried hard to make her do so. We grew quite merry over it, and I really believe she understood what I wanted, for she tried hard to frame her pretty lips to a word. At last she went off to sleep, and I took up a bit of sewing.

The place was very still—so still that I almost seemed to hear the silence. The very fire glowed and burned without any noise, and I began to feel it most oppressive, and to wish myself back in the other room, where at least the boughs outside tapped against the windows. My heart was beating faster than usual, and in that dead silence its throbs seemed to echo through the room. My very breathing sounded loud, and I remember thinking that I had never known before what noisy creatures we are. When baby turned round and gave a little cry in her sleep, I started as if some one had run a knife into me. I went and knelt by her, and the great silence continued. Suddenly it was broken—by a voice. Clear and unearthly, it seemed to thrill

me in every nerve. It was in the house, in a distant room, and it came nearer and nearer slowly, singing a sad, sad air. Then the door opened, and the figure of a young girl, with straightened limbs and long black hair, glided into the room. Her clothes and hair were dripping wet, and clung to her dead form. Her mouth was slightly open, and though her lips moved not, the clear, sweet notes came from them as she passed before me, with deep black eyes upraised. There was no other door, but she went straight on, and vanished from my sight into the blank wall. I hardly breathed till the last faint note of her song died away, and then almost involuntarily I snatched up my child, and woke her by the vehemence of my caresses. Nothing else would still the growing terror at my heart. Could I—could I ever live through the rest of such a week, and then another, and another, and another? Yes! I was resolved. I both could and would for the sake of my darling. But I no longer dreamed of the home to which she would come when her school days were over. I only wondered who would care for her when the month should be past, the prize won, and her mother at rest in the quiet church-yard—for I began to feel now that the victory would be dearly bought. Ah! had I but guessed the price!

These were my thoughts during the next day, and the next, and the next. For so long did I hold my ground against the phantom shapes which during that time continued to appear to me. The faceless man came no more, but night after night that unearthly song broke upon an unnatural stillness—and night after night the gipsy girl glided past me. The hands too and the face came again, and at night many shapes filled the room; but still they kept their distance, for still my baby was first in my heart—nay, I should say she filled it so entirely that fear was banished. And yet my melancholy increased. Instead of feeling more and more triumphant I grew sad, subdued, even gloomy, and as I said before, when I dwelt upon the future of my child, it was a future guarded by no mother's love. On the sixth evening of our stay in the haunted house, I was as usual crouching on the floor with baby in my arms, thinking my own sad thoughts, when I chanced to turn my head to the door.

Could I believe my eyes? My husband stood before me. Did I pause for one moment to remember that he was lying many feet below the ground? Did I suspect for one second that my eyes were deceiving me? Not for the twentieth part of a second. Fears, terrors, sorrows, all were gone. I sprang towards him. His face was very, very sad and grave, but he held out his arms for the child. I held her towards him—I placed her in his very arms. And then—and then—could it be? He faded away—he was gone—vanished! and a mocking laugh sounded in my ears. By a miracle

I saved baby from a fall, and then like one distraught I rushed out into the hall. Darkness and silence met me. I flew back to snatch up a light. Fear I had none. I rushed from room to room, I searched for him, I called—implored—entreated; for I knew, ah! I knew he was there. He must be in the house—somewhere in the house. I searched in vain, though baby and I penetrated into the gloomiest corners, where, even by daylight I had hesitated to enter. I came back utterly disheartened, and prostrate with the renewed poignancy of a grief which had never left me. For the moment even my child was but second in my heart—the thought of her faded from my mind. I had no care but for him.

Alas, that it should have been like this! It was only for a moment—a single moment, but that was time enough to do the work. I crept to the fire, I laid baby down, and I sank on the floor in utter desolation—nay, I will tell it all, I disregarded her feeble cry, my precious one. Had I but taken her to my heart, they could not have hurt her while she was shielded by a mother's love. It was but for a moment, I have said, but in that moment all was lost. I know it now—I know it. Mocking voices filled the air—jeering laughter, cries and shrieks. Tom's voice was there. He called me, now here, now there, angrily, scornfully, wildly, tauntingly. I tried to rise, to go to him. I tried to go to my child, for her cries had reached my heart. I was torn two ways, and my courage and resolve were gone. Terror filled my heart—deadly terror. My eyes seemed bursting from their sockets as I glared into the darkness, and strove to see what I yet dreaded. I dragged myself to my feet; I planted my back against the wall, and clung with all my might to the great chimney-piece. Drops of agony burst out on my forehead, cold drops of moisture; my breath came in spasms; and still the voices mocked me, and still my child called for me, moaning as if in pain; and terror held me powerless.

Suddenly there was a great silence, a silence so sudden and so profound that I dared not stir, a

silence more awful than the clamour. And then my eyes, wildly roaming into every corner, fell upon a something dimly shadowed forth in the air.

Slowly the features of a face grew and gathered in the darkness—such a face as I had never seen before. It seemed all eyes, and the eyes were looking at me—looking through and through me. I could not escape from them. Even when I hid my face I felt them upon me. And baby felt them too, for her moanings grew into shrieks. Once more all the mother awoke in my heart. Too late—alas! alas! too late. With a hoarse cry I dragged myself to her side, and with almost dying strength folded her in my arms. But those piercing eyes now approached us, gliding nearer and nearer through the darkness, with horrible intensity fixed upon her sweet face. I bent over her, I cradled her in my arms, in vain—in vain. Whichever way I turned, the remorseless eyes were there. Her cries were piercing shrieks, she quivered in every limb, and still they looked, closing in nearer and nearer. Her screams might have roused the dead, echoing through the empty rooms of that haunted house; and the eyes gazed on unmoved, as she clung to me in agony, like one many times her age. Her strength began to fail, my darling—my darling. I saw the colour fade from her soft cheeks; I saw the light die out of her eyes. Black lines as from days of fever settled around them. Was I dreaming? Had she been ill for weeks? Was there no help—no pity? With the courage of despair I strove to make a rush at the door—Ha! What was this? The sweet blue eyes grew fixed, the tiny features sharpened—They can hurt her no more—they have looked her to death!

When I knew it, when it found my heart, and struck the blow which has made life a desert to me, I clasped the little body to my breast, and rushed out of the house.

That is my tale. Life was over for me then, and this living death begun. Let me go. They will take me now to that dark, soft room, for they say I am mad.

BEFORE THE FIRE.



MOAN, moan, wind!
Moan and murmur low!
Solace sad I find
When thou sorrowest so,
Sounding back my woe.

Moan, wind, moan!
Sob and wail and sigh!
Here I long alone—
Long for joy gone by,
Joy too dear to die.

Wail, wind, wail!
Sob to sigh and tear!
Will thy sobs avail
To call gladness here,
Joy that once was dear?

Die, fire, die!
Down to ashes grey!
Wandering wind, wail by!
Canst thou call a day,
A form that's far away?

THE BEACON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF PHYLLIS"



"A TORCH, WITH ITS EYES ALOW."



FACE at a window, white
As the face of ghost, in vain
Out-stares the watches of night
Through the blur of gusty rain :

"Never, oh, never, never !"
The wind and the rain croon o'er,
"The sea rolls on for ever,
But the ship returns no more !"

The watcher slept, and sleeping
 She saw where the night was black ;
 Through fog the ship was creeping,
 And doubtful and strange her track.
 Her sides the storm had riven,
 To streamers her sails were rent,
 And from the westward driven,
 All stricken and maimed she went.

Out of the black, on her lee,
 There flashed a glimmer of flame—
 A gleam upon mist and sea,
 That flickering went and came ;
 And they of the ship were glad,
 And merrily tacked, and bore
 With the will and strength they had
 For the beacon on the shore.

A perilous shore, that rose
 Sheer flint from the seething wave,
 Where the sunken rocks enclose
 The bounds of a hidden grave ;

And under it one crept low,
 Uplifting and waving there
 A torch, with its eyes aglow,
 And flame as of streaming hair.

O treacherous light, that glowed
 Where the demon wreckers wait !
 O fated vessel, that rode
 So cheerily to its fate !
 There came a shock and a rush
 Of waters—a cry !—and then
 A crash—and a sudden hush,
 And horror of drowning men !

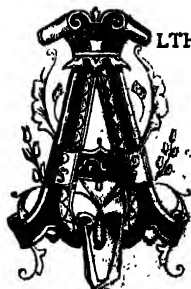
The face at the window, white
 As the face of ghost, again
 Out-stares the watches of night
 Through the blur of gusty rain.
 "Never, oh, never, never !"
 The wind and the rain croon o'er,
 "The sea rolls on for ever,
 But the ship returns no more !"

GREAT PYRAMID STANDARDS OF JUSTICE AND MEASURE.

BY THIAZZI SMYTH, ASTRONOMER ROYAL FOR SCOTLAND.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTION.



ALTHOUGH not taken up yet by any of our chief political leaders, few questions bearing on politics and looming large in the future have been brought up oftener before the public during the last few years, at small but continually increasing meetings, than the question of altering or entirely changing our national weights and measures—those tangible signs and practical symbols by which all our trade both abroad and at home is, and ever has been, regulated and justified.

Nor is this movement of the present day confined to Great Britain alone, for America, Germany, Russia, are each of them supplied with their native metrological (that is, weights and measures) agitators—beings half scientific, half political, but ever bent in restless inquietude on improving their countrymen by inaugurating a change most revolutionary and utterly subversive of everything of its kind that has yet been.

In Belgium, Holland, Italy, Austria, the deed has already been done ; for there they have sacrificed whatever they once had of the national and hereditary in weights and measures, though descended to them from even pre-historic times,

and have substituted in place that most artificial, most impractical, though very pretty invention made by some French philosophers comparatively only the other day, viz., their so-called *Metrical* system of weights and measures.

But do peace and satisfaction therefore reign in those countries ? By no means ; they have "confusion worse confounded." Each Government and its minions, including a few affected scientists, employ their new French importations, while the common people adhere steadily to their historical heritage. Then their Government issues penal enactments to compel them to drop the old things they have used so long, and make them forget also the old words and familiar names, and learn new ones of uncouth sound and fearful length ; while they, the poor suffering, unoffending, misunderstood people, though somewhat cowed in the towns, resist openly in the country, and secret disaffection grows apace. How, too, should it be otherwise ? For when not even in France itself is the metrical system successfully and thoroughly established, how could it be expected ever to become universally followed and truly loveable in the eyes of other nations, endowed with far greater reverence for their forefathers, and steady attachment to their national habits, than any one has ever accused the French of in the present generation ?

But why should all this misery be incurred ? Or

what is the source of the driving power that infatuates men just now wilfully, extravagantly, to bring down such confusion on their heads in every country of Christendom?

They say it is because all humanity is, at this moment, in the throes of a grand transitional change from the small and confined past to a higher, more expanded species of existence in the future, wherein the brotherhood of man shall triumph over national separations, and the whole human race shall form only one confederated family; the chief symbol of which, as well as one of the most powerful agencies to bring it about, shall be one weight and one measure for all commercial dealings over the entire earth, from pole to pole and from east to west.

Some of these ideas or hopes may be well enough; but is it to be perpetually impossible for any step of human improvement to be effected except through the agency of revolutionary overturnings, penal enactments, and possibly seas of blood?

Quite so, if man will insist on humanly cutting the Gordian knot tied originally with more than human wisdom; but altogether otherwise if he patiently and earnestly waits on and believes in the intended developments, as well as the original Divine creation and first establishment of man in a high position on this earth-ball we inhabit.

The brotherhood of man, and the truth that all men are composed of the same flesh and blood, is no new idea just discovered by, and only fully apparent to, radical Communists and the advocates of the French metrical system. Indeed a study of the historic weights and measures of all nations would soon of itself show such legible traces of certain, and often very nearly the same, standards and units among many peoples, Latins as well as Teutonic, Saxon, and Slavic, besides Asiatics and Africans, as to testify in no doubtful manner to something kindred in the *origin* of all of them, whatever may be the destiny of their *ultimate* relations. But as this method of research would be both tedious in itself and ill-adapted to prospective views, it is well for all men to know that there has been recently opened up a shorter way, a surer and more positive method—viz., by the study of a monument, prepared without doubt in the beginning of the world as regards intellectual and religious man, and yet not only still existing in these latter days, but rich in knowledge, instruction, advice in things scientific, and more particularly in things metrological, even for the most learned among us. In fact, instruction of a kind and degree which no age but the present has ever been fitted to understand or been able to appreciate, and of which none but the future may be intended to realise the full advantages. This monument is the Great Pyramid in Egypt.

At the very mention of this name, unfortunately, many religious-minded men depart, remarking

"How can anything pure, anything but what is vile, come out of Egypt?" Rationalistic spirits, again, exclaim against the very idea of the long progressively developed science of the present day having anything to learn from old pre-historic ages, which had closed in thick ignorance long before any of the schools of philosophy were founded. A few earnest and able men, however, have asked, "What is the metrological teaching of the Great Pyramid?"

To these few we now address ourselves, and undertake on the facts alone, which are not of our making, to show (1) that the standards and units of weight and measure which the Great Pyramid inculcates are not Egyptian; and were never known to Egyptians, though the building of course was; (2) that they are more exactly and completely endowed with earth-globe commensurability than any system ever yet known amongst men; (3) that they yet ally themselves closely with those standards and units which have been the greatest favourites with the greatest numbers of all peoples, through all history down to the present day, though never suspected to have any scientific foundation; and (4) that the arithmetic of the system is simple, easy, and equally well adapted to theory and practice, to calculation and work, and in a marked and even intended degree to adoption by the whole human race, in some future age when they shall have much more inter-communication still with each other, than they at present enjoy.

THE GREAT PYRAMID'S CLAIMS TO MODERN ATTENTION, FOR ITS POSITION.

The first step for the intelligent inquirer to make in the case now before us, is to separate the Great Pyramid, in itself, its attributes, and more especially in the nature and objects of its design, as well as the person of its designer (though not of the workmen who involuntarily and unknowingly carried out that design), from everything else Egyptian, and even from the other pyramids of Egypt.

Now, in this point universal human instinct has already been remarkably assisted; for though some book-learned moderns will persist in talking of "the pyramids," and will not allow that the "Great one" is sensibly different from hosts of others; yet all those men who have at any period been to Egypt, from the time of Herodotus, 2,300 years ago, down to the thousands of visitors in our own day, invariably single out the Great from all the other pyramids, and devote almost if not absolutely all their attention to it, and it alone. And yet only when a thoroughly scientific examination begins is positive *proof* obtained, that there are numerous tangible data amenable to modern measure, which, being found abundantly and in order in the Great Pyramid, make it positively vocal with soul-meaning of the highest kind throughout all its structure, but

are totally wanting in every other pyramid that stands in Egyptian land.

Some preparatory conclusions may, however, be usefully culled from the study of the pyramids generally, as carried on by the hieroglyphic and Egyptological scholars of modern times. They teach for instance well in questions of comparative chronology, and have therein fully established (1) that Egyptian civilisation is the oldest known in the world—not only far older than that of Greece and Rome, but older also than Phœnician, Assyrian, and Hebrew; (2) that in that old Egyptian land, the architectural monuments are older than any other of its remains that have come down to us; (3) that of its architectural monuments the pyramids are the oldest, and were indeed only built during a comparatively short period of the very earliest portion of Egyptian being and nationality; and (4) that of all its pyramids, the Great Pyramid is certainly among the oldest; if it be not the very first and oldest of the series: they being, however, all pre-historic together, and far earlier than any piece of literature that has descended to our times from any people whatever.

But when we approach *absolute* chronology, and desire to know *how* old any particular pyramid is, then the Egyptologists fail us; one of them saying 5,000, another 6,000, and another even 7,000, or many more thousands of years, quite *ad libitum*; for none of the monuments of Egypt have any means of showing absolute dates—except indeed the Great Pyramid; and there it is not by hieroglyphics, or anything understood by either ancient Egyptians or modern Egyptologists, but by methods amenable only to high astronomical science—a subject of the highest importance in nature, with which those gentlemen both were, and are, totally unacquainted.

Equally too may we dispense with any of the interpretations of the mere word or name of "pyramid," whether in Greek or Coptic, as given by men learned in letters, and who have successively declared it to mean "a mountain of fire," "a ray of the sun," "a measure of corn," "a desolate place,"

"a tomb of a king," "a division into ten," and many more diverse things. But here also, just as with its absolute age, the Great Pyramid will presently be found to tell its own tale, and that a most unique and enthralling one; for, in spite of its immense age, it refers much more to our times than to any of the ancient days of the earth.

Let us first take up the mere *position* of the Great Pyramid, as beginning the illustration of this remarkable prospective character.

Mr. Henry Mitchell, hydrographer to the United States Coasts Survey, having been recently sent on a mission to Egypt, found, on studying the coastline of the Delta, that it was so remarkable an example in his science of a convex and outwardly advancing and growing coast, that he set about finding out where was its original centre of physical formation. In this search he was much assisted by every stream, every sand-ridge in the Delta land being arranged in radial lines converging southward to one spot, and that spot he ultimately found to be the northern foot of the hill on which stands the Great Pyramid; wherefore he claimed at once for that monument, that it stood in a more important physical station than any other building ever erected by men.

But are there not other pyramids standing on the same hill equally with the Great Pyramid? There are; and here ensues the most striking confirmation of Mr. Mitchell's idea—for all these other pyramids are away just so far southward on the top of the hill, that they see nothing of the lowland towards the north which forms the Lower Egypt of the present day, and was emphatically *the* Egypt of the days of Abraham, Joseph, and Moses; while it is only the Great Pyramid which advances in solitary majesty to the very northern edge or utmost bound of that everlasting hill, and from thence overlooks with ease, and like a monarch of all it surveys, that grand sector-shaped, well-irrigated plain country of Lower Egypt, issuing almost from its foot, and which has fed millions upon millions of the human race from the earliest days of history.

END OF PART THE FIRST

PROTOPLASM.

(PHILOSOPHER LOQUITOR IN HIS FRANKEST MOOD.)

BY GERALD MASSEY.

[The following poem was Professor Huxley's lay ser-

mon by Mr. Gerald Massey upon a lately propounded theory, and refers to "The Physical Basis or Matter of Life," which he calls "Protoplasm."]



HE mischief of it is that when you have
Your Protoplasm perfect, life is there
Already with its spontaneities,
And all its secret primal powers at
work;

Currents of force unfollowably swift;

Unceasing gleams of glory ungraspable;
Pulses of pleasure and sharp stings of pain;
Flashes of lightning fastened up in knots,
And passion-fires bound down in prison cells.

Lymph, serum, semen, blood, or nettle-juice,

Are worlds of life, and glassy seas of life,
That heave with life, and spawn and swarm with
life;

A universe of life that lurks behind
The infinitely little as the large;
Life-giving and life-taking; fierce with life
As tho' the hive of life rusht forth on wings,
Or some life-furnace shed its fire in sparks;
Moving to harmonies unutterable
Through the surrounding dark, and beautiful
As planetary wheelings through the heavens.
Nor can you have your Matter unmixed with
Mind;

The Consciousness it comes from, and the intent
That is fulfilled in Consciousness to be;
For there's no particle of Protoplasm
Panting with life, like a bird newly caught,
As with a heart-beat out of the Unseen,
But comes with all its secret orders sealed
Within it, safe as crumpled fronds of fern,
To be unfolded in due season; all
Initial forces of diversity:
Potentialities of tendency
And modes of motion, which are forms of thought;
Likings, dislikings, all are there at work
When we can say life *is* in Protoplasm.
And that's creation seen; caught in the act,
Altho' the Actor be invisible.

'Tis no use thrusting one's head in the sand
To be annihilated from behind.
Here is the fact that must be faced in front.
'Tis no use varnishing the face of things
Merely to see one's own reflected there!
This Matter of life will not make Life itself,
No more than Matter of thought will make the
Thinker.

We have more Matter of thought than Shakespeare
had
To work on, but our world has no more Shake-
spearcs.

Life is the unfathomable miracle
That mocks us mutely, while we prate of Law,
At just that distance from the surface where
Its features loom the largest as it lurks.

Form is but fossil: life's the running spring.
We see the rhythmic thrills that come and go,
But Life itself is always just beyond—
Is not precipitated as the pearl,
Within our grasp, however deep we dive.
'Tis like the first star in the twilight heaven
You lie in wait for, never see it coming,
Catch the first twinkle; suddenly 'tis there,
As tho' it watch you while you winked, and *was*
There, had been, busy, from eternity.

In vain you look for life beginning; 'tis
But known to us in the beginning, as

Illimitable continuity!
In vain you try to untwist it to the end
That snaps off like the Periwinkle's tail.

We feel thro' all the universe to touch
The physical, and find it all alike,
Here underfoot the same as overhead,
Dust of the earth or glory of the star,
The matter yields no closer clasp of Life.

We build our Babels higher than of old,
Firmier, but get no nearer Heaven that way:
On the outside of things we stand to rear
Our scaffolding, while Life works from within.

Life haunts me like a Ghost that won't be laid,
Yet, wavering ever as a face in water.
I shift my ground, I quit my premises,
I seek an undisturbed abiding-place,
As the poor Peasant left his haunted house
To flee far from its ghostly visitant
For peace of mind, and mid-way on the road
To his new dwelling heard the Ghost's wee voice,
From out the middle of a feather-bed,
Or God knows where, cry, "And I'm sitting
too!"

No sooner do I set my world on wheels,
Atom revolving round its fellow-mite,
The universe in little grasped by Law,
Than there's a living face within the wheels,
As in the Prophet's vision. I'm no prophet,
And had no wish to see a spirit; wheels
Were made to run and carry, not to dazzle
And dizzy us until our eyes strike spirits—
That puts a new face on the matter, or
The spirit of things must make a face at me!

I get a good grip-hold of things themselves,
And then am lost in their relationships.
No sooner have I pitched my tent in Matter,
And felt it firm to rest on, palpable,
Tangible as a tombstone underfoot,
Than 'tis a sieve that lets the quick life thro';
There is a general rising from the Dead,
And rending of the veil; the grave's astir
As tho' each atom were the womb of Life;
Twixt each two atoms there's a gulf of God;
My atom is afloat, adrift with me;
It rocks and quakes like any modern throne;
No anchorage in all Immensity.

O'erhead I draw the cloud of darkness round
About me, proof against the common light,
When lo! the gloom lightens to laugh at me;
The life breaks in and out, darts thro' and thro',
Like Lightning playing hide-and-seek with me;
Darkness is freaked and shattered with that
laugh
Zig-zagged upon the face of the Unknown.

This light within, that will break through the
seen,
Cannot be phosphorescence from the dead
And luminosity of mere decay,
A corpse-light of the Grave, or else the Soul
Of all were but a gleam thro' a dead skull,
Lit up to show the eyeless emptiness,
And Death would be sole quickener of Life.

Within the shadow of the Sepulchre
Perchance I sit to watch and wait in vain
For that which must arise within myself
To lighten thro' me and illuminate
My seeing; touch mine ear to hear the voice
I am the resurrection and the life;
Presence that lives in life and looks through
form:

And he who hides without must bring to light
The meaning by his presence in the soul.
Perchance God speaks to us in parable,
And Matter is but symbol used by Mind,
The visible show that needs interpreting
By second-sight to read the eternal thought;
And I am as a blind man, one who feels
The letters raised, having the sense of touch,
But have not learned to read what they reveal,

And miss the letter-link from soul to soul.
He breathed the breath of life and man became
A living soul—with power to propagate
The spark His breath yet kindles into soul!
And is He breathing yet, as at the first,
This breath of life thro' all things? Is His
breathing
Our *motion*—wave of the Eternal Will
In Evolution welling, warm with love?
Are laws that fold us arms of His embrace?
And is life visible breathing of His being?
Matter but so much breath made visible—
The cloud-mask shifting on the protean face?
And is it need of Him that makes us breathe?
And so we live and have our life in Him
Who is the life indeed for evermore;
The heart of Life whose throbs are visible
worlds
Of men and women and immortal souls?
So the voice murmurs when I shut my eyes
And lean and listen on some crumbling verge,
And hear the waters in the well of life
Sing, as they bubble with an eye to heaven,
And might know more could I but drink, but
have
Nothing to draw with, and the well so deep!

LIFE-SAVING AT SEA BY CORK LIFE-BELTS OR MATTRESSES.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL A. P. KYDER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.



THIRD.—*The larger mattress, suitable for berths or bed-places.*
Stuffed with granulated cork.
Mattress, weighing 15 pounds,
buoyancy 75 pounds, dimensions—length 6 ft., breadth 2 ft., depth 4 in.

When *merchant vessels* are abandoned at sea, owing to their being sunk, dismasted, waterlogged, burnt, made unmanageable by being thrown on their beam-ends, from the ballast shifting, etc., the boats ought to be sufficient in capacity to save the crew and passengers. The life-belts, life-saving hammocks and mattresses are evidently only suitable to float the men for a short time—a few hours at the most, after which the exposure would probably lead to death; but in many cases, especially in cases of collision, when the boats are often destroyed by the accident, it is simply necessary to float the men for a short time, sometimes only a few minutes: but no sufficient means as yet have been provided.

In cases of shipwreck, with the wind on shore, a seaman, though unable to swim, could often,

if protected by a life-belt or mattress, reach the beach with a lead-line, and thus effect a communication between ship and shore.

The results of some experiments which I have instituted are as follow, viz., that—

(1) An ordinary hammock with a hair mattress could only support an iron weight of six pounds for nine minutes with the weight at one end of the hammock, and for fifteen minutes if at the middle.

The reason is evident: when the weight is at one end, the immersed part of the hammock is so much below the surface of the water that the pressure is considerable, and the water finds its way in between the hairs.

(2) An ordinary hammock with a hair mattress, but the ticking made partially waterproof by being oiled, sustained the six pounds of iron for two and a half hours.

I have suggested that further experiments be tried; but the hair mattress cannot, even with a waterproof ticking, compete in buoyancy with the cork mattress, as the ticking will always be liable to injury.

Mattresses suitable for being lashed up in hammocks, or for bed-places, should have longitudinal

ribs to prevent the cork from shifting, as shown in Figs. 4, 8, 9. They are almost as comfortable as those stuffed with hair, now that granulated cork is used instead of shavings; but in the case of women and children, or invalids, a thin hair mattress may of course be added, and used over the cork mattress.

The price of granulated cork at present is about half that of the same weight of horse-hair.

The best way of drying the cork after being in the water, is to take it out and expose it to the sun and wind. As cork absorbs very little moisture it dries rapidly, much more rapidly than hair.

Experiments may usefully be tried to ascertain the amount of buoyancy which is lost by the frequent immersion in salt water of the granulated cork mattresses, supplied for exercise, owing to grains of salt entering the pores of the cork. The salt that adheres to the immediate surface of the cork can, it is found, be detached by beating and shaking; and the cork will then resume all the buoyancy that may have been lost by the exterior deposit of salt. The deterioration, if any, which may take place in the cork, owing to use in mattresses, will soon be ascertained by the Admiralty experiments.

As every officer in a man-of-war (if he has not a cabin), and every scaman, marine, and boy, etc., has a hammock, it will only be necessary to supply, in addition, as many cork life-belts as there are officers on board who have cabins, with a few to spare for passengers; and then every person on board will be provided with a life-buoy, conveniently placed for immediate use.

Cork mattresses for the berths, as for instance in the military officers' cabins in the troop ships, should have what may be best described as a hinge in the middle (see Figs. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12), allowing them to be folded or doubled over once lengthways, unless this is done it will be found that the great depth of the mattress under water, when wrapped round a man, will interfere with his flotation in a vertical position. They should have abundant fastenings, as is recommended for the hammocks. The necessity for giving to the "berth" mattress the power of being folded in the middle arises from its greater breadth, and from its not being doubled up, as is necessarily the case with the narrower hammock mattress when it is lashed up.

Regarding this question on the lowest grounds of present pecuniary economy, it has been shown that the price of granulated cork is less than half that of the horse-hair; but as the mattresses ought in men-of-war to be, like the hammocks, a Government store, there would necessarily be at first an outlay of public money; but a small charge, of only one shilling per man *per annum*, for the use of the mattress, if the Admiralty should feel constrained to make such a charge, would pay a high interest

on the outlay. The Russian Navy is supplied with these mattresses, and *nearly all a frigate ship's company were lately saved by their means*, after a collision. The President of the Humane Society of the United States has said, that having seen the paper read by me at the United Service Institution, in January, 1871, he was pressing the matter upon the attention of the authorities of the United States Navy. In February, 1871, Congress passed an Act obliging all steamers and all passenger vessels to carry life-preservers, under a penalty of 1,000 dollars; and Admiral Porter, in his late official report on the condition of the United States Navy, urges upon the authorities to introduce cork mattresses for the seamen in the Government service.

In war-time, British men-of-war seamen will be found far too few in number, and they will be worth any money; they will (when picked up after an action) be very cheap at a few shillings each—the cost of their cork mattresses. It would require from a year to eighteen months to prepare the number of mattresses (say 40,000) required, and an outlay of probably about £7,000; for it would not be right to replace a *limited* number of hair mattresses with others stuffed with granulated cork; it must be all or none. It would not do to have a ship's company in the water of whom a few only, viz., those who had secured the cork mattresses, could hope to be saved.

An objection to the introduction of these mattresses in ships of war was recently made by a foreign officer, viz., "That it might be more conducive to victory in a sea-fight if the officers and crew of a ship of war knew, on going into action, that no means of escape had been provided them in case their ship were worsted and sinking." In fact, that in view of an engagement they should imitate the invader who burnt his boats after landing, to show to his men that there was no alternative between victory and death—no retreat—no escape. It was freely admitted that this argument, thus put, was worthy of consideration; but it was pointed out to the foreign officer that his countrymen, the captain and crew of the man-of-war, could, *if they chose*, throw their hammocks overboard previously to going into action, and that then, *if they returned* to their native country "victorious from the fray," they would, doubtless, be received with open arms, and their gallantry in thus stripping for the fight would not be forgotten; but that, nevertheless, it might be as well, in order to meet other cases oft recurring—such as the destruction of H.M.S. *Bombay* by fire—to supply *all* ships with cork mattresses for use under circumstances when no one could object to them, or regret that they had been supplied and at hand.

When desertion was common from men-of-war, and sharks were regarded by commanding officers

as additional water-police and most efficient checks to desertion, cold water was thrown upon a proposal to have buoyant hammocks. At the present time leave to go on shore is almost forced on our sailors, and desertion if attempted will not be from the ship but when on shore, on leave.

It has been stated by an officer of rank, who was on H.M.S. *Bombay* when she was burnt off Monte Video, a few years ago, that "all the ship's company might have been saved by the hammocks if the latter had been buoyant."



Fig. 10.

casks, etc., and for this reason—that the case specially provided against is, when our vessel slips from under us with only a few minutes' notice during a naval engagement, in which the boats,

Nearly the whole of the marines (more than a hundred) and many boys were drowned.

No allusion has been made to the assistance that might at first sight be expected in men-of-war from the boats, from spare spars,

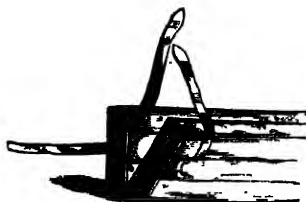


Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.

not destroyed by the enemy's fire, will probably have been shaken to pieces by our own. The spare spars are now very few in number, and will often be of iron. The casks for watering having been superseded by canvas water-tanks, only a few of the former are supplied, and they would probably not be available for the service required.

In conclusion, I have no pecuniary interest in the success of my recommendation of the

cork mattresses, neither has Captain Ward in the large sale of cork life-belts made on his plan; we have acted solely from motives of humanity and in the public interest.

Since writing the above I have tested the buoyancy of a mattress stuffed with granulated cork, that has been in constant use at sea for three years and a half, in all climates.

There was no change in the appearance of the cork, and the buoyancy was not less than we find in cork fresh from the machine. The cork weighed $5\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and the buoyancy was over 30 pounds, proving that no deterioration had taken place from use.



Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

"FOR Julia!" I repeated, the treacherous vision fading away instantaneously. "Oh, yes! I understand. They are very beautiful—very beautiful indeed."

"But I should mind very much," I urged, putting my arm round her; "for you will be my wife then, Julia."

She smiled almost for the first time that afternoon, for her mind had been full of the furniture, and too burdened for happiness. But now she looked happy.



"HALF-ASLEEP."

"Which do you like most?" asked Julia, in a whisper, as she leaned against my shoulder.

"I like them all," I said. "There is scarcely any difference among them that I can see."

"No difference!" she exclaimed. "That is so like a man! Why, they are as different as can be. Look here, this one is only five shillings a yard, and that is twelve. Isn't that a difference?"

"A very great one," I replied. "But do you think you will look well in white, my dear Julia? You never do wear white."

"A bride cannot wear anything but white," she said angrily. "I declare, Martin, you would not mind if I looked a perfect fright."

"You can be as nice and good as any one when you like," she said gently.

"I shall always be nice and good when we are married," I answered, with a laugh. "You are not afraid of venturing, are you, Julia?"

"Not the least in the world," she said. "I know you, Martin, and I can trust you implicitly."

My heart ached at the words, so softly and warmly spoken. But I laughed again—at myself this time, not at her. Why should she not trust me? I would be as true as steel to her. I loved no one better, and I would take care not to love any one. My word, my honour, my troth were all pledged to her. Only a scoundrel and

a fool would be unfaithful to an engagement like ours.

We walked home together, we three, all contented and all happy. We had a good deal to talk of during the evening, and sat up late. Sundry small events had happened in Guernsey during my six days' absence, and these were discussed with that charming minuteness with which women canvass family matters. It was midnight before I found myself alone in my own room.

I had half forgotten the crumpled paper in my waistcoat-pocket, but now I smoothed it out before me and pondered over every word. No, there could not be a doubt that it referred to Miss Ollivier. "Bright brown hair, grey eyes, and delicate features." That exactly corresponded with her appearance. "Blue silk dress, and seal-skin jacket and hat." It was precisely the dress which Tardif had described. "Fifty pounds reward." That was a large sum to offer, and the inference was that her friends were persons of good means, and anxious for her recovery.

Why should she have strayed from home? That was the question. What possible reason could there have been, strong enough to impel a young and delicately-nurtured girl to run all the risks and dangers of a flight alone and unprotected? Her friends evidently believed that she had not been run away with; there was not the ordinary element of an elopement in this case.

But Miss Ollivier had assured me she had no friends. What did she mean by the word? Here were persons evidently anxious to discover her place of concealment. Were they friends? or could they by any chance be enemies? This is not an age when enmity is very rampant. For my own part, I had not an enemy in the world. Why should this pretty, habitually-obedient, self-controlled girl have any? Most probably it was one of those instances of bitter misunderstanding which sometimes arise in families, and which had driven her to the desperate step of seeking peace and quietness by flight.

Then what ought I to do with this advertisement, thrust, as it would seem, purposely under my notice? If I had not wrapped up the parcel myself at Barbet's, I should have missed seeing it; or if Barbet had picked up any other piece of paper, it would not have come under my eye. A curious concatenation of very trivial circumstances had ended in putting into my hands a clue by which I could unravel all the mystery about my Sark patient. What was I to do with the clue?

I might communicate at once with Messrs. Scott and Brown, giving them the information they had advertised for six months before, and receive a reply, stating that it was no longer valuable to them, or containing an acknowledgment of my claim to the fifty pounds reward. I might sell my

knowledge of Miss Ollivier for fifty pounds. In doing so I might render her a great service, by restoring her to her proper sphere in society. But the recollection of Tardif's description of her as looking terrified and hunted recurred vividly to me. The advertisement put her age as twenty-one. I should not have judged her so old myself, especially since her hair had been cut short. But if she was twenty-one, she was old enough to form plans and purposes for herself, and to choose, as far as she could, her own mode of living. I was not prepared to deliver her up, until I knew something more of both sides of the question.

Settled—that if I could see Messrs. Scott and Brown, and learn something about Miss Ollivier's friends, I might be then able to decide whether I would betray her to them; but I would not write. Also, that I must see her again first, and once more urge her to have confidence in me. If she would trust me with her secret, I would be as true to her as a friend as I meant to be true to Julia.

Having come to these conclusions, I cut the advertisement carefully out of the crumpled paper, and placed it in my pocket-book with portraits of my mother and Julia. Here were mementoes of the three women I cared most for in the world: my mother first, Julia second, and my mysterious patient third.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

STOLEN WATERS ARE SWEET.

I WAS neither in good spirits nor in good temper during the next few days. My mother and Julia appeared astonished at this, for I was not ordinarily as touchy and fractious as I showed myself immediately after my sojourn in Sark.

I was ashamed of it myself. The new house, which occupied their time and thoughts so agreeably, worried me as it had not done before. I made every possible excuse not to be sent to it, or taken to it, several times a day.

The discussions over Julia's wedding dress also, which had by no means been decided upon on Saturday afternoon, began to bore me beyond words. Whenever I could, I made my patients a pretext for getting away from them.

One of these, a cousin of my mother—as I have said, we were all cousins of one degree or another—Captain Carey, met me on the quay, a day or two after my return. He had been a commander in the Royal Navy, and after cruising about in all manner of unhealthy latitudes, had returned to his native island for the recovery of his health. He and his sister lived together in a very pleasant house of their own, in the Vale, about two miles from St. Peter-port.

He looked yellow enough to be on the verge of an attack of jaundice when he came across me.

"Hallo, Martin!" he cried, "I am delighted to

see you, my boy. I've been a little out of sorts lately; but I would not let Johanna send for your father. He does very well to go dawdling after women, and playing with their pulses, but I don't want him hanging after me. Tell me what you have to say about me, my lad."

He went on to tell me his symptoms, whilst a sudden idea struck me almost like a flash of genius.

I am nothing of a genius; but at that time new thoughts came into my mind with wonderful rapidity. It was positively necessary that I should run over to Sark this week—I had given my word to Miss Ollivier that I would do so—but I dared not mention such a project at home. My mother and Julia would be up in arms at the first syllable I uttered.

What if I could do two patients good at one stroke—kill two birds with one stone? Captain Carey had a pretty little yacht lying idle in St. Sampson's Harbour, and a day's cruising would do him all the good in the world. Why should he not carry me over to Sark, when I could visit my other patient, and nobody be made miserable by the trip?

"I will make you up some of your old medicine," I said, "but I strongly recommend you to have a day out on the water; seven or eight hours at any rate. If the weather keeps as fine as it is now, it will do you a world of good."

"It is so dreary alone," he objected, "and Johanna would not care to go out at this season, I know."

"If I could manage it," I said, deliberating, "I should be glad to have a day with you."

"Ah! if you could do that!" he replied eagerly.

"I'll see about it," I said. "Should you mind where you sailed to?"

"Not at all, not at all, my boy," he answered, "so that I get your company. You shall be skipper or helmsman, or both, if you like."

"Well, then," I replied, "you might take me over to the Havre Gosselin, to see how my patient's broken arm is going on. It's a bore there being no resident medical man there at this moment. The accident last autumn was a great loss to the island."

"Ah! poor fellow!" said Captain Carey, "he was a sad loss to them. But I'll take you over with pleasure, Martin—any day you fix upon."

"Get the yacht ship-shape then," I said; "I think I can manage it on Thursday."

I did not say at home whither I was bound on Thursday. I informed them merely that Captain Carey and I were going out in his yacht for a few hours. This was simply to prevent them from worrying themselves.

It was as delicious a spring morning as ever I remember. As I rode along the flat shore between St. Peter-port and St. Sampson's, the fresh air

from the sea played about my face, as if to drive dull care away, and make me as buoyant and debonnaire as itself. The little waves were glittering and dancing in the sunshine, and chiming with the merry carols of the larks, out-singing one another in the blue sky overhead. The numerous wind-mills, like children's toys, which were pumping water out of the stone-quarries, whirled and spun busily in the brisk breeze. Every person I met saluted me with a blithe and cheery greeting. My dull spirits had been blown far away before I set foot on the deck of Captain Carey's little yacht.

The run over was all that we could wish. The cockle-shell of a boat belonging to the yacht bore me to the foot of the ladder hanging down the rock at Havre Gosselin. A very few minutes took me to the top of the cliff, and there lay the little thatched nest-like home of my patient. I hastened forward eagerly.

The place seemed very solitary and deserted; and a sudden fear came across me. Was it possible that she should be dead? It was possible. I had left her six days ago only just over a terrible crisis. There might have been a relapse, a failure of vital force. I might be come to find those shining eyes hid beneath their lids for ever, and the pale, suffering face motionless in death.

Certainly the rhythmic motion of my heart was disturbed. I felt it contract painfully, and its beating suspended for a moment or two. The farmstead was intensely quiet, with the ominous stillness of death. All the windows were shrouded with their check curtains. There was no clatter of Suzanne's wooden clogs about the fold or the kitchen. If it had been Sunday this supernatural silence would have been easily accounted for; but it was Thursday. I scarcely dared go on and learn the cause of it.

All silent still as I crossed the stony causeway of the yard. Not a face looked out from door or window. Mam'zelle's casement stood a little way open, and the breeze played with the curtains, fluttering them like banners in a procession. I dared not try to look in. The house-door was ajar, and I approached it cautiously. "Thank God!" I cried within myself as I gazed eagerly into the cottage.

She was lying there upon the fern-bed, half asleep, her head fallen back upon the pillow, and the book she had been reading dropped from her hand. Her dress was of some coarse dark green stuff, which made a charming contrast to her delicate face and bright hair. The whole interior of the cottage formed a picture. The old furniture of oak almost black with age, the neutral tints of the wall and ceiling, and the deep tone of her green dress threw out into strong relief the graceful shining head, and pale face.

I suppose she became subtly conscious, as women always are, that somebody's eyes were fixed

upon her, for she awoke fully, and looked up as I lingered on the door-sill.

"Oh, Dr. Martin!" she cried, "I am so glad!"

She looked pleased enough to be upon the point of trying to raise herself up in order to welcome me, but I interposed quickly. It was more difficult than I had expected to assume a grave professional tone, but by an effort I did so. I bade her lie still, and took a chair at some little distance.

"Tardif is gone out fishing," she said, "and his mother is gone away too, to a christening feast somewhere; but Mrs. Renouf is to be here in an hour or two. I told them I could manage very well as long as that."

"They ought not to have left you alone," I replied.

"And I shall not be left alone," she said, smiling, "for you are come, you see. I am rather glad they are away; for I wanted to tell you how much I felt your goodness to me all through that dreadful week. You are the first doctor I ever had about me, the very first. Perhaps you thought I did not know what care you were taking of me; but somehow or other I knew everything. My mind did not quite go. You were very, very good to me."

"Never mind that," I said; "I am come to see how my work is going on. How is the arm, first of all?"

I almost wished that mother Renouf or Suzanne Tardif had been at hand. But Miss Ollivier seemed perfectly composed, as much so as a child. She looked like one with her cropped head of hair, and frank, open face. My own momentary embarrassment passed away. The arm was going on all right, and so was mother Renouf's charge, the sprained ankle.

"We must take care you are not lame," I said, whilst I was feeling carefully the complicated joint of her ankle.

"Lame!" she repeated in an alarmed voice, "is there any fear of that?"

"Not much," I answered, "but we must be careful, *mam'zelle*. You must promise me not to set your foot on the ground, or in any way rest your weight upon it, till I give you leave."

"That means that you will have to come to see me again," she said; "is it not very difficult to come over from Guernsey?"

"Not at all," I answered, "it is quite a treat to me."

Her face grew very grave, as if she was thinking of some unpleasant topic. She looked at me earnestly and questioningly.

"May I speak to you with great plainness, Dr. Martin?" she asked.

"Speak precisely what is in your mind at this moment," I replied.

"You are very, very good to me," she said, holding out her hand to me, "but I do not want you to

come more often than is quite necessary, because I am very poor. If I were rich," she went on hurriedly, "I should like you to come every day—it is so pleasant—but I can never pay you sufficiently for that long week you were here. So please do not visit me oftener than is quite necessary."

My face felt hot, but I scarcely knew what to say. I bungled out an answer.

"I would not take any money from you, and I shall come to see you as often as I can."

I bound up her little foot again without another word, and then sat down, pushing my chair farther from her.

"You are not offended with me, Dr. Martin?" she asked, in a pleading tone.

"No," I answered; "but you are mistaken in supposing a medical man has no love for his profession apart from its profits. To see that your arm gets properly well is part of my duty, and I shall fulfil it without any thought of whether I shall get paid for it or no."

"Now," she said, "I must let you know how poor I am. Will you please to fetch me my box out of my room?"

I was only too glad to obey her. This seemed to be an opening to a complete confidence between us. Now I came to think of it, fortune had favoured me in thus throwing us together alone.

I lifted the small, light box very easily—there could not be many treasures in it—and carried it back to her. She took a key out of her pocket and unlocked it with some difficulty, but she could not raise the lid without my help. I took care not to offer any assistance until she asked it.

Yes, there were very few possessions in that light trunk, but the first glance showed me a blue silk dress, and seal-skin jacket and hat. I lifted them out for her, and after them a pair of velvet slippers, soiled, as if they had been through muddy roads. I did not utter a remark. Beneath these lay a handsome watch and chain, a fine diamond ring, and five sovereigns lying loose in the box.

"That is all the money I have in the world," she said sadly.

I laid the five sovereigns in her small white hand, and she turned them over, one after another, with a pitiful look on her face. I felt foolish enough to cry over them myself.

"Dr. Martin," was her unexpected question after a long pause, "do you know what became of my hair?"

"Why?" I asked, looking at her fingers running through the short curls we had left her.

"Because that ought to be sold for something," she said. "I am almost glad you had it cut off. My hairdresser told me once he would give five guineas for a head of hair like mine, it was so long, and the colour was uncommon. Five guineas

would not be half enough to pay you though, I know."

She spoke so simply and quietly, that I did not attempt to remonstrate with her about her anxiety to pay me.

"Tardif has it," I said; "but of course he will give it you back again. Shall I sell it for you, mam'zelle?"

"Oh, that is just what I could not ask you!" she exclaimed. "You see there is no one to buy it here, and I hope it may be a long time before I go away. I don't know though; that depends upon whether I can dispose of my things. There is my seal-skin, it cost twenty-five guineas last year, and it ought to be worth something. And my watch—see what a nice one it is. I should like to sell them all, every one. Then I could stay here as long as the money lasted."

"How much do you pay here?" I inquired, for she had taken me so far into counsel that I felt justified in asking that question.

"A pound a week," she answered.

"A pound a week!" I repeated, in amazement.

"Does Tardif know that?"

"I don't think he does," she said. "When I had been here a week I gave Mrs. Tardif a sovereign, thinking perhaps she would give me a little out of it. I am not used to being poor, and I did not know how much I ought to pay. But she kept it all, and came to me every week for more. Was it too much to pay?"

"Too much!" I said. "You should have spoken to Tardif about it, my poor child."

"I could not talk to Tardif about his mother," she answered. "Besides, it would not have been too much, if I had only had plenty. But it has made me so anxious. I did not know whatever I should do when it was all gone. I do not know now."

Here was a capital opening for a question about her friends.

"You will be compelled to communicate with your family," I said. "You have told me how poor you are; cannot you trust me about your friends?"

"I have no friends," she answered sorrowfully.

"If I had any, do you suppose I should be here?"

"I am one," I said, "and Tardif is another."

"Ah, new friends," she replied; "but I mean real old friends who have known you all your life, like your mother, Dr. Martin, or your cousin Julia. I want somebody to go to who knows all about me, and say to them, after telling them everything, keeping nothing back at all, 'Have I done right? What else ought I to have done?'" No new friend could answer questions like those."

Was there any reason I could bring forward to increase her confidence in me? I thought there was, and her friendlessness and helplessness touched me to the core of my heart. Yet it was

with an indefinable reluctance that I brought forward my argument.

"Miss Ollivier," I said, "I have no claim of old acquaintance or friendship, yet it is possible I might answer those questions, if you could prevail upon yourself to tell me the circumstances of your former life. In a few weeks I shall be in a position to show you more friendship than I can do now. I shall have a home of my own, and a wife, who will be your friend more fittingly, perhaps, than myself."

"I knew it," she answered, half shyly. "Tardif told me you were going to marry your cousin Julia."

Just then we heard the foldyard-gate swing to behind some one who was coming to the house.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

I HAD altogether forgotten that Captain Carey's yacht was waiting for me off the little bay below; and I sprang quickly to the door in the dread that he had followed me.

It was an immense relief to see only Tardif's tall figure bending under his creel and nets, and crossing the yard slowly. I hailed him, and he quickened his pace, his honest features lighting up at the sight of me.

"How do you find mam'zelle, doctor?" were his first eager words.

"All right," I said; "going on famously. Sark is enough to cure any one and anything of itself, Tardif. There is no air like it. I should not mind being a little ill here myself."

"Captain Carey is impatient to be gone," he continued. "He sent word by me that you might be visiting every house in the island, you had been away so long."

"Not so very long," I said testily; "but I will just run in and say good-bye, and then I want you to walk with me to the cliff."

I turned back for a last look and a last word. No chance of learning her secret now. The picture was as perfect as when I had had the first glimpse of it, only her face had grown, if possible, more charming after my renewed scrutiny of it.

There are faces that grow upon you the longer and the oftener you look upon them; faces that seem to have a veil over them, which melts away like the thin, fine mist of the morning upon the cliffs, until they flash out in their full colour and beauty. The last glance was eminently satisfactory, and so was the last word.

"Shall I send you the hair?" asked Miss Ollivier, returning practically to a matter of business.

"To be sure," I answered. "I shall dispose of it to advantage, but I have not time to wait for it now."

"And may I write a letter to you?"

"Yes," was my reply: I was too pleased to express myself more eloquently.

"Good-bye," she said; "you are a very good doctor to me."

"And friend?" I added.

"And friend," she repeated.

That was the last word, for I was compelled to hurry away. Tardif accompanied me to the cliff, and I took the opportunity to tell him the charge his mother had made upon her lodger. A more grieved look never came across a man's face.

"Dr. Martin," he said, "I would have cut off my hand rather than it had been so. Poor little mam'zelle! Poor old mother! She is growing old, sir, and old people are greedy. The fall of the year is dark and cold, and gives nothing, but takes away all it can, and hoards it for the young new spring that is to follow. It seems almost the nature of old age. Poor old mother! I am very grieved for her. And I am troubled, troubled about mam'zelle. To think she has been fretting all the winter about this, when I was trying to find out how to cheer her! Only five pounds left, poor little soul! Why! all I have is at her service. It is enough to have her only in the house, with her pretty ways and sweet voice. I'll put it all right with mam'zelle, sir, and with my poor old mother too. I am very sorry for her."

"Miss Ollivier has been asking me to sell her hair," I said.

"No, no," he answered hastily, "not a single hair! I cannot say yes to that. The pretty bright curls! If anybody is to buy them, I will. Yes, doctor; that is famous. She wishes you to sell her hair? Very good; I will buy it; it must be mine. I have more money than you think, perhaps. I will buy mam'zelle's pretty curls; and she shall have the money, and then there will be more than five pounds in her little purse. Tell me how much they will be. Ten pounds? Fifteen? Twenty?"

"Nonsense, Tardif," I answered; "keep one of them, if you like; but I must have the rest. We will settle it between us."

"No, doctor," he said; "your cousin will not like that. You are going to be married soon; it would not do for you to keep mam'zelle's curls."

It was said with so much simplicity and good-heartedness that I felt ashamed of a rising feeling of resentment, and parted with him cordially. In a few minutes afterwards I was on board the yacht, and laughing at Captain Carey's reproaches. Tardif was still visible on the edge of the cliff, watching our departure.

"That is as good a fellow as ever breathed," said Captain Carey, waving his cap to him.

"I know it better than you do," I replied.

"And how is the young woman?" he asked.

"Going on as well as a broken arm and a sprained ankle can do," I answered.

"You will want to come again, Martin," he said; "when are we to have another day?"

"Well, I shall hear how she is every now and then," I answered; "it takes too long a time, to come more often than is necessary. But you will bring me if it is necessary?"

"With all my heart," said Captain Carey.

For the next few days I waited with some impatience for Miss Ollivier's promised letter. It came at last, and I put it into my pocket to read when I was alone—why, I could scarcely have explained to myself. It ran thus:—

"DEAR DR. MARTIN,—I have no little commission to trouble you with. Tardif tells me it was quite a mistake, his mother taking a sovereign from me each week. She does not understand English money; and he says I have paid quite sufficient to stay with them a whole year longer without paying any more. I am quite content about that now. Tardif says, too, that he has a friend in Southampton who will buy my hair, and give more than anybody in Chertsey. So I need not trouble you about it, though I am sure you would have done it for me.

"I have not put my foot to the ground yet; but yesterday Tardif carried me all the way down to his boat, and took me out for a little sail under the beautiful cliffs, where we could look up and see all those strange carvings upon the rocks. I thought that perhaps there were things written there that we should like to read. Sometimes in lucky there are fine faint lines across the blue which look like written sentences, if one could only make them out. There they are on the rocks, but every tide washes them away, leaving fresh ones. Perhaps they are messages to me, answers to those questions that I cannot answer myself.

"Good-bye, my good doctor. I am trying to do everything you told me exactly; and I am getting well again fast. I do not believe I shall be lame, you are too clever for that.

"Your Patient,

"OLIVIA"

Olivia! I looked at the word again to make sure of it. Then it was not her surname that was Ollivier, and I was still ignorant of that. I saw in a moment how the mistake had arisen, and how innocent she was of any deception in the matter. She would tell Tardif that her name was Olivia, and he thought only of the Olliviers he knew. It was a mistake that had been of use in checking curiosity, and I did not feel bound to put it right. My mother and Julia appeared to have forgotten my patient in Sark altogether.

Olivia! I thought it a very pretty name, and repeated it to myself with its abbreviations, Olive, Livy. It was difficult to abbreviate Julia; Ju, I had called her in my rudest school-boy days. I wondered how high Olivia would stand beside me; for I had never seen her on her feet. Julia was not two inches shorter than myself; a tall, stiff figure, neither slender enough to be lissome, nor well-proportioned enough to be majestic. But she was very good, and her price was far above rubies.

According to the wise man it was a difficult task to find a virtuous woman.

It was a quiet time in the afternoon, and in order to verify my recollection of the wise man's saying, which was a little cloudy in my memory, I searched through Julia's Bible for it.

"What are you reading, Martin?" asked my father, who had just come in, and was painfully

fitting on a pair of new and very tight kid gloves. I read the passage aloud, without comment.

"Very good!" he remarked, chuckling, "upon my word! I did not know there was anything as rich as that in the old book! Who says it, Martin? A very wise preacher he was, and knew what he was talking about. Had seen life, eh? It's as true as—as the gospel."

I could not help laughing at the comparison he was forced to; yet I felt angry with him and myself.

"What do you say about my mother and Julia, sir?" I asked.

He chuckled again cynically, examining with care a spot on the palm of one of his gloves. "Ha! ha! my son"—I hated to hear him say "my son"

"—I will answer you in the words of another wise man: 'Most virtuous women, like hidden treasures, are secure because nobody seeks after them.'"

So saying he turned out of the room, swinging his gold-headed cane jauntily between his fingers.

I visited Sark again in about ten days, to set Olivia free from my embargo upon her walking. I allowed her to walk a little way along a smooth meadow path, leaning on my arm; and I found that she was a head lower than myself—a beautiful height for a woman. That time Captain Carey had set me down at the Havre Gosselin, appointing to meet at the Creux Harbour, which was exactly on the opposite side of the island. In crossing over to it—a distance of rather more than a mile—I encountered Julia's friends, Emma and Maria Brouard.

"You here again, Martin!" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes," I answered; "Captain Carey set me down at the Havre Gosselin, and is gone round to meet me at the Creux."

"You have been to see that young person?" asked Maria.

"Yes," I replied.

"She is a very singular young woman," she continued; "we think her stupid. We cannot make anything of her. But there is no doubt poor Tardif means to marry her."

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated hotly; "I beg your pardon, Maria, but I give Tardif credit for sense enough to know his own position."

"So did we," said Emma, "but it looks odd. He married an Englishwoman before. It's old Mère Renouf who says he worships the ground she treads upon. You know he holds a very good position in the island, and he is a great favourite with the Seigneur. There are dozens of girls of his own class in Guernsey and Alderney, to say nothing of Sark, who would be only too glad to have him. He is a very handsome man, Martin."

"Tardif is a fine fellow," I admitted.

"I shall be very sorry for him to be taken in again; nobody knows who that young person may be; it looks odd on the face of it. Are you in a hurry? Well, good-bye. Give our best love to dear Julia. We are busy at work on a wedding present for her; but you must not tell her that, you know."

I went on in a hot rage, shapeless and wordless, but smouldering like a fire within me. The cool, green lane, deep between hedge-rows, the banks of which were gemmed with primroses, had no effect upon me just then. Tardif marry Olivia! That was an absurd, preposterous notion indeed.

Was it possible that they thought her stupid? Reserved and silent she might be, but not stupid! That any one should dream of Olivia marrying Tardif, was the utmost folly I could imagine.

I had half an hour to wait in the little harbour, its great cliffs rising all about me, with only a tunnel bored through them to form an entrance to the green island within. My rage had partly fumed itself away before the yacht came in sight.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

ON THE DEVON MOORS.

BY AMY KFY.



GREY tor, a world of heather,
purple in the sun, and far below
the vales of Devon!

The scene comes back with
the freshness of yesterday, as I
take the withered spray of heath
once more from the yellow en-
velope, and read the familiar

lines, for ever sad to me with memory's most painful music:—

Heather bells! heather bells!
What are you ringing?
Summer has come again,
Birds are singing,
Light on the uplands,
Leaf in the dell:
What are you chiming,
Dell-heather bells?"

Foolish rhymes, treasured by foolish fingers, and folded away among the other treasures of that happy, miserable summer when I was lost on the Devon moors.

What are they chiming to me, these brown bells, once so glad with purple beauty? They ring back the changes of many years to the grey house, half mansion and half ruin, on the borders of the moor, with a black mountain brook for a garden fence, and the heather and the gorse for flowers.

We were a merry party, at least we supposed ourselves so, and acted the part very naturally. Three hard-worked students taking a holiday, an artist, the young ladies of the household, and myself—a governess, enjoying a short rest from the "ologies."

There we were, with nothing to do, but wander all day among the wonderful changing moors, and watch the light die in wondrous flushes behind the giant tors.

We would start in the morning, before the sun had come up from the dim purple haze of sea, with books, and pencil, and palette, bent for a good day's work; but surely as the light grew, flashing along the valleys—as the mists vanished, and the breeze came to us laden with the rare fragrance of hay—books would be forgotten, pencils would be idle, and resting on the purple heather bells, we should talk, or let the silence speak—the charmed silence of the moorland.

We talk? Well, most were listeners. The artist's voice was oftenest heard, swaying our thoughts with eloquence that was born of genius. Lying in the shadow of a rock, his hat off, and the wind playing with his dark hair, he would tell us of his travels, till the green wood and vales, the hills and haze of sea, would become another world to us who listened.

Or, rousing with a fire in his eyes, and his hand playing with the flowers, he would dash off into unknown realms of scepticism and darkness, revealing to us with a flash of his words the brooding curses of the day.

He was our ruling spirit. The students worshipped him; his girl-cousins had given him their hearts long ago; and I—I was a governess, of twenty. You can guess what music the heather bells chimed to me that summer.

He knew: by word and look he showed it; and I—I dreamt that they rang the same burden to him.

One day, he wrote those lines, and flung them across to me, with a spray—this spray of heather bells.

"Answer," he said gaily, with a smile in his eyes; and turning to the others, he said, "Come farther up; let us leave her to the muses."

They started off, and I folded the paper in my hands, and leant back on the grey boulder, dreaming—dreaming!

How long I sat there I cannot tell, but when I started up to look for the others, the valley was a blank. Soft mists, like down, had come up from the sea, folding in the earth from my sight; the sun was sinking, and great rosy flushes of quivering light lay across the mist, and tinted the hills above.

Slowly, as I watched, the earth-clouds crept up, the light grew dimmer; and before I had gone many steps, I was enveloped in the fog like a shroud. It was like the Valley of the Shadow of Death! so still, so dark! Soon the last glimmering gleam of sunset faded, and I was alone with the night. I wandered on, crying for help, but the mists seemed to stifle my voice; and soon utterly

weary, I lay down on the damp heather, resolved to wait for dawn. Suddenly, as I moved with weary longing for change, a pebble started from my hand and rolled down, down, down, for an infinity it seemed, in my dumb horror. I was lying at the edge of a precipice! but I dared not move. I seemed surrounded by treacherous ravines; and clutching the heather, I prayed for light.

Time passed on. I slept at last, a slight feverish sleep, that was broken by a voice from the other side of that unknown ravine.

"You're a cool fellow; and you really don't love her?"

"Love her!" The utter scorn of the artist's voice made me shiver. "Love her! my good fellow, one doesn't love one's inferiors. Should you like to marry a servant?"

"No, of course not; but—"

"She is as much my inferior as a servant would be yours. A well-meaning girl; but to love her—"

"She likes you," said the other, a little indignantly.

The artist laughed—a cruel little laugh.

"Most women do, my dear fellow. Let them. I like to see their eyes light up and their cheeks colour at my words; it is as good as a play, and doesn't cost anything. But are we going to stay looking for her all night? She's home by this time. I'm getting tired, by Jove."

"We will go higher up first. Here's a little ravine here; take care."

He lifted his lantern, and got up from his resting-place. The light fell on my white dress as he moved. They stepped across (it was but a step, that horror of my thoughts), and bent over me.

"She has fainted," the student said tenderly enough. I roused and spoke. What I said, I forget; I only know I hid my agony.

Home was soon reached, but next day I was ill; and when I came down stairs again, the artist was gone. I have never seen him since.

Many times since then have I unfolded the rhymes around the heather-bells. What are they ringing to me now? I ask the question earnestly, prayerfully, for many summers have passed since then. Other interests have crept into my life, and gladdened it; but are they only the ivy that creeps around a tombstone, or the flowers that have no root in buried sorrows? Other eyes—true honest eyes, have looked into mine, with love in their smile; another hand—a kindly earnest hand, has pressed mine beneath the summer skies, and brought the blushes to my face.

His letter lies on the table beside the poor dried blooms. How shall I answer his love, and his trust? Ah! heather-bells, your charm is gone. Crumble to dust in the fire. You ring at last, as you die, the echoes of a wedding peal.

IN BATTLE.



"THE FEAR COMES AFTERWARDS."



COURAGE? Well, I don't know: perhaps it is, and perhaps it is not. For my part, I think it's a sort of raging excitement that comes on a man, and he hardly knows what he's about till it is

all over. Now I was before Sebastopol in that awful winter, when the poor fellows used to go down to stand in trenches ankle-deep in mud—cold, snowy mud—soaking through everything, and making one's

feet feel numbed. Awful work it was; and many a longing thought I had about the old country, and snug, warm firesides, such as I had left, like a young ass, to turn soldier.

I was at the storming of the Redan; and talking about courage, as I said before, I believe it to be a sort of wild excitement. As for myself, I must say that I was horribly frightened; at least I know as I stood there, waiting with hundreds more for the signal to advance, I could feel my knees shaking under me, and a strange inclination in my teeth to chatter. It may have been from cold, but I don't think it was—for I wish to be frank. I've seen service since, but that is all as fresh new as if it was yesterday. The order was given, "Forward!" and then all was excitement as we went at it, climbing, stumbling, falling, now up, now down, over the broken, ploughed-up ground; some men falling naturally, from the state of the way, others with some ghastly wound opened to pour out the life-blood, for the enemy were soon aware of our coming. The order was, "Ladders to the front;" but, somehow, men were shot down; the ladders broken, and altogether to me that time it seemed one hurrying rush and confusion; and how matters went I don't know, till with some others I found myself where I had never expected to be—right in the grim fortress, loading and firing at some fellows we had driven out, while they were doing the same by us. I never felt afraid then, that I know of, but did as the others did, fell into my place and obeyed orders after the fashion become like second nature to us through discipline. We went forward, and we were beaten back, and it was all one rush of confusion, noise, and hurry—officers shouting themselves hoarse, men cheering and swearing, and then I found that we were in retreat over the broken-up earth, with men falling around us, till we were once more in the trenches, cowering down like thrashed dogs as we were, hot, out of breath, and looking at one another as if to say "Is it all true?"

That was my first experience of fighting; and I rather patted myself upon the back for behaving so well, though I only did as others did; and my opinion is that if you have good dashing officers, an English regiment, be it Regulars, Militia, or Volunteers, would go anywhere so long as it is well drilled and ably led.

I went out to the Crimea a private soldier, and I came back a private soldier. Perhaps I was a disappointed man, and given to find fault; perhaps not; but I was not sick of fighting, for upon the American war first breaking out, I went and offered my services, and before long I was in command of a troop of light horse. Rather a change from being a private in a line regiment; but I was well up in the manoeuvring of foot, while that of horse is not so very different; and where cavalry officers are scarce, you might have worse material than a

hard-working infantry man, provided he is good in the saddle—an accomplishment I learned in England.

I don't wish to boast, but I saw from the first that I could hold my own; and drilled away, day after day, till I had my men in capital order for the time they had been at it. There was not time to be too particular about the exact military *fournure*; what I aimed at was a firm seat in the saddle; ability to deliver the cuts and points in the sword and pursuing practices; to form and reform; wheel well into line, and charge with spirit—walk—trot gallop—knee to knee—and go down a field like a horse-wall. The more intricate movements I left alone, or to those higher in command; and I never felt ashamed of my men. I've seen a few of Her Majesty's cavalry regiments in my time—the 7th and 11th Hussars; the 4th Light Dragoons; 12th and 17th Lancers; but if you would throw the showy parade movements aside, I would have ventured to place my fellows in competition when they were well broken-in, to charge and retire with the best.

It may seem strange that I should so soon take rank; but it must be borne in mind that officers of experience were scarce, and when a sun-browned, soldierly man, of smart military exterior, with a great red scar from a sabre-cut across his forehead, offered his services at head-quarters, stating that he had been through the Crimean war, they could not afford to slight him. They did not want money, then, but stuff; and when put to the proof, and I took in hand the drilling of a squad of recruits, sharply and decisively my offer was snapped at. Later on perhaps it might have been different; but when I went I found that I had come to the right place, and was not asked to pay heavily for my commission of captain, which came quickly upon that of lieutenant. They wanted experience; and, without boasting, I had it to offer, and did them service. I say so because I really believe it; but if my language savours too much of America, you must put it down to a long residence in that part of the world, and the effects of their "institutions."

Well! with respect to being engaged there, I've been in more than one smart cavalry charge, where the men have dropped fast; and as to courage, I do not blush to own that when sitting hour after hour in the saddle, waiting the order to advance, with the din of battle all round—guns bellowing, musketry rattling, and now and then one's blood stirred by a regular British cheer—I've sat and felt the same dread, the same trembling, nervous sensation, and fancied that this would be my last engagement. I've compared notes, too, with other men who could tell of similar feelings, and who answered that they would have gladly left the field—my best men, mind, who set their teeth, took a

fresh grip of their swords, and seemed to grow to their horses when the time for action came—such as at the last charge I was in.

We had been sitting hour after hour, drawn up on the slope of a gentle descent, and I for one began to think that the infantry would do all the work of that day. The Americans were not strong in cavalry, and most of their victories were won by the infantry and artillery; but this day the Confederates had a few troops of horse in the field, with which they had cut up more than one company of our men, and they were threatening on our flank, when the order came for us to move.

It was like an electric shock along the rank as men settled themselves in the saddle, brought their swords to the right attack, and moved off to the clear bugle call. My blood began to dance as the bugle sounded "Trot," and I shouted to my men to keep together, knee to knee, and no straggling, but to show what they could do this day.

The words were hardly out of my mouth, when the bugle sounded "Gallop," and we went down the slope at an easy canter, to get into position and clear the infantry that were being slowly beaten back. Six troops of us there were, of about forty men in each, and one troop followed after the other till our leader saw his opening, and the order came "Right wheel into line," when turning upon its right as upon a pivot, each troop wheeled, and in one extended line we dashed down upon the enemy.

No easy canter now, but full gallop, as fast as the horses could go over the ground, the air seeming to sing past your ear; scabbards jingling, swords flying up, and the horses' hoofs sounding like thunder. Right and left of me I saw the troops break, and perhaps a dozen of the men before the others plunge into the enemy's ranks; but my little troop kept knee to knee, dress well preserved, and we came down upon them like a thunderbolt. There was a rush, a confused crash, and I felt myself nearly

dashed from my saddle; but nipping my horse well, on we went, blindly cutting right and left, through a confused mass of horses and men; then there was clear ground, and the enemy had broken, and we were in full pursuit till they took position behind their squares of infantry; when the order came, "Troops right and left wheel," and we cantered back—our part of the task done; while over the ground where we had charged, strewn now with horses and men, regiment after regiment advanced at the double, and the Confederates slowly gave way, only threatening now and then upon either flank as they retired.

Fear! there was no fear then, but all blind excitement. The fear comes afterwards, when swords are wiped to remove the dreadful stains, and the grass or scrap of torn uniform catches in the jagged edges of the blade. The fear comes then, and when men grow cool, and see the hacked and sorely trampled bodies brought in, enemies some, messmates, others, crushed and torn, and bleeding from hideous gashes made by the swords of men striking blindly in their rage. Think for a moment of the force of a blow given by a muscular man armed with a heavy, keen-edged sabre, and then think of that blow given with a slash when going full gallop—man striking brother-man so that his life bubbles out through the hideous gash! There has always been war, but in these highly-civilised times one might hope to see Peace occupy a higher position than she does; for, in spite of the progress we have made, it seems to be the height now of each European nation's ambition to excel in the production of some fearfully fatal engine of destruction.

Cowardice! Well, no doubt all men have more or less of it; but depend upon it, come the right time and place, you will find that there's vigour in almost every man who walks, even though it may not be the true mettle.

GREAT PYRAMID STANDARDS OF JUSTICE AND MEASURE.

BY PIAZZI SMYTH, ASTRONOMER ROYAL FOR SCOTLAND.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.



IF we examine this question of position rather from the larger side of geography than the smaller one of topography, a still more striking confirmation appears; for, on accurately measuring and summing up the areas of all the land surface of the globe, the Delta of Lower Egypt, which has the Great Pyramid dominating its centre of formation, is found to be in the centre again of all that said dry land, and therefore of whatever constitutes man-supporting, man-growing, human-empire-yielding surface,

over the whole world. Of the whole world too, be it observed, not in the limited sense in which the ancients knew it, but as the moderns know it, and possess it too; that is, with America, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, as well as Europe, Asia, and Africa.

How this was brought about, or whence the grand old shepherd-patriarch from Palestine who, according to Herodotus, influenced the then Egyptian King Cheops to build the Great Pyramid and keep it pure from all Egyptian idolatry, could have obtained his knowledge, is a mystery indeed; but

of the fact that he did thus procure the Pyramid's erection on a spot which is central to the land surface of the whole earth as we know it now, and not as the ancients fancied it, any geographer may assure himself from good modern maps in his study at home, and thereby perceive that the position of the Pyramid has a virtue for us and posterity which it did not possess for men in earlier times. Also that no more remarkable or appropriate position could be discovered now by modern science, wherein to erect a representative building to hold or typify the one weight and one measure which is to be adopted and followed by all mankind in the grand future that is coming, than the very identical spot already occupied by the ancient and world-famous building, which has been a silent and solemn witness of all the progress of human history thus far from the beginning—viz., the Great Pyramid.

The position, then, is most appropriate. Can as much be said for the character of the building?

A building for reference by the whole earth ought surely, one would imagine, to be large, massive, well built, and lasting; and has not the Great Pyramid all these characteristics? Indeed it has, for it is higher than any stone building ever yet erected by any nation, and in any country, through all subsequent time; it is nearly solid, and absolutely fireproof throughout; the truthful jointing, accurate shaping, and exquisite polish of the stones, whenever we can come on one of the well-preserved original outside surfaces as left by the ancient builders, is far before that which is found in most modern structures; and as to lasting powers, why, palaces and cathedrals are mere ephemeral mushrooms compared to the Great Pyramid, which has seen not only several generations of such mere egg-shell erections rise and fall, but has witnessed subsequent pyramids, built by native Egyptians unassisted by that primeval shepherd-patriarch of Palestine, decay away into mere rounded heaps of mouldering rubbish.

French metrical men would say, however, that ever and above such mere brute characteristics of size and endurance, a temple or universal memorial place for the weights and measures of the future of mankind requires to be scientific; seeing that the preparation of a system of earth-commensurable units and standards is an excessively difficult problem, as their most notable savants and immortal mathematicians of the Academy, who elaborated with many faults and shortcomings the Parisian metrical system, know right well.

Here again, then, let us test the Great Pyramid severely, and see how triumphantly it will come forth from the ordeal.

CLAIMS OF THE GREAT PYRAMID AS A SCIENTIFIC BUILDING.

In its whole shape the Great Pyramid is neither more nor less than a representation of one of the

five regular solids of geometers, viz., the half of the octahedron, or the square-based pyramid. It has no steeples, towers, cupolas, crockets, finials, flying buttresses, flutings, mouldings, cornices, capitals, columns, sculpture; only four smooth and flat triangular sloping flanks, meeting with their points in an apex above, and enclosing a square base below. Hence it is not for art at all, but entirely for science.

If, too, it may be said that any of the other pyramids equally represent in principle, though not on so large a scale, the regular solid of the mathematicians, the Great Pyramid immediately distances them by showing this feature—not clumsily super-added afterwards, but deftly introduced into the original design, viz.—that the exact angle at which its sides (and its sides only of all Egyptian pyramids) incline to the horizon is such, that the area of its vertical right section is to the area of its base as the length of the diameter to that of the circumference of a circle—a scientific result of the utmost importance in every walk of both pure and applied science, and which is now well known amongst university men as “the value of π ” in their mathematical books, and by the vulgar as the squaring of the circle; but which the ancient world had very little, if any, knowledge of during even the 2,000 or 3,000 years which followed the building of the Great Pyramid.

Moreover, this monument, speaking thus by its shape of a circle and its radius, being further found to be oriented, or to have its sides directed with almost telescopic exactness to the cardinal points of the horizon, as settled by the pole of the night sky, has astronomical relations also; while its five sides (including the base as one) and five angles or corners are the beginning of a quinary and decimal arithmetic where, times and powers of five and ten are perpetually recurring, with an occasional singling out of other numbers connected with the π ratio. Hence, partly, arises a set of cosmic and pyramidal commensurabilities of the most magnificent order, but of which, on account of our contracted space, this one example may suffice:—

The extraordinary height of the Great Pyramid, for a pure stone building, or 486 feet nearly—over-topping all the equally stone buildings since erected by man (and there were none before)—is one of its first claims to mere ordinary attention, especially as confuting one of the most radical dogmas of the theory of man's own progressive self-development. But if we now inquire, Why of that exact height? the answer rendered by modern science is, in order that the length of the vertical axis of the building may bear to the distance of the earth from the sun the even proportion or commensurability of 1 to 10^8 ; that is, that 1,000,000,000 times the height of the Great Pyramid is equal to the mean distance of the earth from the sun, that wondrous centre of light and heat for enabling man, under higher laws,

to carry on all the business of material-life upon this earth's surface.

Now here again we alight on a message to our times rather than to any that have preceded us, for the ancients knew nothing about the real distance of the sun. Even Herodotus, 1,800 years after the Pyramid was built, imagined that the sun was so little removed from the surface of the earth as to be within the wafting influence of the Etesian winds of Egypt. And though in modern times the solar distance has been one of the most frequently essayed problems by Governments as well as scientific societies, yet not until within the last twelve years has it been approached to with anything like the accuracy of the above-mentioned even Pyramid proportion. That proportion, multiplied by the measured height of the Pyramid, gives in English miles 92,093,000 for the solar distance, a quantity which modern science, after publishing almost every other possible number, has also brought out, or at least approached now very close to, by her last observations, but which she is so uncertain about exactly, that immense preparations are being made by the Governments of every civilised country to send out expeditions a few years hence to observe "the transit of Venus," as their best known mode for improving their knowledge of that all-important datum, "the sun's mean distance."

Meanwhile the Great Pyramid, which has kept to one and the same solution of the problem for 4,000 years, stands in possession of the ground; and though modern scientists may cry "Oh! it's accident," yet there is the fact; and there are so many other similar facts about that same building, that even if such remarkably exact coincidence of a long and regular series of mere accidents were possible, they would yet make the Pyramid to be in truth and reality the most scientifically shaped and philosophically adapted building on the whole earth; the most appropriate casket, therefore, though of giant size, to hold the records of a system of weights and measures still more scientific than the French, and more cosmopolitan than the English or any other.

UNITS AND STANDARDS OF GREAT PYRAMID SYMBOLISATION.

But where are the records or symbols of these weights and measures of the Great Pyramid?

Not in any publicly attractive shape or easily injured locality. Not, as with the French *mètre*, in the form of a thin bar of platinum and gold, which revolutionists, breaking into its "Palais," might readily steal, make away with, and convert into sordid pelf. We have read in an Irish paper its editor's complaint that some of the light-fingered gentry had broken into a blacksmith's shop, near Dublin, and succeeded in carrying off the anvil; but whose would steal the Great Pyramid's standard of length must brace up his loins to carry off that

mighty but barren mountain of stone, the Great Pyramid itself, and efface at the same time certain deep-cut and almost everlasting markings in the solid rock of its foundation; for the following is the nature of the memorialisation of the Pyramid's linear standard; and we shall confine ourselves at present to that more difficult and more scientific part of metrology, the origination and determination of units and standards, reserving the arranging them in tabular form for common use to another occasion.

Let, then, the length of any one of the sides of the base of the Great Pyramid, as ascertained by modern science, though not yet quite so precisely as it ought to be known—let it, we say, be divided by that most important natural number for man to know (but which he did not know at all accurately through all early history), viz., the number of days and parts of a day in the year; and the result comes out .25 inches and a fraction, if expressed in English inches; but if expressed in terms of the earth's size, and in reference to the most important line which the world possesses, the quantity appears as an even ten-millionth of the earth's semi-axis of rotation—i.e., of the distance from the earth's centre to either pole.

Now, though the old Egyptians believed the world to be a flat plane and steadily fixed, there can be no doubt in these, our own, days that such a natural quantity should have the highest recommendations for a standard of length to all the mankind of the future; but is it accurately and intentionally defined in the Great Pyramid?

These are important questions, combining, as they are evidently intended to do, the additional query as to whether, if the precise quantity was so marked originally, the traces are still recoverable.

So far as the existing sides of the building are concerned, they are now several feet smaller than in ancient times, from the stripping away of the layers of outside casing stones and backing stones by successive Sultans of Cairo. But that does not touch our conclusion; for the length of side we have just tested is not derived by measuring the walls as now standing, but by referring to sockets cut on the rock, in which socket-holes the outside terminal stones of each corner of the base originally stood, and whose relative distance asunder no dissipation of the building can alter.

But this is only one instance, and of a cumulative kind as to the number of units concerned. Is there nothing more definite and speaking more closely to the length of a single example of the unit or standard of length?

There is, and in the peculiarly substantial, yet at the same time mysteriously hidden, and long-unknown and unsuspected, style of the Great Pyramid.

That building, as every one now knows, is entirely solid and unenterable, except at one point, where begins a passage so low that a man has to stoop double to enter it, and so narrow that two men can

barely pass each other. Down a length of 300 feet of that long narrow pipe of squared stone, you come to a subterranean apartment called the Sepulchral Chamber, though evidently unfinished and never used as such; but its analogue, invariably found in every other pyramid, was used for tombic purposes, and this one, left open to all men, seems to have served as a blind to the real design of the whole; for by stopping 200 feet short of that lower room, and entering a modern side hole, access may now be gained to an upper, dark, secret, ascending passage or pipe which has no known analogue in any other pyramid, and leads, through eternal gloom, to what some have termed the scientific, and others the sacred part of the interior.

This upper passage was unknown even to the ancient Egyptians after the builders of the Great Pyramid were removed, and was only discovered 1,000 years ago by the Caliph Al Mamoon, and then through an accident. He thought to find all the gold and silver "of the kings who lived before the Flood;" but he met with only bare walls, a long inclined gallery, and two chambers—one of them in white limestone, and the other, since called the King's Chamber, with an ante-chamber before it, in polished red granite, and containing nothing but "an empty stone box." That he despised most thoroughly for its poverty and uselessness to him—but what it may be to the world we shall presently see.

Let us enter, then, the first and lower of these two chambers, viz., the white one. It is bare and empty, yet of exquisite structure, the joints between the stones being next to invisible, and there is a peculiar niche of large dimensions in the eastern wall, reaching almost from floor to ceiling; but, strange to say, though constructed with admirable truthfulness in itself, it is largely out from being in the centre of its wall—how much, though, we are bound to ask, in this most mathematical of all buildings, and wherein everything speaks eloquently of *number, weight, and measure*. We apply a scale accordingly, and find it to be just that one length of a single ten-millionth of the earth's semi-axis of rotation which we are seeking for, viz., twenty-five English inches and a fraction; while the same length is repeated again in the breadth of the upper part of the niche itself.

Here, then, we have the linear standard of the Pyramid's design, while its subdivision into twenty-five parts or units is also typified by the old floor of this room being found to stand on the twenty-fifth course from the ground upwards of the grand and Cyclopean masonry which forms the mass of the mountain-like Pyramid, in horizontal strata one above the other.

Even this, however, is not all the indication we have of the Pyramid's standard and units of length; for on ascending the incline of the grand gallery in

its mysterious grandeur and isolation of darkness, and entering the ante-chamber at the upper end thereof—where too we also meet with the first examples of the granite constructions of the Pyramid—behold, this little room is crossed near the middle of its height, but nearer to one end than the other, by two blocks or beams of polished red granite resting one on the other; and on the northern face of one of these stones is a peculiar sort of boss sculptured in relief.

A thing no bigger than one's hand is this bas-relief boss; or so small, that on the one side how shall a good man after 4,000 years be enabled both to find it in the dark interior of so vast a building as the Great Pyramid, and also to perceive its extraordinary importance in the ultimate design with and for which the whole structure was reared? while on the other side how shall the idle and mischievous sons of Belial be prevented from smashing and obliterating every trace of so helpless and passive a little innocent, before its purpose for humanity has been served? Any ordinary mode of making the thing conspicuous to catch the good man's eye would, of course, insure its destruction by the bad man; and ordinary concealment from the latter would prevent the good man ever beholding its proportions and drawing salutary conclusions therefrom. How, then, has the problem been performed? for solved it has been most successfully, seeing that though the hammers of the destroyers have been at work in every passage, in every chamber, so that not a single visible sharp edge has been anywhere left, whether round doorways, steps, or ramps, without being industriously chipped away as if with the very intention of preventing any accurate measure of them ever being taken, while even ponderous masses have been entirely broken up, if from their prominence in the construction it was thought or hoped that serious mischief to the intentions of the builders might be done by their removal; nay, though walls and floors and ceilings all about bear testimony to the inveterate and burning desire of mediæval and modern destroyers to destroy whatever was within their range to destroy, yet this most easily destroyable little, quiet, boss on the so-called granite "leaf" is still perfect as on the day it was cut.

To those who have, in a teachable spirit, studied the plan of the Great Pyramid, and measured its proportions as a whole, both outside and inside, the intersections of its leading scientific lines of construction point with all the meaning of the finger of the ancient architect himself; and while the descendants of the mischievous, hammer in one hand and candle in the other, perversely seeking what they may ruin, must perforce bow their heads in humble posture to enter the so-called King's Chamber by the low passage doorways of this ante-chamber thereto, they apparently do not see what, at

one particular moment, they bow their heads under; or that on the northern side of the granite leaf of that ante-chamber, whose larger southern portion they have almost entirely wrecked, there is a narrow segment of the room where a man may just stand upright; either they do not see that narrow cleft just above their low-bowed heads, or they will not believe that there can be anything important in such a dark, diminutive space. But the wise man and good subject, duly instructed beforehand by careful study and mensuration of the building, knowing that in that little nook is the intersection of those spiritual rather than real lines, viz., the vertical, east and west central plane of the whole pyramid, and the inclined axis produced of the glorious grand gallery and first ascending passage, he rises from his stooping posture at that identical point until he stands upright in the narrow space, open below and ventilated above, and then by the light of his well-trimmed lamp he sees himself face to face with this unique sculptured item, the boss standing out in solitary sharpness and rare symmetry from the polished and glassy surface of the red granite leaf.

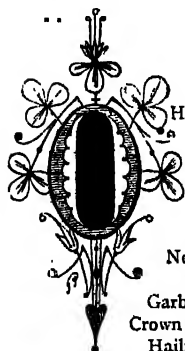
He knows also that at the further end of the room is a grand symbol of a division into five.* But what is divided into five, and even into five again?—for the symbol extends through both granite and limestone.

He measures the outward circumference of the boss and finds it 25 inches and a fraction, or the cubit of the Pyramid. He measures the height and breadth of the raised part of the boss, and finds them each 5 inches, or the fifth part of the cubit; and he measures the thickness of the said boss at its lower rectangular side, and finds it 1 inch, or the fifth part of the fifth—that is, the twenty-fifth part of the cubit; wherefore, behold the cubit and its sub-division into inches; while by a similar device of *excentric emplacement* of the boss on the leaf, similarly with the niche in the eastern wall of the Queen's Chamber, the distance from the centre of the boss to the east end of the granite leaf is found to be in straight linear measure as nearly as possible 25' 25 British inches.

END OF PART THE SECOND.

* See "Life and Work at the Great Pyramid." By C. Piaz Smyth. 1867.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.



H, the glory of the blossoms!

Apple-blossoms pink and white;

Snowy in the gloaming shadows,

Rosy in the morning light!

Now the trees, all gnarled and hoary,

Garbed in mosses sombre-hued,
Crown their age with festal garlands,
Hailing May with life renewed.

Everywhere—in vale, or upland—

Laughing at our fickle skies,
Bursting forth for lord and cottar,
Apple-blossoms greet our eyes.

Birds, as if their beauty wooing,
Trill aloud their sweetest song,
While they gaily hide or hover,
Swing or flit, the boughs among.

Now, too, are the orchards haunted:
O'er their sward trip merry fays,
Breast-knots snatching where some branchlet,
Overladen, earthward sways.

Alice, pensive in her pleasure;
Annie, with her archer smile,
Weaving fancies with her flowers,
Pure as they from smirch or gulle;

Or toward my window glancing,
Snowy flakes in handfuls fling,
And with beck'ning finger bid me
Come and taste the breath of spring.

Haply as they, loitering, listen
While some lark soars high and light,
Dream they how from out the home-nest
They, too, shall ere long take flight,

Drawn thence by that love, whose castles
Each of us has helped to build;
Painting all our airy fabrics
Rainbow-tinted, pleasure-filled.

Shall I dim their dreams with bodings
Of the hours for all in store,
When the spring of life has vanished,
And the clouds creep darkling o'er?
Bodings of the cares that canker
Bravest hearts when hope is dead;
Of despair, the blight most deadly
To the soul when sore bestead.

Nay; for rather would I borrow
From the teachings of the May,
Deeper faith in Him who gives us
Strength for every coming day;

Rather hope my treasured blossoms,
Like the blooms that grace the tree,
Into golden fruit may ripen
Sound at heart, and canker-free.

LOUISA CROW.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

OVERHEAD IN LOVE.

AWFULLY fast the time sped away. It was the second week in March I passed in Sark; the second week in May came upon me as if borne by a whirlwind. It was only a month to the day so long fixed upon for our marriage. My mother began to fidget about my going over to London, to pay my farewell bachelor visit to Jack Senior, and to fit myself out with wedding clothes. Julia's was going on fast to completion. Our trip to Switzerland was distinctly planned out. Go I must to London; order my wedding suit I must.

But first there could be no harm in running over to Sark to see Olivia once more. As soon as I was married I would tell Julia all about her. But if either arm or ankle went wrong for want of attention, I should never forgive myself.

"When shall we have another run together, Captain Carey?" I asked.

"Any day you like, my boy," he answered; "your days of liberty are growing few and short now, eh? I've never had a chance of trying it myself, Martin, but they are nervous times, I should think. Cruising in doubtful channels, eh? with uncertain breezes? How does Julia keep up?"

"I can spare to-morrow," I replied, ignoring his remarks; "on Saturday I shall cross over to England, to see Jack Senior."

"And bid him adieu?" he said, laughing, "or give him an invitation to your own house? I shall be glad to see you in a house of your own. Your father is too young's man for you."

"Can you take me to Sark to-morrow?" I asked.

"To be sure I can," he answered.

It was the last time I could see Olivia before my marriage. Afterwards I should see much of her; for Julia would invite her to our house, and be a friend to her. I spent a wretchedly sleepless night; and whenever I dozed I saw Olivia before me, weeping bitterly, and refusing to be comforted.

From St. Sampson's we set sail straight for the Havre Gosselin, without a word upon my part; and the wind being in our favour, we were not long in crossing the channel. To my extreme surprise and chagrin Captain Carey announced his intention of landing with me, and leaving the yacht in charge of his men to await our return.

"The ladder is excessively awkward," I objected, "and some of the rungs are loose. You don't mind running the risk of a plunge into the water?"

"Not in the least," he answered cheerily; "for

the matter of that, I plunge into it every morning at L'Ancrese. I want to see Tardif. He is one in a thousand, as you say; and one cannot see such a man every day of one's life."

There was no help for it, and I gave in, hoping some good luck awaited me. I led the way up the zig-zag path, and just as we reached the top I saw the slight, erect figure of Olivia seated upon the brow of a little grassy knoll at a short distance from us. Her back was towards us, so she was not aware of our vicinity; and I pointed towards her with an assumed air of indifference.

"I believe that is my patient yonder," I said; "I will just run across and speak to her, and then follow you to the farm."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "there is a lovely view from that spot. I recollect it well. I will go with you. There will be time enough to see Tardif."

Did Captain Carey suspect anything? Or what reason could he have for wishing to see Olivia? Could it be merely that he wanted to see the view from that particular spot? I could not forbid him accompanying me, but I wished him at Jericho.

What is more stupid than to have an elderly man dogging one's footsteps?

I trusted devoutly that we should see or hear Tardif before reaching the knoll; but no such good fortune befell me. Olivia did not hear our footsteps upon the soft turf, though we approached her very nearly. The sun shone upon her glossy hair, every thread of which seemed to shine back again. She was reading aloud, apparently to herself, and the sounds of her sweet voice were wafted by the air towards us. Captain Carey's face became very thoughtful.

A few steps nearer brought us in view of Tardif, who had spread his nets on the grass, and was examining them narrowly for rents. Just at this moment he was down on his knees, not far from Olivia, gathering some broken meshes together, but listening to her, with an expression of huge contentment upon his handsome face. A bitter pang shot through me. Could it be true by any possibility—that lie I had heard the last time I was in Sark?

"Good day, Tardif," shouted Captain Carey; and both Tardif and Olivia started. But both of their faces grew brighter at seeing us, and they at once sprang up to give us welcome. Olivia's colour had come back to her cheeks, and a sweeter face no man ever looked upon.

"I am very glad you are come once more," she said, putting her hand in mine; "you told me in your last letter you were going to England, and

might not come over to Sark before next autumn. How glad I am to see you again !”

I glanced from the corner of my eye at Captain Carey. He looked very grave, but his eyes could not rest upon Olivia without admiring her, as she stood before us, bright-faced, slender, erect, with the folds of her coarse dress falling about her as gracefully as if they were of the richest material.

“This is my friend, Captain Carey, Miss Olivia,” I said, “in whose yacht I have come to visit you.”

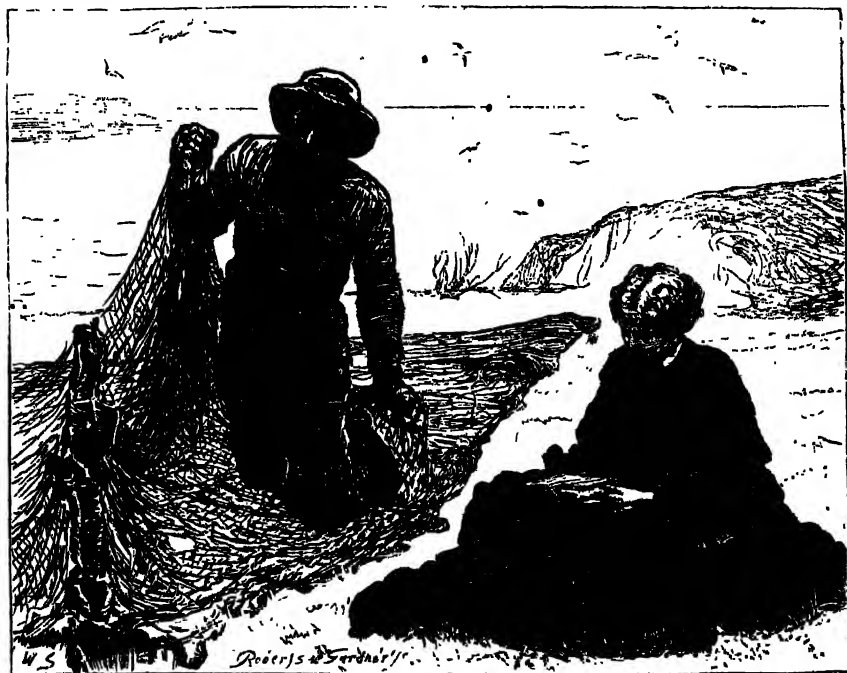
“I am very glad to see any friend of Dr. Martin’s,”

“I do not like it, doctor,” said Tardif ; “there’s no hope in it. Yet to sleep out yonder at last, on the great plain under the sea, would be no bad thing.”

“You must sing it for Tardif,” added Olivia, with a pretty imperiousness, “and then he will like it.”

My throat felt dry, and my tongue parched. I could not utter a word in reply.

“This would be the very place for such a song,” said Captain Carey. “Come, Martin, let us have it.”



“SHE WAS READING ALOUD.”

she answered, as she held out her hand to him with a smile ; “my doctor and I are great friends, Captain Carey.”

“So I suppose,” he said significantly — or at least his tone and look seemed fraught with significance to me.

“We were talking of you only a few minutes ago, Dr. Martin,” she continued ; “I was telling Tardif how you sang the “Three Fishers” to me the last time you were here, and how it rings in my ears still, especially when he is away fishing. I repeated the three last lines to him :

“For men must work, and women must weep ;
And the sooner it’s over, the sooner t’s sleep.
So good-bye to the bar, with its moaning.”

“No ; I can sing nothing to-day,” I answered harshly.

The very sight of her made me feel miserable beyond words ; the sound of her voice maddened me. I felt as if I was angry with her almost to hatred for her grace and sweetness ; yet I could have knelt down at her feet, and been happy only to lay my hand on a fold of her dress. No feeling had ever stirred me so before, and it made me irritable. Olivia’s clear grey eyes looked at me wonderingly.

“Is there anything the matter with you, Dr. Martin ?” she inquired.

“No,” I replied, turning away from her abruptly. Every one of them felt my rudeness ; and there

was a dead silence among us for half a minute, which seemed an age to me. Then I heard Captain Carey speaking in his suave tones.

"Are you quite well again?" he asked.

"Yes, quite well, I think," she said, in a very subdued voice. "I cannot walk far yet, and my arm is still weak; but I think I am quite well. I have given Dr. Martin a great deal of trouble."

She spoke in the low, quiet tones of a child who has been chidden unreasonably. I was asking myself what Captain Carey meant by not leaving me alone with my patient. When a medical man makes a call, the intrusion of any unprofessional, indifferent person is unpardonable. If it had been Suzanne, Tardif, or mother Renouf who was keeping so close beside us, I could have made no reasonable objection. But Captain Carey!

"Tardif," I said, "Captain Carey came ashore on purpose to visit you and your farm."

I knew he was excessively proud of his farm, which consisted of about four or five acres. He caught at the words with alacrity, and led the way towards his house with tremendous strides. There was no means of evading a tour of inspection, though Captain Carey appeared to follow him reluctantly. Olivia and I were left alone, but she was moving after them slowly, when I ran to her, and offered her my arm, on the plea that her ankle was still too weak to bear her weight unsupported.

"Olivia!" I exclaimed, after we had gone a few yards, bringing her and myself to a sudden halt. Then I was struck dumb. I had nothing special to say to her. How was it I had called her so familiarly Olivia?

"Well, Dr. Martin?" she said, looking into my face again with eager, inquiring eyes, as if she was wishful to understand my varying moods.

"What a lovely place this is!" I ejaculated.

More lovely than any words I ever heard could describe. It was a perfect day, and a perfect view. The sea was like an opal, changing every minute with the passing shadows of snow-white clouds, which floated lazily across the bright blue of the sky. The cliffs, Sark Cliffs, which have not their equal in the world, stretched below us, with every hue of gold and bronze, and hoary white, and soft grey; and here and there a black rock, with livid shades of purple, and a bloom upon it like a raven's wing. Rocky islets, never trodden by human foot, over which the foam poured ceaselessly, were dotted all about the changeful surface of the water. And just beneath the level of my eyes was Olivia's face—the loveliest thing there, though there was so much beauty lying around us.

"Yes, it is a lovely place," she assented, a mischievous smile playing about her lips.

"Olivia," I said, taking my courage by both hands, "it is only a month till my wedding-day."

Was I deceiving myself, or did she really grow

paler? It was but for a moment if it were so. But how cold the air felt all in an instant! The shock was like that of a first plunge into chilly waters, and I was shivering through every fibre.

"I hope you will be happy," said Olivia, "very happy. It is a great risk to run. Marriage will make you either very happy or very wretched."

"Not at all," I answered, trying to speak gaily; "I do not look forward to any vast amount of rapture. Julia and I will get along very well together, I have no doubt, for we have known one another all our lives. I do not expect to be any happier than other men; and the married people I have known have not exactly dwelt in Paradise. Perhaps your experience has been different?"

"Oh, no!" she said, her hand trembling on my arm, and her face very downcast; "but I should have liked you to be very, very happy."

So softly spoken, with such a low, faltering voice! I could not trust myself to speak again. A stern sense of duty towards Julia kept me silent; and we moved on, though very slowly and lingeringly.

"You love her very much?" said the quiet voice at my side, not much louder than the voice of conscience, which was speaking imperiously then.

"I esteem her more highly than any other woman, except my mother," I said. "I believe she would die sooner than do anything she considered wrong. I do not deserve her, and she loves me, I am sure, very truly and faithfully."

"Do you think she will like me?" asked Olivia anxiously.

"No; she must love you," I said, with warmth; "and I, too, can be a more useful friend to you after my marriage than I am now. Perhaps then you will feel free to place perfect confidence in us."

She smiled faintly, without speaking—a smile which said plainly she could keep her own secret closely. It provoked me to do a thing I had had no intention of doing, and which I regretted very much afterward. I opened my pocket-book, and drew out the little slip of paper containing the advertisement.

"Read that," I said.

But I do not think she saw more than the first line, for her face went deadly white, and her eyes turned upon me with a wild, beseeching look—as Tardif described it, the look of a creature hunted and terrified. I thought she would have fallen, and I put my arm round her. She fastened both her hands about mine, and her lips moved, though I could not catch a word she was saying.

"Olivia!" I cried, "Olivia! do you suppose I could do anything to hurt you? Do not be so frightened! Why, I am your friend truly. I wish to heaven I had not shown you the thing. Have more faith in me, and more courage."

"But they will find me, and force me away from here," she muttered.

"No," I said; "that advertisement was printed in the *Times* directly after your flight last October. They have not found you out yet; and the longer you are hidden, the less likely they are to find you. Good heavens! what a fool I was to show it to you!"

"Never mind," she answered, recovering herself a little, but still clinging to my arm; "I was only frightened for the time. You would not give me up to them if you know all."

"Give you up to them!" I repeated bitterly. "Am I a Judas?"

But she could not talk to me any more. She was trembling like an aspen leaf, and her breath came sobbingly. All I could do was to take her home, blaming myself for my cursed folly.

Captain Carey and Tardif met us at the farmyard gate, but Olivia could not speak to them; and we passed them in silence, challenged by their inquisitive looks. She could only bid me good-bye in a tremulous voice; and I watched her go on into her own little room, and close the door. That was the last I should see of her before my marriage.

Tardif walked with us to the top of the cliff, and made me a formal, congratulatory speech before quitting us. When he was gone, Captain Carey stood still until he was quite out of hearing, and then stretched out his hand towards the thatched roof, yellow with stonecrop and lichens.

"This is a serious business, Martin," he said, looking sternly at me; "you are in love with that girl."

"I love her with all my heart and soul!" I cried.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH IN A "FIX."

YES, I loved Olivia with all my heart and soul.

I had not known it myself till that moment; and now I acknowledged it boldly, almost defiantly, with a strange mingling of delight and pain in the confession.

Yet the words startled me as I uttered them. They had involved in them so many unpleasant consequences, so much chagrin and bitterness as their practical result, that I stood aghast—even while my pulses throbbed, and my heart beat high, with the novel rapture of loving any woman as I loved Olivia. If I followed out my avowal to its just issue, I should be a traitor to Julia; and all my life up to the present moment would be lost to me. I had scarcely spoken it before I dropped my head on my hands with a groan.

"Come, come, my poor fellow!" said Captain Carey, who could never see a dog with his tail between his legs without whistling to him and patting him, "we must see what can be done."

It was neither a time nor a place for the indulgence of emotion of any kind. It was im-

possible for me to remain on the cliffs, bemoaning my unhappy fate. I strode on doggedly down the path, kicking the loose stones into the water as they came in my way. Captain Carey followed, whistling softly to himself, and of all the times in the world, he chose the one to the "Three Fishers," which I had sung to Olivia. He continued doing so after we were aboard the yacht, and I saw the boatmen exchange apprehensive glances.

"We shall have wind enough, without whistling for it, before we reach Guernsey," said one of them, after a while; and Captain Carey relapsed into silence. We scarcely spoke again, except about the shifting of the sails, in our passage across. A pretty stiff breeze was blowing, and we found plenty of occupation.

"I cannot leave you like this, Martin, my boy," said Captain Carey, when we went ashore at St. Sampson's; and he put his arm through mine.

"You will keep my secret?" I said—my voice a key or two lower than usual.

"Martin," answered the good-hearted, clear-sighted old bachelor, "you must not do Julia the wrong of keeping this a secret from her."

"I must," I urged. "Olivia knows nothing of it; nobody guesses it but you. I must conquer it. Things have gone too far with poor Julia for me to back out of our marriage now. You know that as well as I do. Think of it, Captain Carey!"

"But shall you conquer it?" asked Captain Carey seriously.

I could not answer yes frankly and freely. It seemed a sheer impossibility for me to root out all this new love, which I found in my heart below all the old loves and friendships of my whole life. Mad as I was with myself at the thought of my folly, the folly was so sweet to me that I would as soon have parted with life itself. Nothing in the least resembling this feeling had been a matter of experience with me before. I had read of it in poetry and novels, and laughed a little at it; but now it had come upon me like a strong man armed. I quailed and flinched before the painful conflict necessary to cast out the precious guest.

"Martin," urged Captain Carey, "come up to Johanna, and tell her all about it."

Johanna Carey was one of the powers in the island. Everybody knew her; and everybody went to her for comfort or counsel. She was, of course, related to us all; and knew the exact degree of relationship amongst us, having the genealogy of each family at her fingers' ends. But besides these family histories, which were common property, she was also entrusted with the inmost secrets of every household—those secrets which were the most carefully and jealously guarded. I had always been a favourite with her, and nothing could be more natural than this proposal, that I should go and tell her of my dilemma.

Johanna was standing at one of the windows, in a Quakerish dress of some grey stuff, and with a plain white cap over her white hair. She came down to the door as soon as she saw me, and received me with a motherly kiss, which I returned with more than usual warmth, as one does in any new kind of trouble. I think she was instantly aware that something was amiss with me.

"Is dinner ready, Johanna?" asked her brother; "we are as hungry as hunters."

That was not true as far as I was concerned. For the first time within my recollection my appetite quite failed me, and I merely played with my knife and fork.

Captain Carey regarded me pitifully, and said, "Come, come, Martin, my boy!" several times.

Johanna made no remark; but her quiet, searching eyes looked me through and through, till I almost longed for the time when she would begin to question and cross-question me. After she was gone Captain Carey gave me two or three glasses of his choicest wine, to cheer me up, as he said; but we were not long before we followed his sister.

"Johanna," said Captain Carey, "we have something to tell you."

"Come and sit here by me," she said, making room for me beside her on her sofa; for long experience had taught her how much more difficult it is to make a confession face to face with one's confessor, under the fire of his eyes, as it were, than when one is partially concealed from him.

"Well?" she said, in her calm, inviting voice.

"Johanna," I replied, "I am in a terrible fix!"

"Awful!" cried Captain Carey sympathetically; but a glance from his sister put him to silence.

"What is it, my dear Martin?" asked her inviting voice again.

"I will tell you frankly," I said, feeling I must have it out at once, like an aching tooth. "I love, with all my heart and soul, that girl in Sark; the one who has been my patient there."

"Martin!" she cried, in a tone full of surprise and agitation, "Martin!"

"Yes; I know all you would urge. My honour; my affection for Julia; the claims she has upon me, the strongest claims possible; how good and worthy she is; what an impossibility it is even to look back now. I know it all, and feel how miserably binding it is upon me. Yet I love Olivia; and I shall never love Julia."

"Martin!" she cried again.

"Listen to me, Johanna," I said, for now the ice was broken my frozen words were flowing as rapidly as a runnel of water; "I used to dream of a feeling something like this years ago, but no girl I saw could kindle it into a reality. I have always esteemed Julia, and when my youth was over, and I had never felt any devouring passion, I began to think love was more of a word than a fact, or to

believe that it had become only a word in these cold late times. At any rate, I concluded I was past the age for falling in love. There was my cousin Julia, certainly dearer to me than any other woman, except my mother. I knew all her little ways, and they were not annoying to me, or were so in a very small degree. Besides, my father had had a grand passion for my mother, and what had that come to? There would be no such white ashes of a spent fire for Julia to shiver over. That was how I argued the matter out with myself. At eight-and-twenty I had never lost a quarter of an hour's sleep, or missed a meal, for the sake of any girl. Surely I was safe. It was quite fair for me to propose to Julia, and she would be satisfied with the affection I could offer her. Then there was my mother; it was the greatest happiness I could give her, and her life has not been a happy one, God knows. So I proposed to Julia, and she accepted me last Christmas."

"And you are to be married next month?" said Johanna, in an exceedingly troubled tone.

"Yes," I answered, "and now every word Julia speaks, and everything she does, grates upon me. I love her as much as ever as my cousin, but as my wife! Good heavens! Johanna, I cannot tell you how I dread it."

"What can be done?" she exclaimed, looking from me to Captain Carey, whose face was as full of dismay as her own. But he only shook his head despondingly.

"Done!" I repeated, "nothing, absolutely nothing. It is utterly impossible to draw back. Our house is nearly ready for us, and even Julia's wedding-dress and veil are bought."

"There is not a house you enter," said Johanna solemnly, "where they are not preparing a wedding-present for Julia and you. There has not been a marriage in your district, among ourselves, for nine years. It is as public as a royal marriage."

"It must go on," I answered, with the calmness of despair. "I am the most good-for-nothing scoundrel in Guernsey to fall in love with my patient. You need not tell me so, Johanna. And yet, if I could think that Olivia loved me, I would not change with the happiest man alive."

"What is her name?" asked Johanna.

"One of the Olliviers," answered Captain Carey; "but what Olliviers she belongs to, I don't know. She is one of the prettiest creatures I ever saw."

"An Ollivier!" exclaimed Johanna, in her severest accents. "Martin, what are you thinking of?"

"Her Christian name is Olivia," I said hastily; "she does not belong to the Olliviers at all. It was Tardif's mistake, and very natural. She was born in Australia, I believe."

"Of a good family, I hope?" asked Johanna. "There are some persons it would be a disgrace to you to love. What is her other name?"

"I don't know," I answered reluctantly, but distinctly.

Johanna turned her face full upon me now—a face more agitated than I had ever seen it. There was no use in trying to keep back any part of my serious delinquency, so I resolved to make a clean breast of it.

"I know very little about her," I said—"that is, about her history; as for herself, she is the sweetest, dearest, loveliest girl in the whole world to me. If I were free, and she loved me, I should not know what else to wish for. All I know is that she has run away from her people; why, I have no more idea than you have, or who they are, or where they live; and she has been living in Tardif's cottage since last October. It is an infatuation, do you say? So it is, I dare say. It is an infatuation; and I don't know that I shall ever shake it off."

"What is she like?" asked Johanna. "Is she very merry and bright?"

"I never saw her laugh," I said.

"Very melancholy and sad, then?"

"I never saw her weep," I said.

"What is it then, Martin?" she asked earnestly.

"I cannot tell what it is," I answered. "Everything she does and says has a charm for me that I could never describe. With her for my wife I should be more happy than I ever was; with any one else I shall be wretched. That is all I know."

I had left my seat by Johanna, and was pacing to and fro in the room, too restless and miserable to keep still. The low moan of the sea sighed all about the house. I could have cast myself on the floor had I been alone, and wept and sobbed like a woman. I could see no loophole of escape from the mesh of circumstances which caught me in their net.

A long, dreary, colourless, wretched life stretched before me, with Julia my inseparable companion, and Olivia altogether lost to me. Captain Carey and Johanna, neither of whom had tasted the sweets and bitters of marriage, looked sorrowfully at me and shook their heads.

"You must tell Julia," said Johanna, after a long pause.

"Tell Julia!" I echoed. "I would not tell her for worlds!"

"You must tell her," she repeated; "it is your clear duty. I know it will be most painful to you both, but you have no right to marry her with this secret on your mind."

"I should be true to her," I interrupted somewhat angrily.

"What do you call being true, Martin Dobreé?" she asked, more calmly than she had spoken before. "Is it being true to a woman to let her believe you choose and love her above all other women, when that is absolutely false? No; you are too honourable for that. I tell you it is your

plain duty to let Julia know this, and know it at once."

"It will break her heart," I said, with a sharp twinge of conscience and a cowardly shrinking from the unpleasant duty urged upon me.

"It will not break Julia's heart," said Johanna very sadly; "it may break your mother's."

I recoiled as if a sharp blow had struck me. I had been thinking far less of my mother than of Julia; but I saw, as with a flash of lightning, what a complete up-rooting of all her old habits and long-cherished hopes this would prove to my mother, whose heart was so set upon this marriage. Would Julia marry me if she once heard of my unfortunate love for Olivia? And if not, what would become of our home? My mother would have to give up one of us, for it was not to be supposed that Julia would consent to live under the same roof with me, now the happy tie of cousinship was broken, and none dearer to be formed.

Which could my mother part with best? Julia was almost as much her daughter as I was her son; yet me she pined after, if ever I was absent long. No; I could not resolve to run the risk of breaking that gentle, faithful heart, which loved me so fully. I went back to Johanna, and took her hand in both of mine.

"Keep my secret," I said earnestly, "you two. I will make Julia and my mother happy. Do not mistrust me. This infatuation overpowered me unawares. I will conquer it; at the worst I can conceal it. I promise you Julia shall never regret being my wife."

"Martin," answered Johanna determinedly, "if you do not tell Julia I must tell her myself. You say you love this other girl with all your heart and soul."

"Yes, and that is true," I said.

"Then Julia must know before she marries you."

Nothing could move Johanna from that position, and in my heart I recognised its righteousness. She argued with me that it was Julia's due to hear it from myself. I knew afterwards that she believed the sight of her distress and firm love for myself would dissipate the infatuation of my love for Olivia. But she did not read Julia's character as well as my mother did.

Before she let me leave her I had promised to have my confession and subsequent explanation with Julia all over the following day; and to make this the more inevitable, she told me she should drive into St. Peter-port the next afternoon about five o'clock, when she should expect to find this troublesome matter settled, either by a renewal of my affection for my betrothed, or the suspension of the betrothal. In the latter case she promised to carry Julia home with her until the first bitterness was over.

MY DÉBUT ON A CUBAN STAGE.



HAVE been already connected with the Teatro Real de Cuba in various capacities: as scenic artist whenever new decorations were required; as dramatic translator when an English play was wanted for adaptation to the Spanish stage. Foremost in my latter achievements was "Box and Cox"—a farce entirely fresh to a Cuban audience, and a great success when interpreted for them into choice Castilian. My colour-box has also been in demand on special occasions, when the leading performers were particular respecting the correct pencilling of their eyebrows, the effective corking of their cheeks, and other attributes of a performer's "make-up."

Application to me is now made by Señor Don Baltazar Telon y Escotillon, impresario and first low comedian of the Teatro Real de Cuba, who induces me to take an important rôle in a new farce which the manager contemplates presenting to the Cuban public, on the occasion of his annual benefit.

The farce is from the pen of a popular Cuban author, and is called "Fops of the Period" (*Los Mocitos del Dia*). The subject of the play is of local interest, with a moral exposing in farcical colours the foibles of the Cuban *pollo*, or dandy, whose taste for pleasure and idleness is only exceeded by his aversion for manual labour and for early matrimony. The characters are represented by: Teresita, a beautiful young Creole; Doña Lola, her aunt; Juana, a mulatto slave; Ramon, a *moquito*, in love with Teresita; Don Gabriel, a fruiterer; Mister Charles, a Yankee engineer from a sugar plantation. To lend a realistic tone to the last-mentioned personage, the manager has "secured the services of a live Yankee from the United States"—at least, such is his announcement; but in reality the gentleman who has offered to fill the part is an Englishman and the present writer.

"Posters," bearing my Anglo-Saxon name—which in a Cuban ear has an imposing sound—are affixed to the corners of every street, and bills of the play are distributed gratis throughout the town. In accordance with custom the beneficee has addressed envelopes enclosing a programme of the entertainments, together with a photograph of himself and a *tuneta* or reserved-seat ticket, to all the known frequenters of the theatre. Those who appreciate the compliment implied by the talented comedian will assuredly lend their patronage on his benefit night, and perhaps forward twice or thrice the value of the ticket of admission. The manager is confident of a "bumper," and bids me do my best.

To acquit myself with credit is not so easy as Don Baltazar supposes. First it is necessary to eschew my inapproachable Spanish, and to assume that language as it is spoken by an American of the lower orders, residing in Cuba. During my visits to sugar plantations, I have sometimes made the acquaintance of certain engineers from Philadelphia who, while the cane harvest lasts, are employed to work the machinery used in sugar-making. With these gentlemen before me for models, I study my part in private. Contrary to the system adopted by my brother-players, I carefully commit the whole of my part to memory, noting the grammatical errors, which are numerous, and the fragments of English which occasionally appear. I am punctual in my attendance at the rehearsals, which is more than some of my fellow-comedians can say. When an actor of the Teatro Real de Cuba is absent from rehearsal, a super or a scene-shifter is called to read over his part until he arrives.

I have considerable difficulty in following the prompter, whose duty it is to dictate to the performer the words which the latter afterwards repeats. Seated in a stage trap before the leader of the orchestra, he is conveniently within hearing of the actors, who upon the evening of representation never desert him if they can possibly help it. But I, who have studied my part after the manner of English actors, could easily dispense with the Cuban prompter's services. His prompting is perplexing and fills me with prospective terrors of a "break-down." Often while I am in the middle of a speech, my officious friend at the footlights has already whispered the remainder, besides uttering the words which belong to the next speaker. If I pause for purposes of "by-play," the gentleman in the trap is convinced that I have forgotten my rôle, and insists upon repeating the missing line, though I expostulate in a low voice, and beg him by all the saints in the calendar to hold his peace.

A copy of the new farce is dispatched previous to its representation to the Spanish Censor, who, after a careful perusal, returns it with the following footnote:—

"Having examined this comedy, I find in it nothing which should prevent its representation from being authorised.—Signed: The Censor of Theatres—Antonio de los Santos y Ribaldos."

In spite of this formal declaration, one passage in the farce is found to bear a condemnatory red mark. The objectionable phrase belongs to Mister Charles, the Yankee engineer, who in the course of the play's action is made to observe, "These poor Spanish brutes want civilising badly!"

Don Baltazar is puzzled, and consults his company upon the propriety—not to say safety—of using the questionable words. All agree that the point is a telling one and would gratify an audience composed principally of Cubans, who have no affection for Spaniards; and they are of opinion that as no written exception to the play has, as is usual in such cases, been made by the censor, the text may safely be followed.

From the broad balcony of my private dwelling I watch with eager interest the Spanish orange and red banner, which on a certain day waves over the Teatro Real de Cuba, in token of an evening's performance. If the weather prove unfavourable, this fluttering emblem of fine weather will fall like a barometer; the doors of the theatre will close, and a notice postponing the entertainments for another evening will be affixed over the entrance. Such an event is, however, not in store; and at seven o'clock precisely the huge doors of the Teatro Real de Cuba are thrown open.

The performances begin with a stirring drama in a prologue and three acts, entitled *Flor de un Día*. The tone of this very favourite piece would without doubt be questioned by a Lord Chamberlain, but as it contains no political offence it meets with the unqualified approval of his Excellency, the Spanish Censor.

Before the curtain rises the manager peeps through a small glazed hole in the centre of the act-drop and surveys the audience. The house is full, *de bôte en bôte*, as the newspapers afterwards express it. His Excellency the Governor, attended by his staff of officers, occupies the big stage box on the left of the proscenium, and there is a goodly sprinkling of Spaniards in every part of the theatre.

Most foreign plays are divided into "scenes," and the farce of *Los Mocitos del Día* contains no less than twenty-four *escenas*. My "call" is for scene nine, so after the second act of the drama I go to my dressing-room and arrange my "make-up" for the Cubanised Yankee. Agreeably to the Cuban notion of American costume, I don a suit of dark-coloured winter clothing, together with a red flannel shirt, heavy hob-nailed boots, and an engineer's broad-peaked cap. Similarly, I apply cosmetic to my hair, which I comb flat and lank, I rouge my cheeks and nose plentifully with crimson colour, attach a thick tuft of hair beneath my chin, and with the aid of burnt cork give to my naturally round face a lantern-jawed, cadaverous appearance.

When the curtain has fallen upon the three-act drama, my dressing-room is besieged by a host of Cuban friends, who have come to wish me success and to inspect my make-up behind the scenes. All congratulate me on my effective disguise, and promise to assist towards giving me a warm reception.

But now the big bell summoning all stragglers to their places is heard, the audience resume their seats, and the curtain rises for *Los Mocitos del Día*.

The scene of the farce is laid in the interior of a *ventorillo*, or fruiterer's shop, in Cuba, with real bananas, plantains, sugar-cane, cocoa-nuts, mangoes, Panama hats, and limp hand-baskets distributed about the stage. Juana, the mulatto girl, attired in a low-necked, short-sleeved cotton gown and a coloured turban, is discovered smoking an enormous cigar, and washing clothes in a kind of flat tub, called in Creole vernacular a *bata*. She soliloquises in the drawling nasal tone peculiar to her race, and adopts a Spanish which abounds in abbreviated words, suppressed s's, unlipied z's, and s-sounding c's. After singing the Candelita, a favourite Cuban ditty, Juana discourses upon her master "Don Gabriel's" objections to *lo mocito*, as she calls them, and describes their rakish habits.

Enter Teresita's lover Ramon.

The *mocito* desires an uninterrupted interview with his mistress, and offers to bribe the mulatto with silver *medios* if she will warn the lovers of the "enemy's" approach by singing the Candelita outside. Juana accepts the bribe, which she places carefully within the folds of her turban after the fashion of her tribe, and vanishes in quest of her young mistress.

Enter Teresita.—"Válgame Dios! Ramon?"

Ramon.—"Teresita de mi vida!" (Love-scene.)

Teresita refers to her father's dislike to *los mocitos*, whom Don Gabriel declares to have no occupations save those of gambling and dancing, and who go about "perfumed with eau-de-Cologne and violet powder." Her papa's notion of a model son-in-law is an individual who savours of the work-shop. Such a man Don Gabriel has discovered in the person of Mister Charles (pronounced Charleys), the engineer of Don Hermenegildo Sanchez' sugar estate.

Ramon is disgusted with this information.

"What!" he exclaims, "you married to a fogonero—a stoker! I will never consent to such a union—first because of my deeply-rooted love for you, and secondly because of my patriotic feeling on the subject. This is a question of race, Teresita mia. It is war between coal and café—a fight between brandy and bananas. Yes; *rosbif versus fufú*. Mister Charleys is a bisteque (beefsteak) and I am your *tsajito con platanito verde machucado!*" (a favourite Creole dish).

The infatuated fruiterer is, nevertheless, resolved to make up a match between his daughter and the industrious mechanic, and accordingly brings Mister Charleys home with him.

Mister Charleys, who has fortified himself with a strong stimulant, is waiting at the wing for his cue, in company with the "call-boy" (an old man in

this instance), who holds a copy of cues in one hand and a lighted candle in the other. The call boy whispers "Fuera!" as a signal for me to disappear from the wing, gives me an encouraging push, and the gloominess behind the scenes is suddenly exchanged for a blaze of gas, and a theatre full of enthusiastic spectators.

Following Don Gabriel, who leads the way, I am greeted with a round of hearty applause in acknowledgment of my effective make up, and when I give utterance to the opening words, in which reference is made to the heat of the weather, and to the difficulties Mister Charleys has encountered in his quest after refreshment, the house is convulsed.

Some time, however elapses before I can thoroughly appreciate my situation, and realise the fact that all this applause and laughter is due to my appearance on the stage. I easily overcome the temporary agitation induced by the glare of the lamps and the gaze of the hundreds of upturned faces before me, but I cannot withstand the behaviour of the gentleman in the domed trap. His perpetual prompting combined with his perceptible enjoyment of the new piece is, to say the least of it, confusing, and fills me with misgivings of a premature "hitch."

The play proceeds. I am formally introduced to the ladies, whose hands I squeeze awkwardly and savagely, while Don Gabriel—whom I address as Don Gabriel—sings the praises of Mister Charleys.

Enter my rival Ramon, disguised as a Catalan shopkeeper, in false whiskers, and a tall white hat with a black band. Shopkeepers in Cuba are usually composed of natives of Barcelona, and the object of Ramon's disguise is to persuade Don Gabriel that he is one of that money-making community. He talks Spanish with the approved Catalonian accent, introduces himself as "Don Panchu Defidon, Cutudan y cuncomant," and offers to traffic with his host. The imposture is, however, short-lived. In a hard squeeze of the hand which I give the sham Catalan at parting, he inadvertently roars out in a good Creole accent:

The old gentleman suspects his maiden sister of aiding and abetting the dangerous society, and there is every reason for his suspicion; Doña Lola having persuaded herself that it is she, and not her young niece, who is the object of the *quacota's* solicitations. Deceived with this notion, the elderly spinster facilitates Ramon's visits to the house, and there is a scene in which she helps to conceal him in a huge barrel used for storing charcoal. One of the chief "situations" in the farce occurs when Don Gabriel, at the instigation of Mister Charleys (whom Ramon nicknamed Mister Estornudo, or Sneezor, from the resemblance of his name to a sneeze as expressed in Spanish), fires a loaded pistol at the barrel and its human contents.

It is during the action of this scene that the questionable phrase already referred to should be delivered by the Yankee engineer.

The cue being given, I am in the act of repeating the lines when the voice of Don Baltazar the manager, to whom is apportioned the rôle of Ramon, is heard imploring me, from the barrel, to omit the words. Conscious of the presence of his Excellency the Governor, the manager is suddenly seized with misgivings as to the manner in which the expression will be received, and will not risk his Excellency's displeasure. My fellow-comedians, who are all Cubans, urge me to proceed. The prompter thinks I have forgotten my part, and repeats the text—so often, indeed, that the spectators in the third row of the stalls at last overhear him, and call unanimously for the correct version of the play.

"These poor Span—" I begin. The barrel trembles visibly.

"Por Dios," hushes the manager, bobbing up from the barrel like an undecided Jack-in-the-box—"for Heaven's sake, don't compromise me!"

The audience begin to show signs of impatience. Again the prompter maddens me by giving the text.

Myself (aside to prompter) "Bar—ajo! sir, I know my part." Mister Charleys (very loud to audience) "These poor Spanish brutes want civilising badly!"

"Bravo! Muy bien!" from the Cuban party. Groans and loud whistling from the Spaniards. "That was well said!" observes a voice.

"Fuera!" (Turn him out) observes another.

"It was a good home-thrust!" cries the first.

"Fuera ese hombre!" (Turn out that man) shrieks voice number two.

"Peleña!" The theatrical president rises angrily from his box and summons the police.

The male spectators who occupy the pit stalls begin to be as unruly as they are at a bull fight. The ladies move from their boxes to the lobbies.

The censor is sent for by the president. The manager is charged to appear by the censor, and anon Ramon, alias Don Baltazar Telon y Escotillon, his face and dress besmeared with charcoal, steps into the president's *gala*.

"Bravo! Bien!" from the audience, whose good humour is at once restored by this new and unexpected diversion.

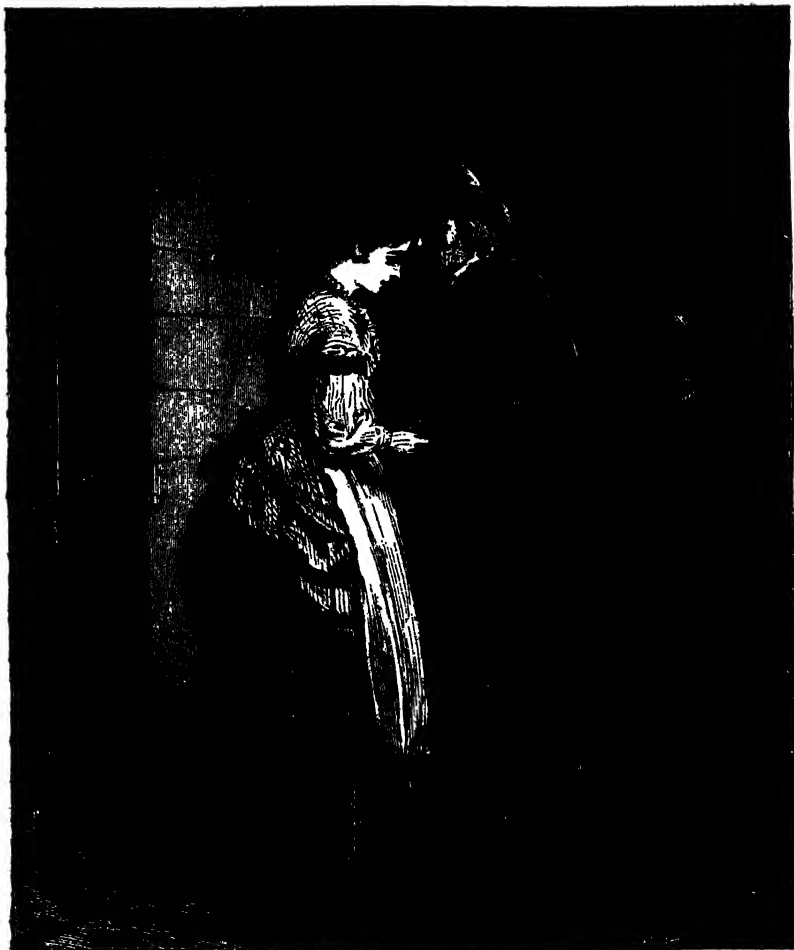
A mighty conference is held in the president's box, and the matter of dispute is warmly discussed with suitable gesticulations. The question is, however, finally decided in favour of the manager.

Order being now established, the president's box is cleared, the actors resume their positions on the stage, and the farce, which proves a great success, terminates happily.



THE COIN COLLECTOR.

BY P. W. STUART MENTREATH.



"WERE MET BY FRANCISDA."

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.



Y story has nothing in it of the supernatural or the unreal; but to me it seems as terrible and strange as any ghostly tale of northern climes. Looking back through the vista of some

dozen years, I see another life than this life of England, and in that life were strange experiences that I shall here relate. I cannot speak of them but in natural language, and shall not invoke that mis-

called simplicity that beats our thoughts out to the texture of a turnpike-road. All Southern Italy is thickly scattered with the fair fragments of Greek and Roman edifices. The peasant's plough turns up the pottery and marble ornaments of ancient villas, temples, and baths. Sometimes the fields glitter with bright-coloured mosaics, and with glass splinters of iridescent tiles. The massive foundations of reticulated masonry loom out mysteriously among the olive-trees and vines, and arched subterranean passages lead to cellars where still the broken amphoræ recall the feasts minutely realised in school-learned odes.

As a child I was accustomed, in the Sicilies, to collect and classify the fragments of coloured marble and mosaic that lay thickly scattered among the ruins. My collections increased greatly as years passed, and to complete them became the chief object of many excursions. Once, when at Ischia, my parents, in honour of my birthday, engaged some workmen to excavate a locality where rumour asserted the existence of tombs. The excavations were successful, and many glass lacrimatories were found beside burnt bones, while in other cases whole skeletons were discovered, still containing the obolus of Charon between their bony jaws. I scraped and cleaned these coins, and at length was able to interpret their inscriptions: they were common—of the reign of Antoninus Pius; but having myself discovered them among the bones, they were very precious in my eyes. Thus I formed the nucleus of a collection; I became an enthusiastic numismatist; and this study furnished for a long time the most serious occupation of my life.

At length I found myself in independent circumstances at Rome. I was left to my own direction; and though my fortune was moderate, I was able, with economy, to gratify my coin-collecting taste. I avoided the Piazza di Spagna, I fled from the sight of Murray's Guide, and I settled in the neighbourhood of the Sapienza—the Roman university—not far from the Minerva-monastery, and the Piazza Navona. I spent my mornings in the Minerva and Sapienza libraries, poring over huge folios written in medieval Latin, in which all knowledge concerning Roman coins had been amassed by enthusiasts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I decided to compile a small Latin manual of the more common Roman coins (a work I had myself felt great want of); and with this project I was leisurely proceeding, when the circumstances that form the basis of my story occurred.

Tired one evening with long poring over the twelve volumes of Musellus, and the ponderous folio Caroli Patini, I returned them to the white-robed librarian, and stepped out into the silent fountain-decorated piazza that fronts the Minerva monastery. I followed the tortuous streets that lead to the Capitol, and soon descended to that

field of noble monuments, once the Forum, and now the cattle-market of modern Rome. Seeking solitude and a full enjoyment of the approaching sunset, I skirted the Farnese Gardens, and through narrow rural lanes, passed behind the lofty ruins of the Palatine, to the side of the same hill.

Here I knocked at the door of a vineyard, and was directly admitted by the squalid *custode* to a well-known and carefully walled-in portion of the fields that, now covering the Palace of the Cæsars, yield not only a very tolerable wine, but also a richer harvest of bright marbles and brighter mosaics such as strangers love to gather from the furrows, and carry with them as genuine souvenirs of Rome. Precious fragments are sometimes found here, and though now chiefly devoted to my coin-collecting, I often walked in this vineyard, and amused myself with searching amid the glittering soil.

The place seemed deserted on this evening, and I strolled along the lanes of vines, now refreshing myself from the rich clusters of purple grapes, now scanning the furrows, and now looking out over the green undulating Campagna, that stretched below me to the Alban Hills. Just below lay the Circus Maximus, farther on the almost mountainous masses of the ruined Baths of Caracalla, farther still the long line of the ancient walls; and beyond, the brown aqueducts cut the surface of the Campagna, across which stretched, far into the distance, the interminable double line of tombs that skirt the once-crowded flagstones of the straight, lonely Appian Way. Scarce a sound broke the evening quiet, for the song of the cicadas had ceased, and only a single nightingale sang at intervals from the cypresses of the neighbouring convent, while the owls and bats that haunt the Palace of the Cæsars had not as yet awoke to stir the silence with the whirl and flapping of their wings.

I was therefore glad to see, on passing into another avenue of vines, that the vineyard was not so altogether solitary as I had supposed, for between the foliage I saw the figures of two persons, an old man and a young girl, who appeared intently occupied, as I had been, in searching for the antiquities of the place. I strolled towards them, and as I passed was greatly struck by the noble beauty of the girl. Her features were of the truly Roman and queenly type, with a dash of the stately grace of an Agrippina, and much of the curved softness of a Faustina. Before me was the living realisation of the best features of those Roman empresses whose effigies I knew so well upon their coins. Hair of a raven black was gathered in splendid plaits behind her head, and the bright steel stiletto worn by the Roman women glittered through its folds. The delicate and clear-cut lines of her features were only equalled in their perfection by the long black lashes that veiled her dreamy eyes, and the dark-pencilled eyebrows that

heightened impressively the perfect clearness of her pale olive complexion. She looked, to English eyes, about two-and-twenty, so fully developed was her form; but, knowing how early grown is the full beauty of Italian women, I supposed her age to be about seventeen. Beside her an old man walked feebly, with the aid of a stout stick, and seemed so intently occupied in searching the soil as hardly to observe my presence: but one glance from the eyes of the girl shot upon me as I passed, and dreams of passion, deep affection, and absorbing magic woke within me from that moment.

I watched at a little distance from the pair, hoping for some opportunity of speaking to them. Chance often favours a new-born love, and the fickle goddess was now pleased to be propitious. I saw them reach the edge of a deep recent excavation, where the newly-turned earth afforded a prospect of rich fragments. The old man paused at the brink, and the girl seemed hesitating whether to descend. I leaped down into the cavity, and offered my arm to assist her. She glanced at her father, then accepted my aid, and leapt lightly down. Her eyes met mine as her hand touched my arm, and I imagined that she returned a little the passion of my glance. I was soon in conversation with her father; he was a dealer in curiosities, which he sold chiefly to foreigners; and as this was the summer season, when the strangers fly from that bugbear they call "the malaria," his shop was seldom open, and he and his daughter spent their time in buying antiquities from the peasants, and seeking for the commoner curiosities themselves.

The time passed swiftly, and when the sun had set I parted from them at the door of the vineyard, having first learnt their address and promised that I would soon visit their collection.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

IN the oblong of the Piazza Navona, round the rose marble fountains and the granite obelisks that embellish the large open space, a busy and varying market is continually held. In the morning the peasants bring the produce of their fields, and stalls are heaped with fruits and vegetables, while cooking sheds supply food to the sellers. Grimy shops, where cast-off clothes and half-worn articles of all descriptions are displayed, form the basement of the surrounding houses, and one end of the Piazza is occupied by the stalls of old-iron dealers, where scraps of metal of every kind find a sale. To these last dealers the peasants bring worn cooking utensils, horse-shoes, the discarded buttons of their sheepskin coats, and also many an old coin picked up among the tombs of the Campagna, or in the ruined villas of Albano and Frascati. The coins are piled together by the ignorant dealers, and sometimes very excellent specimens may be obtained from them at a trifling price. The Piazza

Navona was therefore a favourite resort of mine, and many an hour was spent by me in turning over the miscellaneous stores of the old-iron merchants.

A few days after my walk on the Palatine, I visited the stall which I was chiefly accustomed to frequent. It was kept by a dealer more intelligent than the rest—one who had some taste and knowledge in coin-collecting, and who devoted a considerable section of his long wooden counter to the exhibition of a large and very miscellaneous assortment of coins. These were arranged according to his notions of their value, and much of old Gozzo's time was spent in sorting and turning over his collection. The common small copper and bronze coins were piled together in a heap, and bore for the most part the effigies of Gordianus Pius, Nero, Augustus, Tiberius, Constantine, or the Antonines. Bronze medals, stamped with representations of public buildings, triumphs, or victories, formed a more valuable pile, and chiefly attracted me through the vivid realisation that they afforded of the history of Rome. Another class were of silvered copper, and lastly silver coins, mostly of the earlier emperors and of the great Roman families, were displayed in cardboard boxes, divided by partitions and carefully lined with wadding. Old Gozzo's collection never extended to gold, and it was only by chance that any great rarities were ever included in it; but as the rarer coins are those that commemorate the least eventful reigns, I cared little to obtain them, and was usually well satisfied with the novelties of effigy and reverse that every market-day added to the old dealer's store.

After many visits to his stall, and much conversation about coins, I had formed a sort of friendship with old Gozzo, and sometimes accompanied him home when he packed up his wares in the afternoon. He lived in a small shop on one side of the Piazza, and slept surrounded by piles of rusty iron and all kinds of metal fragments and worn-out utensils. Among these I sometimes picked out mediæval and ancient Roman antiquities—portions of weapons, or broken vessels, that had been turned up by the peasant's plough, and sold with modern rubbish to the old-iron dealer. His rubbish-heaps afforded me a curious study, and I drew from them much enlightenment and information, for they included the common relics of many successive ages, supplying a quaint edition of the history of Roman life. And among the heaped-up fragments, and lighted by the slanting rays of the setting sun, the worn frame, white locks, and threadbare garments of the old man appeared a fit completion of the collection, and a proper symbol of the modern life of Rome; as if the rust of time, having prevailed on all the pomp and circumstance of the ancient city, had at length made life itself as much worn-out as the inanimate objects that once embellished it. But age and poverty supported

placidity under the bright sky, and with the easily satisfied wants of the Italian temperament, had refined the features of the old dealer till they exhibited a pure Roman profile; and long familiarity with the relics of departed greatness had filled his mind with a dreamy reverence for the past; so that there was a strange delicacy in his appearance and his language, which made his conversation very attractive to me. And often, in the evening, I would accompany him home, and sometimes sending out for a flask of wine, I would sit with him till long after nightfall, and listen to his legends of coin-collecting, and his recollections of the community of the Piazza. But I linger too long with my description of old Gozzo and his surroundings.

Towards his stall I now made my way, past heaps of vegetables and fruits—the smooth green water-melons piled like cannon-balls upon the pavement, or ranged in crimson slices upon water-drenched boards, the salted gourd-seeds spread in trays, and other favourite delicacies of the Romans. At length I reached the end of the Piazza devoted to the old-iron dealers, and approached the stall of my friend Gozzo.

He was not occupied, as I usually found him, in rearranging his wares, but was engaged in conversation with a customer. The face of the latter was familiar to me, for I had sometimes seen him in the libraries, or in the Piazza, and I had observed that his pursuits seemed similar to my own. I nodded to Gozzo, who begged me to excuse him for a moment, and then occupied myself in turning over a heap of coins, while the dealer and his customer were settling, with much bargaining; the price of certain others that the latter had selected. At length the bargain seemed completed; the customer paid the price agreed upon, and departed with his purchase.

"What a Jew that is!" exclaimed Gozzo, wiping his forehead after the exertion of his discussion with the stranger.

"So he appears," I replied. "Do you know who he is?"

"No; I can never make him out. He dresses like a beggar, and bargains like an old-clothes-man. He is often in the Piazza, and seems to know more of coins than any of us. But no one knows him as a dealer, and some say he is as rich as a cardinal. We dealers are a gossiping set though, and I fancy we know very little about that strange customer."

"I have seen him at the Minerva," I remarked; "he reads the Latin works there, and the monks appear very deferential to him."

"No doubt he is some eccentric antiquary," continued Gozzo; "they are a strange set, our antiquaries, and they often disguise themselves to get better bargains from us. They think we dealers suit our prices to our customers' appearance; and it is true enough, for a rich man will pay anything

for a coin he has set his heart on. But I have something to tell you, Signor S—. A relation of mine has a coin worth a fortune. He will not show it to any other dealer, for he always fears to be imposed upon. You do not buy rare coins, and as an Englishman he will trust you with a sight of it. Perhaps, too, you can tell him its true value. It is a gold medal of Hellogabalus; a splendid impression, and probably unique."

"Many thanks, Gozzo; I shall be delighted to see it." I expected a rare treat should the medal be genuine, and I thanked the old dealer for the confidence he showed in me.

"I think I will take the Faustina after all," said a soft voice behind us. Old Gozzo started and turned pale. He picked out the coin alluded to, and gave it to the same strange customer we had been discussing, and who had returned unobserved by either of us. The latter paid for it, and saying good-day in his soft voice, turned away, and while old Gozzo stood staring after him, finally left the Piazza.

"Per Bacco!" said Gozzo, "I hope he didn't hear me mention the Hellogabalus."

The marine stores and antiquities that covered the stall were soon locked up in wooden cases beneath the counter, and after covering the whole with an oil-cloth, and taking under his arm a deal box containing the more valuable articles, the old dealer led the way across the Piazza. I followed him to his dwelling, and when he had deposited the box we proceeded to a street behind the Pantheon—leading from the Piazza Navona to the Minerva. Here some book-stalls and curiosity shops lined the way, and majolica plates, imitation Etruscan vases, copper pots thickly coated with verdigris, and other true and false antiquities were displayed beside the doors. Priests were examining the old vellum-bound volumes at the book-stalls, one or two dilettante foreigners were bargaining for antiquities, and a stream of peasants and street-criers were passing from the market, or calling their wares in strident tones. My friend made his way through the crowd, and entered a dark narrow doorway: we passed into a small courtyard, and looking up at the dark windows of the high surrounding building, I caught a glimpse of a fair face and form bending over some household work at one of the upper windows.

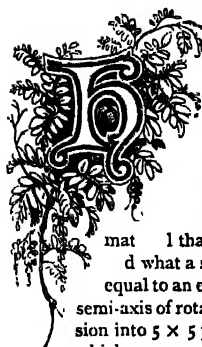
"Is your father at home, Francesca?" cried my friend.

"Yes, yes, uncle: come up," answered the girl, bending over the window; and as I saw her face, I recognised my fair acquaintance of the Palatine vineyard. We entered a small archway at one corner of the court, and after ascending a winding staircase, were met by Francesca, who, after bending her beautiful head to be kissed by her uncle, turned quickly, without looking at me, and led the way into the apartment.

GREAT PYRAMID STANDARDS OF JUSTICE AND MEASURE.

BY PIAZZI SMYTH, ASTRONOMER ROYAL FOR SCOTLAND,

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART THE THIRD.



ERE then we have the symbolic linear standard of the Great Pyramid's design (totally different, be it remembered, from the cubit of profane Egypt, only 20·7 inches long) executed in the most admirable, lasting, and hard

material that modern science could desire; and what a standard! In its whole length equal to an even ten-millionth of the earth's semi-axis of rotation, and in its pyramidal division into 5×5 parts exhibiting a smaller unit, which measures the whole axis of rotation, the line on which the blessings of the recurrence of night and day to cheer the toils of man depend, by the pyramidal number again of 500,000,000. Or, again; we may view the whole standard in its bearing on human history, as coming near the mean lengths of the ells and cubits of almost all nations, while its twenty-fifth part comes equally close to the inch of all peoples.

Particularly near, however, or actually and literally within half a hair's breadth, to the British inch does the Pyramid inch approach; a sort of standard, too, of twenty-five such inches is already used in the ordnance maps of Great Britain; and the vulgar employment of a smaller standard of twelve such inches, or the common foot, has both Pyramid and earth-commensurable authority; though for larger and more scientific measures quinary and decimal multiples of the more important cubit seem to be preferably employed, and are far more powerful and satisfactory.

By means of the Pyramid cubit, too, a peculiar simplification takes place in British square measure, or a harmonising is produced between the elements of that and long measure, and without any sensible alteration of the grand standard of British square measure, viz, the statute acre.

A most invaluable standard is that acre, in terms of which all the title-deeds of every particle of British land are expressed and recorded; and yet it tells nothing to a mechanic with his inch-divided rule in his pocket; for it is no even multiple of his inches, feet, or yards, while its sub-divisions into chains, links, etc., are perfect gibberish when set alongside a table of British long measure: a glaring example of how mediæval contrivances and modern sub-divisions have long since hidden the beauties of relation and exactness of commensurability of our chief standards, derived originally with these inestimable characteristics from earliest antiquity;

for this is how the primæval cubit, arm, ell, or pace of the Great Pyramid with its 25 inches clears up the difficulty.

Throughout the East, and among Jews, Arabs, and all those peoples who keep up their traditions with success, the cubit is looked on as a square, as well as a long, measure. Taking the Pyramid cubit then in this manner, and with a Pyramid multiplier, 100 cubits square equal 1 acre of the Pyramid, which acre is to the British Imperial acre as 1 to 0·999. That is, they are almost exactly equal in size; the Pyramid acre having, however, the advantage of its side's length being with absolute exactness equal to the 100,000th of the earth's semi-axis of rotation; while the Pyramid mile, equal to 25 acre-sides in length, differs from the British mile, indeed, by 0·013 of itself, but can be described to and appreciated by all the nations of the world as the 4,000th of the same most admirable earth-reference.

WEIGHT AND CAPACITY MEASURE.

A capacity measure in itself might evidently, for the gross and common purposes of life, be nothing more than a cubing of linear measure; but as it is inevitable in practice to use for the greater part of capacity measuring, vessels which, being curved, globular, bottle-shaped, and geometrically quite anomalous, are anything but easy to measure in straight linear units, such vessels are more commonly referred to for test to the *weight* of water they will hold; and for accuracy, at a given temperature and atmospheric pressure.

But the moment we speak of weight, we have to deal with a totally extraneous branch of creation to everything either connected with size or cognisable by linear measure of any kind or degree; while it—i.e., this strange weight quality—is far more intimately connected with the well-being of man upon earth than anything merely linear, squared, or cubed. For what does it signify whether a lump of rock from the quarry measures a few linear inches more or less? while, if it should weigh much more than ordinary stone of the same size, happy the man who has found it, for it *must* on that account be something valuable, and may even be gold itself if only heavy enough *within a given compass*; that is to say, “if it has sufficient *specific gravity*.”

Weight measure then, in its inevitable combination with capacity measure, must and cannot but have reference to specific gravity in order to mean anything for the purposes of intellectual man. And if any particular arrangement of

standards and units of weight is to be put forward as the parallel branch of an earth-commensurable system of linear measure adapted for general use in the grand future of universal brotherhood, such weight system must absolutely have an even commensurability with the specific gravity of this planet the earth as a whole.

Has then the much-vaunted French metrical system any such reference? Not in the slightest degree, for it refers in weight, not to the specific gravity of the whole earth, but to that of a single fluid therein. Has, next, the Pyramid system any such reference? It possesses it perfectly, and is the only system on earth which knowingly and intentionally contains it; and yet its chief standards, as the ton weight and the pound, are very close to our avoirdupois ton and pound; while the Pyramid capacity coffer, trough, or chaldron is the very vessel of which our "quarter" for measuring grain is the traditional and actual fourth part; and its capacity-pint is almost the same as the British pint once was, and continued to be, up to the anomalous alteration made by the British Parliament in the reign of George the Fourth.

Now these are no mere guesses or random assertions that I am making, but are sober truth touching things wonderful in their bearing on primeval human history, and in the results they must have in the long-since intended future of man—a future organised and prepared for by far more than the genius and power of man.

Hid these Pyramid truths have been, no doubt, through all human history up to the present day; and yet by present day we do not mean to exclude a few years past; for the late John Taylor, of Gower Street, London, the fine old veteran publisher, who in his youth probed as far as any one has, yet gone into that literary mystery, the authorship of the Letters of Junius; and in middle life elicited the genius, and alleviated so many of the misfortunes of the peasant poet, poor John Clare—to him, John Taylor, it was granted in later life to have the first perception of the true meaning of the Great Pyramid's design; and he gave it to the world in 1859 in his well-known book, "The Great Pyramid: Why was it Built, and Who Built it?"

So completely at the beginning of a new subject was this book, that no wonder Sir John Herschel rather complained of its crudities and confusion; though he confessed also to its containing the first information of some most surprising commensurabilities between the Great Pyramid and the earth. And these latter features, together with the metrological and historical ideas of Mr. Taylor, having since then been extensively examined and further worked out by W. Petrie, C.E., St. John Vincent Day, C.E.; Rev. J. T. Goodsir, Rev. Dr. McKay, Captain Tracey, R.A., and others, including myself, have led to remarkable extension and confirmation

of certain of the grandest views in the worthy octogenarian's hopes and anticipations.

KING'S CHAMBER SYMBOLISM.

The ante-chamber, partly in granite, and partly in limestone, which we have already spoken of, leads by a low doorway into the so-called King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid, an apartment of large size, exquisite proportions, and as to its material, of polished red granite throughout both walls, ceiling, and floor.

Not only is it the best built of all the three only known chambers of this Pyramid, but it is the ultimate one reached by its peculiar system of ascending interior passages, is the highest up in the mass of the building, the most radically different from any chamber possessed by any of the other Egyptian pyramids, and the one towards which the whole "great" fabric seems to focus its excellencies.

Yet is it a mere atom compared to the whole building; so that when we are told by learned Egyptologists of the hieroglyphic order that that vast entire structure—the Great Pyramid—was erected merely to entomb the body of a king in a granite sarcophagus, which lies a mere atom at one end of that noble apartment, and that apartment a mere atom again in the entire monument—the insufficiency of their explanation begins to declare itself at once; although, if we should come to the interpretation of the *metaphysics* of the Pyramid, a symbolical allusion in that chamber and that apparent sarcophagus to the death of the body, life of the soul, and a future state is recognisable in conjunction, and without in any way interfering, with our present physical and scientific explanations of parts to which the hieroglyphists can say nothing.

If there were any *hieroglyphics* there, the Egyptologists of the present day would undoubtedly be the men to interpret them; but let it be clearly known and understood by all men that neither on the so-called sarcophagus, nor the walls of the King's Chamber, nor any of the finished and accessible chambers and passages of the Great Pyramid are there any hieroglyphics. Nor can the Egyptologists explain why there are not, if the place was, as they say, really a veritable king's tomb, and intended for that and nothing else. Nor, again, have the same learned men by that peculiar and sadly circumscribed learning of theirs ever made a single discovery in the Great Pyramid (the name of Cheops or Shufu alone excepted, amongst Colonel Vyse's masons' marks) of anything that any one else did not know before, or explanatory of one of the reasons, values, and meanings of the many striking mechanical forms and facts which we do find there.

On entering the King's Chamber, for instance, the

first symbol is, that its admirable walls of polished granite are formed on every side in *five* courses of equal height, even to the tenth of an inch; the second, that the floor is so raised up within the walls as to cut off from immediate observation *five* inches in depth of the lowest course of those walls; and then that that floor is on the same horizontal plane as the *fiftieth* course of masonry which forms the whole body of the building from the ground upwards.

To these things, produced only by notable expenditure of labour and means, the Egyptologists can say nothing; and then if we come to the sole furniture and contents of the room—*i.e.*, to their so-called sarcophagus, without any of the hieroglyphics which were invariably put on every real and used Egyptian sarcophagus of the period, and upon kings' sarcophagi more than any others—we find indeed a long (but for a sarcophagus a very high), empty, lidless box of granite, carved with remarkable skill out of one solid block into a regular rectangular figure, polished smooth within and without, and having these geometrical characteristics by measure, when fractures and a certain small ledge cut out are duly filled up, *viz.*—

1. The cubic contents of the interior are just half those of the exterior.

2. The cubic contents of the bottom thickness or piece are just half those of the sides.

This in itself is hardly to be called scientific, yet it is important as a first hint that *cubic capacity* was a matter studied in the formation of this "stone box or trough." The same too is proved in the formation of the rooms both containing and approaching the coffer, when we find that the lowest course of the walls of the King's Chamber, forming a tank of the same height as the coffer, contains *fifty* times the bulk of the contents of that open "box;" while a marked-off portion of the antechamber contains the fortieth part of the chamber portion, and the lower stone of the granite leaf contains the fourth part of the box or coffer's contents.

Hence the coffer, though loose and movable on the floor, is no extraneous, accidental or lately imported feature in this chamber of the Great Pyramid; and it was indeed looked on by John Taylor as the grand standard of weight and capacity in the Pyramid metrological system. But how to prove that destination of the coffer and ascertain its qualities as such?

The floor of this room standing on the *fiftieth* course of construction of the Pyramid, we take a standard fifty Pyramid inches long, or the 1-10,000,000th of the length of the axis of the earth; this length being cubed to symbolise cubic contents, or capacity, is multiplied by 570, the mean density or specific gravity of the whole earth in terms of water, and the result is 712,500 cubic inches, one-tenth of

which represents precisely the cubic contents of the coffer; and five times the quantity, agreeably with the five courses of the walls, represents the contents of the lowest marked-off course already alluded to.

Hence the capacity contents of the coffer, or 71,250 cubic inches, if regarded as a capacity measure, are found equal to the old Saxon chaldron; and the contents of the lower stone of the granite leaf are equal to the "quarter" imperial measure of our own day; while if the whole coffer's contents be divided by the peculiarly pyramidal, and King's Chamber, number of fifty times fifty, we obtain a small capacity measure of 285 cubic Pyramid inches, or the old wine pint of Saxon days.

Next for *weight*, the coffer's contents of water, at the temperature of 68° F., and barometer 30 in., being taken as the standard ton weight, such amount of water is found to come, as to its weight, close to both our avoirdupois ton and the shipping ton, for it lies between them. And if we divide the whole weight of such standard ton by that King's Chamber number again of 50 × 50, there results a unit of weight which may be appropriately called a Pyramid pound; for it is not only exceedingly close to the avoirdupois pound (and necessarily equal to the weight of a Pyramid pint of water), but it has this final, pyramidal, and cosmic relation to the specific gravity of the whole world, *viz.*, that one Pyramid pound weight is equal to, or defined by, the weight of *five* cubic Pyramid inches of matter having the mean specific gravity of the whole earth. Whence there flows for practical men the most charmingly easy method of determining weights by linear measures in inches, taken in conjunction with the specific gravity of the substance concerned: and showing the coffer's own weight of granite material, corrected as it is by the ledge cut out (which had otherwise been a difficulty), to be just 25 Pyramid tons.

All these arrangements, too, are found in a building whose *sise*, having been already determined by other considerations, has had its *weight* so adjusted by the use throughout its almost entirely solid construction of stone with very different specific gravity to "ordinary stone," that the Great Pyramid's whole weight is to the whole weight of the earth as 1 to 10¹⁴; that is, in the even proportion of 1 to 1,000,000,000,000,000.* And the whole of these references, either to the actual weight, or merely the mean specific gravity, of the earth as a whole, have a meaning and significance in the present and prospective state of man's knowledge, but must have entirely failed of being understood in the earlier ages of the world.

END OF PART THE THIRD.

* See "Antiquity of Intellectual Man," by C. Piazza Smyth.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

I TOOK care not to reach home before the hour when Julia usually went to bed. She had been out in the country all day visiting the south cliffs of our island, with some acquaintances. In all probability she would be too tired to sit up till my return if I were late.

I had calculated aright. It was after eleven o'clock when I entered, and my mother only was waiting for me. I wished to avoid any confidential chat that evening, and after answering briefly her fond inquiries as to what could have kept me out so late, I took myself off to my own room.

But it was quite vain to think of sleep that night. I had soon worked myself up into that state of nervous, restless agitation when one cannot remain quietly in a room. I attempted to conquer it, but I could not.

The moon, which was at the full, was shining out of a cloudless field of sky upon my window. I longed for fresh air, and freedom, and motion; for a distance between myself and my dear old home—that home which I was about to plunge into troubled waters. The peacefulness oppressed me.

About one o'clock I opened my door as softly as possible, and stole silently down-stairs—but not so silently that my mother's quick-ear did not catch the slight jarring of my door.

The night-bell hung in my room, and occasionally I was summoned away at hours like this to visit a patient. She called to me as I crept down the stairs.

"Martin, what is the matter?" she whispered over the bannisters.

"Nothing, mother; nothing much," I answered. "I shall be home again in an hour or two. Go to bed, and go to sleep."

"Are you going to take Madam?" she asked, seeing my whip in my hand. "Shall I ring up Pellet?"

"No, no!" I said; "I can manage well enough. Good night again, my darling old mother."

Her pale, worn face smiled down upon me very tenderly as she kissed her hand to me. I stood, as if spell-bound, watching her, and she watching me, until we both laughed, though somewhat falteringly.

"How romantic you are, my boy!" she said, in a tremulous voice.

"I shall not stir till you go back to bed," I answered peremptorily; and as just then we heard my father calling out fretfully to ask why the door was open, and what was going on in the house, she disappeared, and I went on my way to the stables.

Madam was my favourite mare, first-rate at a gallop when she was in good temper, but apt to turn vicious now and then. She was in good temper to-night, and pricked up her ears and whinnied when I unlocked the stable-door. In a few minutes we were going up the Grange Road at a moderate pace till we reached the open country, and the long, white, dusty roads stretched before us, glimmering in the moonlight. I turned for St. Martin's, and Madam, at the first touch of my whip on her flanks, started off at a steady gallop.

It was a cool, quiet night in May. A few of the larger fixed stars twinkled palely in the sky, but the smaller ones were drowned in the full moonlight. The largest of them shone solemnly and brightly in a field of golden green just above the spot where the sun had set hours before. The trees, standing out with a blackness and distinctness never seen by day, appeared to watch for me and look after me as I rode along, forming an avenue of silent but very stately spectators; and to my fancy, for my fancy was highly excited that night, the rustling of the young leaves upon them whispered the name of Olivia. The hoof-beats of my mare's feet upon the hard roads echoed the name Olivia, Olivia!

By-and-by I turned off the road to get nearer the sea, and rode along sandy lanes, with banks of turf instead of hedge-rows, which were covered thickly with pale primroses, shining with the same hue as the moon above them. As I passed the scattered cottages, here and there a dog yapped a shrill, snarling bark, and woke the birds, till they gave a sleepy twitter in their new nests.

Now and then I came in full sight of the sea, glittering in the silvery light. I crossed the head of a gorge, and stopped for awhile to gaze down it, till my flesh crept. It was not more than a few yards in breadth, but it was of unknown depth, and the rocks stood above it with a thick, heavy blackness. The tide was rushing into its narrow channel with a thunder which throbbed like a pulse; yet in the intervals of its pulsation I could catch the thin, prattling tinkle of a brook running merrily down the gorge to plunge headlong into the sea.

I kept on my way, as near the sea as I could, past the sleeping cottages and hamlets, round through St. Pierre du Bois and Torfeval, with the gleaming lighthouses out on the Hanways, and by Rocquaine Bay, and Vazon Bay, and through the Vale to Captain Carey's peaceful house, where, perhaps, to-morrow night—nay, this day's night—Julia might be weeping and waiting broken-hearted.

I had made the circuit of our island—a place so dear to me that it seemed scarcely possible to live

elsewhere ; yet I should be forced to live elsewhere. I knew that with a clear distinctness. There could be no home for me in Guernsey when my conduct towards Julia should become known.

But now Sark, which had been behind me all my ride, lay full in sight, and the eastern sky behind it began to quicken with new light. The gulls were rousing themselves, and flying out to sea, with their plaintive cries ; and the larks were singing their first sleepy notes to the coming day.

As the sun rose, Sark looked very near, and the

myself, and perhaps the better for her. How was I to go through my morning's calls ?

I resolved to have it over as soon as breakfast was finished, and my father had gone to make his professional toilet, a lengthy and important duty with him. Yet when breakfast came I was listening intently for some summons, which would give me an hour's grace from fulfilling my own determination. I prolonged my meal, keeping my mother in her place at the table ; for she had never given up her office of pouring out my tea and coffee.



"TILL MY FLESH CREPT."

sea, a plain of silvery blue, seemed solid and firm enough to afford me a road across to it. A white mist lay like a huge snow-drift in hazy, broad curves over the Havre Gosselin, with sharp peaks of cliffs piercing through.

Olivia was sleeping yonder behind that veil of shining mist ; and dear as Guernsey was to me, she was a hundred-fold dearer.

But my night's ride had not made my day's task any easier for me. No new light had dawned upon my difficulty. There was no loop-hole for me to escape from the most painful and perplexing strait I had ever been in. How was I to break it to Julia ? and when ? It was quite plain to me that the sooner it was over the better it would be for

I finished at last, and still no urgent message had come for me. My mother left us together alone, as her custom was, for what time I had to spare—a variable quantity always with me.

Now was the dreaded moment. But how was I to begin ? Julia was so calm and unsuspecting. In what words could I convey my fatal meaning most gently to her ? My head throbbed, and I could not raise my eyes to her face. Yet it must be done.

"Dear Julia," I said, in as firm a voice as I could command.

"Yes, Martin."

But just then Grace, the housemaid, knocked emphatically at the door, and after a due pause

entered with a smiling, significant face, yet with an apologetic curtsy.

"If you please, Dr. Martin," she said, "I'm very sorry, but Mrs. Lihou's baby is taken with convulsion fits; and they want you to go as fast as ever you can, please, sir."

"Was I sorry or glad? I could not tell. It was a reprieve; but then I knew positively it was nothing more than a reprieve. The sentence must be executed. Julia came to me, bent her cheek towards me, and I kissed it. That was our usual salutation when our morning's interview was ended.

"I am going down to the new house," she said. "I lost a good deal of time yesterday, and I must make up for it to-day. Shall you be passing by at any time, Martin?"

"Yes—no—I cannot tell exactly," I stammered.

"If you are passing, come in for a few minutes," she answered; "I have a thousand things to speak to you about."

"Shall you come in to lunch?" I asked.

"No, I shall take something with me," she replied; "it hinders so, coming back here."

I was not overworked that morning. The convulsions of Mrs. Lihou's baby were not at all serious; and, as I have before stated, the practice which my father and I shared between us was a very limited one. My part of it naturally fell among our poorer patients, who did not expect me to waste their time, and my own, by making numerous or prolonged visits. So I had plenty of time to call upon Julia at the new house; but I could not summon sufficient courage. The morning slipped away whilst I was loitering about Fort George, and chatting carelessly with the officers quartered there.

I went to lunch, pretty sure of finding no one but my mother at home. There was no fear of losing her love, if every other friend turned me the cold shoulder, as I was morally certain they would, with no blame to themselves. But the very depth and constancy of her affection made it the more difficult and the more terrible for me to wound her. She had endured so much, poor mother! and was looking so wan and pale. If it had not been for Johanna's threat, I should have resolved to say nothing about Olivia, and to run my chance of matrimonial happiness.

What a cruel turn fate had done me when it sent me across the sea to Sark ten weeks ago!

My mother was full of melancholy merriment that morning, making pathetic little jokes about Julia and me, and laughing at them heartily herself—short bursts of laughter which left her paler than she had been before.

I tried to laugh myself in order to encourage her brief playfulness, though the effort almost choked me. Before I went out again, I sat beside her for

a few minutes, with my head, which ached awfully by this time, resting on her dear shoulder.

"Mother," I said, "you are very fond of Julia?"

"I love her just the same as if she were my daughter, Martin—as she will be soon," she answered.

"Do you love her as much as me?" I asked.

"Jealous boy!" she said, laying her hand on my hot forehead, "no, not half as much; not a quarter, not a tenth part as much! Does that content you?"

"Suppose something should prevent our marriage?" I suggested.

"But nothing can," she interrupted; "and, oh! Martin, I am sure you will be very happy with Julia."

I said no more, for I did not dare to tell her yet; but I wished I had spoken to her about Olivia, instead of hiding her name, and all belonging to her, in my inmost heart. My mother would know all quite soon enough, unless Julia and I agreed to keep it secret, and let things go on as they were.

If Julia said she would marry me, knowing that I was heart and soul in love with another woman, why, then I would go through with it, and my mother need never hear a word about my dilemma.

Julia must decide my lot. My honour was pledged to her; and if she insisted upon the fulfilment of my engagement to her, well, of course I would fulfil it.

I went down reluctantly at length to the new house; but it was at almost the last hour. The church-clocks had already struck four; and I knew Johanna would be true to her time, and drive up to the Grange at five. I left a message with my mother for her, telling her where she would find Julia and me. Then doggedly, but sick at heart with myself and all the world, I went down to meet my doom.

It was getting into nice order, this new house of ours. We had had six months to prepare it in, and to fit it up exactly to our minds; and it was as near my ideal of a pleasant home as our conflicting tastes permitted. Perhaps this was the last time I should cross its threshold. There was a pang in the thought.

This was my position: if Julia listened to my avowal angrily, and renounced me indignantly, passionately, I lost fortune, position, profession; my home and friends, with the sole exception of my mother. I should be regarded alternately as a dupe and a scoundrel. Guernsey would become too hot to hold me, and I should be forced to follow my luck in some foreign land. If, on the other hand, Julia clung to me, and would not give me up, trusting to time to change my feelings, then I lost Olivia; and to lose her seemed the worse fate of the two.

Julia was sitting alone in the drawing-room, which overlooked the harbour and the group of

islands across the channel. There was no fear of interruption; no callers to ring the bell and break in upon our *little-à-little*. It was an understood thing that at present only Julia's most intimate friends had been admitted into our new house, and then by special invitation alone.

There was a very happy, very placid expression on her face. Every harsh line seemed softened, and a pleased smile played about her lips. Her dress was one of those simple, fresh, clean muslin gowns, with knots of ribbon about it, which make a plain woman almost pretty, and a pretty woman bewitching. Her dark hair looked less prim and neat than usual. She pretended not to hear me open the door; but as I stood still at the threshold gazing at her, she lifted up her head, with a very pleasant smile.

"I am very glad you are come, my dear Martin," she said softly.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

A LONG HALF-HOUR.

I DARED not dally another moment. I must take my plunge at once into the icy-cold waters.

"I have something of importance to say to you, dear cousin," I began.

"So have I," she said gaily; "a thousand things, as I told you this morning, sir, though you are so late in coming to hear them. See, I have been making a list of a few commissions for you to do in London. They are such as I can trust to you; but, for plate, and glass, and china, I think we had better wait till we return from Switzerland. We are sure to come home through London."

Her eyes ran over a paper she was holding in her hand; whilst I stood opposite to her, not knowing what to do with myself, and feeling the guiltiest wretch alive.

"Cannot you find a scat?" she asked, after a short silence.

I sat down on the broad window-sill, instead of on the chair close to hers. She looked up at that, and fixed her eyes upon me keenly. I had often quailed before Julia's gaze as a boy, but never as I did now.

"Well! what is it?" she asked curtly. The incisiveness of her tone brought life into me, as a probe sometimes brings a patient out of stupor.

"Julia," I said, "are you quite sure you love me enough to be happy with me as my wife?"

She opened her eyes very widely and arched her eye-brows at the question, laughed a little, and then drooped her head over the work in her hands.

"Think of it, well, Julia," I urged.

"I know you well enough to be as happy as the day is long with you," she replied, the colour rushing to her face. "I have no vocation for a single life, such as so many of the girls here have to make up their minds to. I should hate to have nothing to

do and nobody to care for. Every night and morning I thank God that he has ordained another life for me. He knows how I love you, Martin."

What was I to say to this? How was I to set my foot down to crush this happiness of hers?

"You do not often look as if you loved me," I said at last.

"That is only my way," she answered. "I can't be soft and purring like many women. I don't care to be always kissing and hanging about anybody. But if you are afraid I don't love you enough—well! I will ask you what you think in ten years' time."

"What would you say if I told you I had once loved a girl better than I do you?" I asked.

"That's not true," she said sharply. "I've known you all your life, and you could not hide such a thing from your mother and me. You are only laughing at me, Martin."

"Heaven knows I'm not laughing," I answered solemnly; "it's no laughing matter. Julia, there is a girl I love better than you, even now."

The colour and the smile faded out of her face, leaving it ashy pale. Her lips parted once or twice, but her voice failed her. Then she broke out into a short hysterical laugh.

"You are talking nonsense, dear Martin," she gasped; "you ought not! I am not very strong. Get me a glass of water."

I fetched a glass of water from the kitchen; for the servant, who had been at work, had gone home, and we were quite alone in the house. When I returned her face was still working with nervous twitchings.

"Martin, you ought not!" she repeated, after she had swallowed some water. "Tell me it is a joke."

"I cannot," I replied, painfully and sorrowfully; "it is the truth, though I would almost rather face death than own it. I love you dearly, Julia; but I love another woman better. God help us both!"

There was dead silence in the room after those words. I could not hear Julia breathe or move, and I could not look at her. My eyes were turned towards the window and the islands across the sea, purple and hazy in the distance.

"Leave me!" she said, after a very long stillness; "go away, Martin."

"I cannot leave you alone," I exclaimed; "no, I will not, Julia. Let me tell you more; let me explain it all. You ought to know everything now."

"Go away!" she repeated, in a mechanical way.

I hesitated still, seeing her white and trembling, with her eyes glassy and fixed. But she motioned me from her towards the door, and her pale lips parted again to reiterate her command.

How I crossed that room I do not know; but the moment after I had closed the door I heard the key turn in the lock. I dared not quit the house and leave her alone in such a state; and I longed

ardently to hear the clocks chime five, and the sound of Johanna's coach-wheels on the roughly-paved street. She could not be here yet for a full half-hour, for she had to go up to our house in the Grange Road and come back again. What if Julia should have fainted, or be dead!

That was one of the longest half-hours in my life. I stood at the street-door watching and waiting, and nodding to people who passed by, and who simpered at me in the most inane fashion.

The fools! I called them to myself. At length Johanna turned the corner, and her pony-carriage came rattling cheerfully over the large round stones. I ran to meet her.

"For heaven's sake go to Julia!" I cried. "I have told her."

"And what does she say?" asked Johanna.

"Not a word, not a syllable," I replied, "except to bid me go away. She has locked herself into the drawing-room."

"Then you had better go away altogether," she said, "and leave me to deal with her. Don't come in, and then I can say you are not here."

A friend of mine lived in the opposite house, and though I knew he was not at home, I knocked at his door and asked permission to rest for a while.

The windows looked into the street, and there I sat watching the door of our new house, for Johanna and Julia to come out. No man likes to be ordered out of sight, as if he were a vagabond or a criminal, and I felt myself aggrieved and miserable.

At length the door opposite opened, and Julia appeared, her face completely hidden behind a veil. Johanna helped her into the low carriage, as if she had been an invalid, and paid her those minute trivial attentions which one woman showers upon another when she is in great grief. Then they drove off, and were soon out of my sight.

By this time our dinner-hour was near, and I knew my mother would be looking out for us both. I was thankful to find at the table a visitor, who had dropped in unexpectedly: one of my father's patients—a widow, with a high colour, a loud voice, and boisterous spirits, who kept up a rattle of conversation with Dr. Dobrée. My mother glanced anxiously at me, but she could say little.

"Where is Julia?" she had inquired, as we sat down to dinner without her.

"Julia?" I said absently; "oh! she is gone to the Vale, with Johanna Carey."

"Will she come back to-night?" asked my mother.

"Not to-night," I said aloud; but to myself I added, "nor for many nights to come; never, most probably, whilst I am under this roof. We have been building our house upon the sand, and the floods have come, and the winds have blown, and the house has fallen; but my mother knows nothing of the catastrophe yet."

If it were possible to keep her ignorant of it!

But that could not be. She read trouble in my face, as clearly as one sees a thunder-cloud in the sky, and she could not rest till she had fathomed it. After she and our guest had left us, my father lingered only a few minutes. He was not a man that cared for drinking, with no companion but me, and he soon pushed the decanters from him.

"You are as dull as a beetle to-night, Martin," he said. "I think I will go and see how your mother and Mrs. Murray get along together."

He went his way, and I went mine—up into my own room, where I should be alone to think over things. It was a pleasant room, and had been mine from my boyhood. There were some ugly old pictures still hanging against the walls, which I could not find in my heart to take down. The model of a ship I had carved with my penknife, the sails of which had been made by Julia, occupied the top shelf over my books. The first pistol I had ever possessed lay on the same shelf. It was my own den, my nest, my sanctuary, my home within the home. I could not think of myself being quite at home anywhere else.

Of late I had been awakened in the night two or three times, and found my mother standing at my bedside, with her thin, transparent fingers shading the light from my eyes. When I remonstrated with her she had kissed me, smoothed the clothes about me, and promised meekly to go back to bed. Did she visit me every night? and would there come a time when she could not visit me?

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

BROKEN OFF.

As I asked myself this question, with an unerring premonition that the time would soon come when my mother and I would be separated, I heard her tapping lightly at the door. She was not in the habit of leaving her guests, and I was surprised and perplexed at seeing her.

"Your father and Mrs. Murray are having a game of chess," she said, answering my look of astonishment. "We can be alone together half an hour. And now tell me what is the matter? There is something going wrong with you."

She sank down wearily into a chair, and I knelt down beside her. It was almost harder to tell her than to tell Julia; but it was worse than useless to put off the evil moment. Better for her to hear all from me before a whisper reached her from any one else.

"Johanna came here," she continued, "with a face as grave as a judge, and asked for Julia in a melancholy voice. Has there been any quarrel between you two?"

She was accustomed to our small quarrels, and to settling them right again; for we were prone to quarrel in a cousinly fashion, without much real

bitterness on either side, but with such an intimate and irritating knowledge of each other's weak points, that we needed a peace-maker at hand.

"Mother, I am not going to marry my cousin."

"So I have heard before," she answered, with a faint smile. "Come, come, Martin! it is too late to talk boyish nonsense like this."

"But I love somebody else," I said warmly, for my heart throbbed at the thought of Olivia; "and I told Julia so this afternoon. It is broken off for good now, mother."

She gave me no answer, and I looked up into her dear face in alarm. It had grown rigid, and a peculiar blue tinge of pallor was spreading over it. Her head had fallen back against the chair. I had never seen her look so death-like in any of her illnesses, and I sprang to my feet in terror. She stopped me by a slight convulsive pressure of her hand, as I was about to unfasten her brooch and open her dress to give her air.

"No, Martin," she whispered, "I shall be better in a moment."

But it was several minutes before she breathed freely and naturally, or could raise her head. Then she did not look at me, but lifted up her eyes to the pale evening sky, and her lips quivered with agitation.

"Martin, it will be the death of me," she said; and a few tears stole down her cheeks, which I wiped away.

"It shall not be the death of you," I exclaimed. "If Julia is willing to marry me, knowing the whole truth, I am ready to marry her for your sake, mother. I would do anything for your sake. But Johanna said she ought to be told, and I think it was right myself."

"Who is it, who can it be that you love?"

"Mother," I said, "I wish I had told you before, but I did not know that I loved the girl as I do, till I saw her yesterday in Sark, and Captain Carey charged me with it."

"That girl!" she cried. "One of the Olliviers! Oh, Martin, you must marry in your own class."

"That was a mistake," I answered. "Her Christian name is Olivia; I do not know what her surname is."

"Not know even her name!" she exclaimed.

"Listen, mother," I said; and then I told her all I knew about Olivia, and drew such a picture of her as I had seen her, as made my mother smile and sigh deeply in turns.

"But she may be an adventuress; you know nothing about her," she objected. "Surely you cannot love a woman you do not esteem?"

"Esteem!" I repeated. "I never thought whether I esteemed Olivia, but I am satisfied I love her. You may be quite sure she is no adventuress. An adventuress would not hide herself in Tardif's out-of-the-world cottage."

"A girl without friends and without a name!" she sighed; "a runaway from her family and home! It does not look well, Martin."

I could answer nothing, and it would be of little use to try. I saw where my mother's prejudices would blind her. To love any one not of our own caste was a fatal error in her eyes.

"Does Julia know all this?" she asked.

"She has not heard a word about Olivia," I answered. "As soon as I told her I loved some one else better than her, she bade me begone out of her sight. She has not an amiable temper."

"But she is an upright, conscientious, religious woman," she said somewhat angrily. "She would never have run away from her friends; and we know all about her. I cannot think what your father will say, Martin. It has given him more pleasure and satisfaction than anything that has happened for years. If this marriage is broken off, it upsets everything."

Of course it would upset everything; there was the mischief of it. The convulsion would be so great, that I felt ready to marry Julia in order to avoid it, supposing she would marry me. That was the question, and it rested solely with her. I would almost rather face the long, slow weariness of an unsuitable marriage than encounter the immediate results of the breaking off of our engagement just on the eve of its consummation. I was a coward, no doubt, but events had hurried me on too rapidly for me to stand still and consider the cost.

"Oh, Martin, Martin!" wailed my poor mother, breaking down again suddenly. "I had so set my heart upon this! I did so long to see you in a home of your own! And Julia was so generous, never looking as if all the money was hers, and you without a penny! What is to become of you now, my boy? I wish I had been dead and in my grave before this had happened!"

"Hush, mother!" I said, kneeling down again beside her and kissing her tenderly; "it is still in Julia's hands. If she will marry me, I shall marry her."

"But then you will not be happy?" she said, with fresh sobs.

It was impossible for me to contradict that. I felt that no misery would be equal to that of losing Olivia. But I did my best to comfort my mother, by promising to see Julia the next day and renew my engagement, if possible.

"Pray, may I be informed as to what is the matter now?" broke in a satirical, cutting voice—the voice of my father. It roused us both—my mother to her usual mood of gentle submission, and me to the chronic state of irritation which his presence always provoked in me.

"Not much, sir," I answered coldly; "only my marriage with my cousin Julia is broken off."

"Broken off!" he ejaculated, "broken off!"

THE CONDITION OF THE AGRICULTURAL POPULATION OF ENGLAND.

BY PROFESSOR FAWCETT, M.P.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.



It is now nearly five years since a commission was appointed to inquire into the condition of women, young persons, and children employed in agriculture. Although thus nominally restricted in its field of investigation, the reports which have from time to time been issued by the commissioners abundantly prove that an inquiry into the condition of women, young persons, and children belonging to any particular section of the community cannot be successfully prosecuted without at the same time taking into consideration the condition of the entire class to which they belong. How, for instance, can such subjects as labourers' dwellings, the wages of children, the state of education, and the labour of women be satisfactorily dealt with, without taking into consideration the circumstances of the adult male labourer? How can the condition of all the members of the family be investigated if no account is to be taken of the father of the family, his wages, his intelligence, his sobriety, all of which exercise so powerful an influence over the well-being of his wife and children? As might have been expected, it has therefore come to pass that the commission for inquiring into the condition of "women, young persons, and children employed in agriculture" has virtually become a commission of inquiry into the state of the entire agricultural population.

The reports of the commission and the reports of the assistant commissioners which have appeared at intervals since the year 1868 are full of the most valuable, but at the same time the most startling, revelations as to the condition of the rural population of this country. Prior to the appointment of this commission, it was frequently said by philanthropists and others that the condition of the agricultural labourers was very far indeed from what it ought to be; charges were also made as to the condition of cottages, the state of education, and the scanty wages prevalent in the rural districts. But these assertions were generally vague and declamatory, and they were almost universally considered by those who had no practical acquaintance with the facts to be exaggerated, and even untrue. People were reluctant that their dream of the charms of rural life should be disturbed; they liked to believe that the domestic life of the labourer was as pure as the white smock-frock in which they had so often seen him (in pictures) going to church on Sundays. The poetical idea of the simple beauty of the labourer's lot, so gently fostered in Gray's *Elegy* and other popular pieces, was too dear to be relinquished without

a struggle. It is delightful to think of the peasant being awakened from his "lowly bed" by "the breezy call of incense-breathing morn," the twittering swallow, and "the cock's shrill clarion." Charming it is to picture his return at night to the blazing hearth, with the busy housewife standing to welcome him, and the children running to "lisp their sire's return, or climb his knees the envied kiss to share;" and very gloomy is it to have to dispel these "short and simple annals of the poor," and substitute in their place the evidence contained in half a dozen ponderous blue-books, the contents of which prove beyond a shadow of doubt that the homes of our peasantry are "miserable," "detestable, deplorable," and a "disgrace to a Christian community."

The report of the commission just referred to does more than verify the most gloomy description which has ever been given of the condition of the rural poor. Those who study its pages will at once recognise the terrible contrast between the true state of the mass of the agricultural population, and the idyllic picture by which their lot has been so frequently represented by poets. It is, however, to be feared that these reports will not be read beyond a very limited circle, and that thousands who are quite ready to be interested in the condition of the rural labourers will not avail themselves of the knowledge so laboriously collected by the commissioners. A Parliamentary blue-book is an ogre to many, who would eagerly devour the information it contains if the same facts were to be found between different covers and in a less bulky form. It is therefore hoped, in a few pages, briefly to put before the general reader some of the evidence given by the assistant commissioners, and also some of the more important conclusions drawn from this evidence by the commissioners.

The causes which produce the present melancholy condition of the agricultural population are so intimately associated with each other, that it is difficult to discover which among them exerts the most powerful influence. These causes may be stated in general terms to be ignorance and poverty. Ignorance produces the poverty, and the poverty perpetuates the ignorance. The effects of these two principal depressing agencies may, however, be subdivided, and it may be said that the combined poverty and ignorance of the rural labourer are answerable for the wretched condition of his cottage, the early age at which his children are taken away from school, his want of enterprise, his scanty diet, his dependence and his improvidence with regard to the future. His improvidence and dependence

have no doubt been also owing, to a large extent, to the influence of the Poor-law system.

In order that it may not appear that I have in this category exaggerated the depressing circumstances which surround the lot of the agricultural labourer, I shall quote in reference to each item some of the evidence contained in the second report of the commissioners,* published in 1869. With regard to cottages, it is stated that they are frequently destitute of almost every requisite that should constitute a home for a Christian family in a civilised community; they are very deficient in bed-room accommodation, in drainage, and sanitary arrangements. The number of cottages is also stated to be generally insufficient; and where a sufficient supply is to be found, they are such as to make no provision for the health, comfort, and morals of the inhabitants. In another place it is added that the labourer is often driven by force of circumstances to "rickle up a miserable hut for himself, or pay an exorbitant rent for a house in which the ordinary decencies of life become a dead letter." The cottages on some estates are spoken of by the assistant commissioners as a disgrace to the owners of the land, and unfit for human habitation. The majority of cottages in Shropshire are characterised by Mr. Stanhope as infamous; they are tumble-down and ruinous, not water-tight, very deficient in bed-rooms, and in decent sanitary arrangements. In one school it was found on inquiry that one-half the boys belonged to families living in cottages with one sleeping-room. How, it is pertinently asked, is it possible that such circumstances should not produce an insuperable obstacle to a proper education? After these descriptions it is not surprising to learn that the clergy in many districts consider cottage improvement the question of the hour, and urge that their teaching and preaching can have but little effect while families continue to be herded together like cattle, without any regard to the preservation of health, decency, and chastity.

The matter of cottage accommodation becomes still more perplexing when it is found on inquiry that the labourers themselves, in their present ignorant condition, do not appreciate the advantages of healthy and decent dwellings. On some estates landlords have made an effort to improve the character of the cottages, but they have too frequently found their well-meant attempts are rendered abortive by the apathy and ignorance of the labourers. One landlord says:—"We have given a very good cottage to the labourer, and we find he does not appreciate it at all. He puts his apples into one room, does not inhabit another, and would put his pig into another if we would let him." Other landlords speak of the difficulty they have in finding tenants for new and well-arranged cottages;

the labourers prefer remaining in places "where you would hardly put a pig to live." Another witness of authority states that in several of the cottages with two bed-rooms, the father, mother, and children are huddled into one room, and the other bed-room is let to lodgers.

It is therefore clear that, under the existing state of things, the cottages of the rural districts cannot be permanently improved by direct legislation, or by any other influence which does not cause the labourers themselves to appreciate and demand wholesome and decent dwellings. It should therefore be inquired whether there is any agricultural district reported upon by the commissioners in which the labourers do demand and obtain comfortable cottages; and, further, what circumstances are in existence to account for the formation of this demand. The first question must be answered in the affirmative. Mr. Henley, who reports upon the condition of Northumberland, states that the labourers are beginning to refuse to inhabit the wretched hovels formerly so prevalent in that county. This refusal has become so general, that farmers and landlords now find that it is as indispensable to have good cottages on their land as it is to have good farm buildings. In those cases in which farms are still unprovided with healthy and commodious dwellings, the farmers have been compelled to bribe the labourers by increased wages to inhabit the existing cottages. This fact has of course furnished a strong pecuniary inducement both to landlord and farmer to do away with the bad cottages, and erect in their stead dwellings which the labourer will inhabit cheerfully, without demanding compensation in the shape of increased wages. The intelligence of the Northumbrian peasant in demanding good cottage accommodation has produced such a beneficial effect throughout the county, that Mr. Henley reports that all deficiencies will soon be supplied. The commissioners confidently attribute this difference between the Northumbrian and the south of England peasant to the flourishing state of education in Northumberland. As previously remarked, the uneducated labourer does not appreciate a good cottage; he sees no disadvantage in his family being huddled together in one wretched sleeping apartment; he will not willingly quit his hovel for a well-built, drained, ventilated, decent cottage. The educated labourer will not, on the other hand, submit to be worse lodged than the horses and dogs on his employer's farm; and by his own unaided efforts, without any appeal to the charitable for assistance, or to the Legislature for compulsory powers, the Northumbrian hind has produced a revolution in the cottage accommodation of his district.

But it is not only in the superiority of their dwellings that the condition of the Northumbrians so far excels that of their agricultural brethren in the

* This volume can be obtained through any bookseller for about 2s.

south. It was said above that to ignorance and poverty might be attributed the wretched condition of the labourer's cottage, the early age at which his children were taken away from school, his want of enterprise, and his improvidence. It shall now, therefore, be pointed out that in these respects also education has placed the Northumbrian peasant in an entirely different position from that occupied by the agricultural population in the south.

Referring, in the first place, to the early age at which the children of agricultural labourers are taken away from school to be sent to work, the report shows that in the south of England little boys begin to go with horses at seven or eight years of age; in Dorsetshire they go even earlier to work, "some at six, or even younger." The facts are very much the same in nearly all parts of England. One of the assistant commissioners, in speaking of the early age at which children are sent to work, attributed it mainly to the struggle for existence among the poor, which makes them wish to profit by the earnings of their children at the earliest possible age. It must not be supposed that the work thus extorted from small children is of an easy or trifling description. Referring again to Dorsetshire, Mr. Stanhope says that the hours of labour, and the nature of the work done by boys of seven or eight and upwards, appear to him the "reverse of light." The day's work is frequently fourteen hours long (from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m.); during this time the lad is required to walk at least ten or twelve miles over ploughed fields. One farmer in Dorsetshire told the assistant commissioner that he thought all boys fit to go with horses at six years old, and to plough at eight or nine years old. To the combined causes of overwork and under-feeding, Mr. Stanhope attributes "the stunted condition and early decrepitude of the adult population" of Dorsetshire. Medical evidence of the highest character confirms this opinion. Dr. Aldridge states that the early age at which children are employed with horses in Dorsetshire prevents a proper muscular development, and is frequently productive of tuberculous diseases; and he adds, as the result of his personal observation, that the sameness and hardness of the toil mars the young and yielding muscles, and produces a want of physical energy, and a deadening both of mind and body. But the injury inflicted on children by excessive toil at a tender age is not only physical in its character; the mental condition stagnates at the same time that the physical frame is deteriorated. Even if the children are sent to school before they go to work, how much knowledge can they be expected to retain when they are taken away at six, seven, or eight years old, and compelled to labour in the fields for twelve or fourteen hours a day? The little they once knew is, of course, under these circumstances speedily forgotten; and these poor

little victims grow up in a state of barbarian ignorance; their minds are entirely uncultured; they are probably unable to read the simplest narrative; they have no intellectual resources, and their ideas of pleasure are consequently entirely sensual. Many well-intentioned persons have endeavoured to supply the educational deficiencies of the agricultural labourers by means of night-schools for youths and adults. I should deeply regret to say one word in disparagement of these efforts; on the contrary, I cheerfully recognise the good they have been enabled to effect. But it must be confessed that, though they may be of the greatest service in individual cases, they will never be able to provide a sufficiently powerful remedy for the wide-spreading mischief arising from the early and excessive employment of children. It is needless to say that it has never been alleged that night-schools would do anything to counteract the physical evils arising from the overwork of children. With regard to the good night-schools are able to effect in supplying educational deficiencies, it must be borne in mind that these schools have to serve a two-fold object. In the first place, they are intended to give ignorant adults a knowledge of the first rudiments of education; and in the second place, they serve as a supplement to the day-school, so that labouring children who have already received some instruction may retain and increase their stock of learning. There is one very powerful obstacle in the way of the achievement of both these objects, and that is the excessive physical fatigue from which both adults and children are suffering when they take their places in the night-school. After twelve, fourteen, or sixteen hours of labour in the open air, how many of us are there who would be fit for mental exertion, even of a trifling character? and to the utterly uncultured mind of an ignorant adult the effort, of course, would be multiplied a thousand-fold. Let any one who doubts this assertion try the effect of some new mental exertion, such as beginning to learn a fresh language, after a long day's hunting, shooting, or any similar out-of-door exercise. The promoters of night-schools have nearly always found that a considerable proportion of the pupils are so worn out by their day's labour, as to be quite unfitted to make the best use of such faculties as they may possess. There is something most touching in the picture drawn by several of the commissioners, of men of thirty, forty, and even fifty years of age coming to these night-schools to learn their A B C. "They come in," says Mr. Boyle, "from labour at a late hour, have their supper, and come off to school. They are naturally much tired after a hard day's work; so much so, indeed, that many of them fall asleep over their books."

A LOVE-STORY.



"AT SOME FANCIED TALE OF LOVE."

BENDING o'er some dainty story,
 In the balmy sunny air,
 Shall I picture for thee, maiden,
 Days far off with pleasure fair?

Slender hands so pure, and gleaming
 'Gainst the robe of snowy white,
 Seem to speak of snowdrops springing
 From the heart of Winter's night.

Falling wealth of golden tresses,
Dazzling in their wondrous sheen,
Tell of some divine fruition
For thy soul, Evangeline.

Yet of all thy charms, the dearest
Are the tears which fill thine eyes,
Mingling with the happy sunshine
Like the broken summer skies.

Other friends may watch thy beauty
Into majesty mature;
But my wishes e'en may follow
Grace and loveliness so pure.

And, in parting, let me whisper,
Whisper gently in thine ear,
Words which, while they call sweet blushes
Are immeasurably dear—

If thy heart be moved so deeply
At some fancied tale of love,
What must be the burning ardour
Which that heart itself shall move?

All the grandeur of the ages,
All the poets' songs sublime,
Thou wouldst barter for a moment
Of that Paradisal time. GEORGE SMITH.

THE CONDITION OF THE AGRICULTURAL POPULATION OF ENGLAND.

BY PROFESSOR FAWCETT, M.P.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.



HERE are other disadvantages, of a more indirect nature, connected with night-schools. The most important of these is that the more successful night-schools are in the instruction of adults, the greater is the encouragement given to parents and employers to disregard the importance of the early education of children. A clergyman, who supplied some evidence to the assistant commissioners, said on this point that he did not advocate the cause of night-schools very strongly, because he thought that they were apt to lead parents to neglect sending their children to school at the proper age. "Parents," he said, "look forward to their son getting some education at the night-school when he is earning wages, and can pay for himself, and consequently they neglect to send him to school; so the boy gets no education as a boy at the day-school, and he may or may not get any at the night-school as he grows up. The matter will then rest entirely with himself, and it will be found that where one avails himself of the opportunities offered by the night-schools, many more do not." If this objection is founded on a correct knowledge of the facts, it is fatal to the benefits supposed to be conferred on the community by the establishment of night-schools.

It is not proposed to dwell on any other disadvantages connected with night-schools; they shall merely be mentioned, and their significance will be readily appreciated. The first is the difficulty of providing suitable teachers. If the instruction is given by amateurs, their attendance is irregular; if, on the other hand, it is given by the master and mistress of the day-school, they are already tired with their day's work, and the teachers and the taught vie with each other in weariness. The second is the inevitable irregularity of the attend-

ance of the adult pupils; and the third is to be found in the natural shame which a grown man feels at having to sit down with children, to learn what he ought to have known years ago.

Enough has been said to show why night-schools can never remove or counteract the evils arising from sending children to work at too early an age, before they have had a chance of acquiring a sound basis of primary education. An inquiry shall now be made into the condition of juvenile labour in Northumberland, and it will be seen that the contrast between Northumberland and the south of England is fully as striking with regard to the employment of children, as it was previously shown to be with regard to cottages. In North Northumberland parents allow their children to remain at school until they are eleven or twelve years old; and from that period till the children reach fourteen they work only in the summer, continuing their schooling during the winter months as usual. The satisfactory condition of education indicated by these facts does not merely arise from the good wages earned by the Northumbrian peasant. The assistant commissioners show that there are other parts of England where the total earnings of the agricultural labourers are sufficient for the maintenance of themselves and their families, without what is brought in by the labour of the young children. The report says that, under these circumstances, no hardship would be inflicted on the parent if he was compelled by an Act of the Legislature to do what the Northumbrian labourer does for himself, and that is to forego the earnings of his young children in order that they might attend school. In Mr. Henley's report, he says most emphatically that no legislation is required in Northumberland to regulate the age at which boys and girls should be employed in agriculture, as the parents never send their children to work at an age which is physically or morally

injurious. He also shows that no abuse exists in regard to the time allowed for meals, or the distance from which children come to their work. Legislation on all these points, which seems to be so urgently required in other parts of England, would be in Northumberland quite superfluous. It may perhaps be thought that the difference between the condition of the agricultural population in Northumberland and other counties is somewhat exaggerated, and that Northumberland is only a few years in advance of less-favoured districts. But it will be seen from a closer examination of the reports of the commissioners, that in many parts of England no advance is being made, and that the school age has in fact been steadily and continuously lessening for the last ten years. If the evil were righting itself, there would not be so much cause for alarm, but surely some stringent remedy is required when it is found that the educational condition of the agricultural labourers is actually deteriorating; that it is now rare to find a labourer's son in the schools above the age of ten; that many of the schools are filled with babies; and that, in the opinion of one eminently qualified to judge of the facts, at least fifty per cent. of the adult agricultural population can neither read nor write.

In a foregoing passage the want of enterprise and the improvidence of the agricultural labourer were referred to. The facts contained in the previous pages are proof sufficient of his want of enterprise. It is nearly inconceivable that any human beings endowed with ordinary faculties should have endured patiently, and almost uncomplainingly, the life that is led by the great proportion of the agricultural peasantry of England. Other labourers have organised themselves into trade societies, and have successfully combined for the protection of their own interests. But, until the last few months, with the exception of the Northumbrians, the agricultural labourers seem to have had no idea of self-assertion, and hardly any of self-preservation. Spontaneous migration of labour scarcely ever takes place in the rural districts. When such a migration does occur it is at the instance of some philanthropic outsider, and it occasions a nine days' talk throughout the entire country.

It is, however, a most encouraging fact that within the last year the agricultural labourers have formed an association for effecting an improvement in their condition. In two of the counties, Herefordshire and Shropshire, the peasantry are in a very depressed state. Their cottages are wretched; their children are uneducated; their wages are about 8s. 6d. to 9s. a week, with "privileges;" and their dependence and improvidence were commented on most severely by the Agricultural Commission. Very few of the labourers of this district belong to benefit societies or clubs, and it is said that any one who is ill a day, or whose child is sick,

applies, as a matter of course, to the parish doctor; a week's illness would send nearly any labourer in the district to the parish. Here, however, under all these unpromising circumstances, an association of labourers has been formed. Neither the Shropshire nor the Warwickshire Union has been in existence long enough to have achieved any very striking improvement in the actual condition of the peasant; but they have both already had one most important result—they have been able to loosen the tongue of the rural labourer, and have induced him to attend public meetings and openly state his grievances and his aspirations. A report of one of these meetings is contained in the *Herefordshire Times* of March 2, 1872. After a few brief introductory remarks from the chairman, labourer after labourer arose, nearly all with the same tale; they were not come, they said, to speak ill of their employers; they did not envy the landlords their riches; but out of the amount of their wages (usually 9s. a week) they found it impossible to live. They wished, they said, to live "honest and fair," and pay their way like men; but how could they do it, when they had to provide food for themselves and their families on 9s. a week, to say nothing of clothes, fuel, and other necessities? One of the men said he had been told the wives managed badly, but he would back his wife to make 9s. go as far as could possibly be done; he had calculated that if each member of his family had three meals a day, his wife had to provide 168 meals a week, at a cost of 1d. per meal. "If any of the farmers, or farmers' wives or daughters, could give them any instruction as to how a meal could be prepared for that amount, it would be very willingly received." Several of the men struck the right nail on the head as to one chief cause of their distress. Henry Evans, a labourer, said that the great secret was that they were "too thick on the ground," and he dared say that they would never get what they were now asking for unless they "thinned themselves out." Other speakers echoed the same sentiment. One man said it took all his wages to provide food for himself and his family; for clothes he had always to depend on charity!

Any one acquainted with the agricultural poor will at once appreciate the significance of this meeting. With garrulous townsfolk, the grievances set forth at public meetings must generally be received with caution. But every word spoken by a peasant in public must be wrung from him under the strongest sense of necessity. There is no fluency in these speeches, they do not contain one superfluous syllable; but every syllable they do contain bears upon its face the character of ungarished truth; and the fact that these agricultural labourers have been induced to utter open complaints, affords excellent reasons for hoping that they will be roused to something more than words. It is therefore

most important that the labourers themselves and the general public should know what agency would have the most powerful and permanent effect in bettering the condition of the rural poor. To gain this knowledge, it is necessary to turn once more to the experience gained by an inquiry into the causes of the satisfactory condition of Northumberland. It must be borne in mind that the general state of the agricultural population in that county is so satisfactory, that it is unanimously agreed by the commissioners that if the rest of England had been like it the commission ought never to have been issued. One of the assistant commissioners, Mr. Culley, who reported on Bucks and Bedfordshire, and who is also a Northumbrian landowner, asserts that the earnings of the Northumberland labourer are very little higher than those of any fairly industrious man in Bedfordshire or Bucks; but that the former is mentally and physically a superior animal, treating his family in a manner which three or four times the difference in wage would not account for. Mr. Culley enumerates the causes operating favourably on the Northumbrian peasant as follows:—

"He is hired by the year; his wages are consequently paid as punctually when he is sick as when he is at work. His own earnings and those of his family all go to the family purse, and suffer little variation; and, lastly, it is not his habit to drink beer except at the annual hiring; he hardly knows what a beer-shop means, and his children drink at the milk-bowl instead of himself at the beer-jug."

It is, however, pertinently remarked that these alleged causes of the superiority of the Northumbrian labourer are not satisfactory. Why does he insist on a system which guarantees his wages when he is sick? Why does he put his earnings into the family purse? Why does he not drink away his wages at the public-house? The true explanation is that he is better educated; his power to resist temptation is thereby increased; his moral character is strengthened, and he is able to insist on obtaining good wages and a comfortable home. It is in education, says the commissioner, that the main secret of the prosperity of the Northumbrian labourer lies. There is in Northumberland a general feeling in favour of education among all classes, the farmers feeling equally desirous with the labourers to promote its cause. In this county the pressure for education comes from the people themselves, and complaints are sometimes heard from the labourers that the existing schools do not satisfy their requirements as to quality.

There is another circumstance which has not yet been referred to, in which education seems to have made the Northumbrian labourer a "morally and physically superior animal." From other parts of the world complaints are frequently heard as to the demoralising effects of the employment of women in agriculture. With some (so-called) philanthro-

pists it seems to be an almost universal rule, when immorality prevails among those employed in any industry, to appeal to the fact as a conclusive reason why women should be debarred from engaging in that industry. Thus, when statisticians quote the number of illegitimate births in the agricultural districts, they sometimes appear to think that no other argument is necessary to prove that women should not be allowed to work in the fields. They forget apparently that every illegitimate child has a father, and that a high percentage of illegitimate births in rural districts affords no more reason for excluding women from agriculture than men. It may perhaps be replied that, according to strict ideas of justice, there is no reason why the one sex should be excluded more than the other, but that the exclusion of women would be justified by expediency, the labour of women being of so much less economical importance than that of men. In reply to this argument of economical expediency, the commissioners state that in some districts many branches of agricultural industry would be entirely destroyed if any restriction or interference were put upon the labour of women. Speaking of one district, one of the assistant commissioners says, "To prohibit female labour would be to prohibit farming." It is, however, desirable that the question of the employment of women should be put upon higher grounds than those of expediency. Every woman has the right to labour honestly to get her own living; it would be the height of injustice to treat her as if she were a child, and forbid her to engage in any particular work, because some of the men and women who have been employed in it have had immoral connections with each other. And let the sensitive conscience of the moralist who would shut the door of honest toil to women be reminded, that it is the difficulty of earning bread which even now often sends a woman to a life of degradation. Food must be had, and more women will seek it in the streets if they are driven from the farm and the workshop. In Northumberland, where the condition of the agricultural population is more satisfactory than in any other part of England, women are very largely employed in agriculture. Nearly all unmarried women are engaged in field-work, and the practice is not found to be attended with any moral or physical evil. They are well and suitably clothed, and their labour appears to have the effect of making them peculiarly robust and strong. Mr. Henley describes the good manners and the good management of the married women, as conclusive proof that farm labour has no deteriorating effect on women. The refinement which education has given to the Northumbrian peasantry is sufficient to prevent the coarseness and immorality which field-labour is said in some instances to produce.

THE COIN COLLECTOR.

BY P. W. STUART MENTEATH.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE THIRD.



HERE is uncle Gozzo," she exclaimed in a merry voice; and her old father came forward to meet us from an inner room.

"You do not remember me, signorina?" I said; as Gozzo passed before me to greet his brother-in-law.

"Ah, Signor Inglese!" she exclaimed, with a blush; and turning to her father, she called his attention to me. He seemed

glad to see me, and Gozzo, somewhat surprised at first, explained that I was well known to him; and I seemed now to be looked upon as quite a family friend.

Francesca brought us chairs, and sitting down by the window, resumed her work. The two old men, after talking for a little of indifferent matters, rose and passed into the adjoining room, where they spoke in whispers, no doubt about the matter I had come for. So I rose, and leant upon the window-sill beside Francesca, and praised the assiduity of her work.

"I am my father's tailor," she answered, "and I am making him smart for next Sunday. There is a *festa* at Albano, and we are going to pass the day there."

"I think I shall be there too," I said; "I shall hope to meet you there."

"My grandfather had a villa there," she answered. "But we are now poor people, or you might have been our guest. We shall be in the church when the procession leaves."

"I saw you were a lady, signorina," I said.

"I am a poor girl now," she rejoined; "but it is good to work. But you, Signor Inglese, are forgetting your taste for antiquities. See, there is a case of bronzes by the wall there; and here comes my father to show you our treasures."

"I will see you at Albano then," I said; and I turned to her father, who beckoned me into the adjoining room.

The old man held a small case in his hand, and placing it upon the table, he produced a key, and soon the splendid medal lay before me. Its impressions were wonderfully clear and sharp, and executed with high artistic skill. On one side was the beautiful head of Heliogabalus, the rich features expressive of a sensuous yet mystic disdain. On the reverse, the representation of an imperial banquet shone out with singular impressiveness upon

the dark-coloured gold. Nothing that I had seen of the vestiges of Roman greatness had ever seemed to bring before me so vividly the luxurious magnificence of the past, as did this splendid monument that so many centuries had left uninjured.

"It was left me by my father," said the old man, "and I keep it as my daughter's dower. You will not speak of it to any one, Signor Inglese? I know that I can trust you, for I know your nation, and I can read your face."

I assured him that I would not speak of it. "But what," I asked, "can you fear from experts in such things?"

"They would try to persuade me that it is false—that it was manufactured by the antiquarian forgers of the sixteenth century. It is hard to tell whether a coin of this kind is genuine; but my father was a well-skilled antiquary, and he assured me of its value. Some day I will find an expert whom I can trust with it; and after all, my daughter will not marry yet, and I would rather run no risks till it is time to think about her dower."

The medal was locked in its case again. I thanked the old men warmly for the sight they had afforded me, and descending into the street, I still pondered on the words of Francesca's father, and on the fair face and form that I had left behind me in the gloomy house. But as I left the doorway I started to see the singular customer of old Gozzo's stall, bending over a pile of worm-eaten volumes at the door of a neighbouring shop; and turning hurriedly away, I seemed to feel his curious eyes fixed on me, as I rapidly left the street.

The next morning I went as usual to the Minerva Library, and took my accustomed place at one of the large ponderous desks that lined the cool, lofty hall. The monk who usually attended to me handed down a pile of vellum-covered tomes, and I was soon immersed in my favourite study of the large red and black type that filled them, and the coarse, bold woodcuts of Roman monuments, arms and edifices, that assisted me in tracing out the meaning of the various impressions on the coins. A pile of these last lay beside me, which with a hard brush and a penknife I had done my best to render decipherable on the preceding evening, and now I rapidly solved the problems that each impression presented; and many a scene of Roman history rose before me as I deciphered its symbol, stamped by its contemporaries on the enduring substance of the coin. My work proceeded rapidly, and all my faculties were absorbed in it; the vast

assemblage of lettered volumes rose high around me in the silence, and the gliding footsteps of the attendant monks, the rustling of the leaves of folios, and the occasional whispers of the few students were too faint to break the quiet of the room.

Suddenly a low voice beside me roused me from the absorption of my studies. Breaking in on the ideal world that I had raised around me, it seemed as though some personage of the long-past time had spoken out in audible reality, and broken the spell that separated his phantasm, as it appeared to my imagination, from the real existence that he had borne in the old time. Cold, soft, and emotionless, the tone seemed fitted to represent the nature of a Nero or Tiberius, or some other of the immemorial monsters that haunt the realms of history, and appear inexplicable to modern thought. It was the *tone* and not the spoken words that caught my ear, and turning in the direction of the sound, I saw beside me the inquisitive antiquary whose frequent appearance had so annoyed me on the preceding evening. Beside him stood one of the attendants, and it was no doubt to the latter that the words had been addressed which had aroused me, through the singular nature of the voice. But why should the look and the voice of this man so affect me, and what reason could there be for the instinctive aversion that possessed me in his presence? Some morbid fancy was no doubt the cause of it, and I had started at his voice as students start in nervous terror at some sudden and disturbing sound. What wonder that I should feel disturbed, when my consciousness had leaped in a moment from the days of Nero, whose vivid effigy lay before me, back to the living present through eighteen hundred years?

I now felt a wish to make acquaintance with this stranger, so that the mystery which my fancy was so busily weaving round him might be dispelled by a more familiar knowledge. My experience of life had been enough to teach me that familiarity, if it does not actually breed contempt, at least dispels in most cases the glamour and the mystery that haunt the moonlight aspects of half-knowledge. So I hoped that, being thrown together in our pursuits, some opportunity of making acquaintance might soon occur between the antiquary and myself.

Sooner than I anticipated the acquaintance was made, and I was indebted for it to the civility of the antiquary. I happened to take up from my pile of coins a specimen whose description I sought in vain through several of the bulky works before me. The appearance of the coin caught the eye of my neighbour, and in a civil tone he requested me to let him examine it.

"You cannot find its description?" he said, after looking at it for a few seconds. "Let me save you the trouble of further search. This is a curiosity of

cinq-^{cento} numismatics: it is a medal invented by the antiquarian forgers of the Renaissance. You will not find it described in any authoritative work, and though it is interesting to a collector, it has no value as an antiquity."

He then pointed out to me some hardly perceptible peculiarities in the nature of the impression, and in what seemed the effects of age upon the work. His observations convinced me that he possessed a wonderfully complete and minute knowledge of Roman numismatics, and gladly entering into conversation with him, I became deeply fascinated by the quiet certainty and subtle penetration of his remarks. When at length he rose and took leave of me, I expressed the hope that I might profit on other occasions by his counsels; and the cordiality of his reply finally dispelled my instinctive prejudice against him.

Other meetings at the library soon cemented my acquaintance with the Marchese L—; the more I listened to his conversation, the more I became convinced of the completeness of his antiquarian knowledge, and I congratulated myself on having found so suitable a companion.

It was when the marchese one day invited me to his palazzo, that I became fully aware of the sedulous energy of his collecting passion. The building—dating from the seventeenth century—showed in its architecture that his ancestors had possessed in some measure the tastes which exhibited themselves so strongly in their representative. There were examples of many styles of architecture in the external walls, and the Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and even Gothic forms united in strange confusion to give a more curious than imposing appearance to a building that rivalled, in mere size and costliness, not a few of the most celebrated among the countless palaces of Rome. But the internal arrangements, and especially the portions whose comparative freshness showed their later date, were far more bizarre and various in their character than the primary portions of the edifice. One might suppose that the curious taste of the race had flourished and increased within the well-adapted external framework of their mansion, till it had culminated in the collecting passion, pure and simple, exhibited by the last inheritor of the palazzo.

Signs of the marchese's habits met one at every turn within the walls. The courtyard was filled with bulky fragments of costly marbles, of every quality and hue, collected from among the ruins of a thousand villas, palaces, and temples. In one long hall, a complete collection of Greek and Roman weights and measures represented the expenditure of signs of money and research that might well absorb a fortune and a lifetime. Another apartment was filled with all imaginable varieties of mosaic, another with countless specimens of glass. There were no statues or

sculptures, for the collections were rather curious than artistic; but the astonishing completeness of each class of curiosities represented such industry and perseverance, the grouping of the various specimens attested such powers of discrimination, and the remarks of the marchese proved so perfect an acquaintance with all his treasures—that no marvel of artistic taste or solid erudition could have so amazed me as this example of eccentric energy and knowledge. But as we approached the inner apartments, in which the owner lived retired among his catalogues, I found that the collections I had already traversed were as nothing beside the precious cabinets of coins and medals that supplied the latest and most costly taste of the marchese. The completeness of this last collection could only be rivalled in some of the first museums of Europe, and I could, with difficulty believe that, as the marchese informed me, this collection had been entirely accumulated by himself. He showed me assortments of the numismatic treasures of every age; and the spaces still left empty in the trays, for rare specimens that he had as yet been unable to obtain, were wonderfully few and far between.

"One day my collection will be complete," he exclaimed. "I have long ceased to occupy myself with all the other trumpery you have already seen; but I would fain complete this last collection, and if I leave it unfinished it will not be for want of any efforts on my part. See! here is a space I would give my life to fill: I have sought and toiled for years to fill it; I have travelled to Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, to examine specimens I had heard of: the specimens were spurious, and I only lost my time. You smile at my eagerness! Yet what is life without an object? Ah! young man, wait a few years yet, and life will teach you to envy my enthusiasm, and not to weigh the value of the object. Some illusion, the charm of some fixed pursuit is the only safeguard from *ennui*: you know not what that is, it is not the malady of your years; but you may learn its terrors yet, and you will envy me then."

I forget what I answered, but it was not the marchese's fervour that had made me smile; it was that among the vacant spaces to which he had called my attention, there was one marked and labelled with the name and description of the very medal of Helio-gabalus that I had seen in the hands of Francesca's father. But I remembered my promise to the old dealer, and kept my own

counsel regarding the tempting sight I might yet perhaps be the means of affording to the marchese.

After some hours spent in examining his magnificent collection, I took leave of him, thanking him warmly for the sight he had afforded me.

"You may well thank me, young man," he said, "for few except yourself have ever visited my collection. I have no wish to be disturbed by babbling sight-seers, but you, I think, have some genuine taste in these matters. I will ask you, in return, not to speak of my collection to any one. I should be continually pestered with visitors if its real richness were generally known. But when you like you may come and see me here, and I will give you any help I can in your labours. And if you meet with any rare medals, let me know of them; get me a sight at least of anything uncommon you may meet with—and I can tell you what is genuine and what is spurious. And so, farewell till our next meeting, and do not fear to trouble me; you will always be welcome."

I was well pleased at the progress of my acquaintance with the marchese. A certain power of fascination is the privilege of some exceptional natures, and especially of those who show a strong and enthusiastic temperament directed in some unusual path. A man who throws great powers of intellect and energy into some eccentric pursuit is in himself a living problem, that at least seems to hide strange depths of our common nature, such as may lie within the comprehension of many, though usually unsuspected beneath the common crust of ordinary habits and acquired opinions. And so much that at first sight seems beautiful and satisfying in life, turns out mere tinsel under the touch of sad experience, that anything strange, new, and strong will serve to awaken deadened hopes of worthy purpose and exertion; may, when other illusions are already lost, hold forth a promise that true satisfaction lies in a wholly new and different direction. This feeling of mixed wonder and curiosity inclined me to prosecute as far as possible my acquaintance with the marchese, so that I might learn the *fin mot* of his exceptional character and habits. It occurred to me that I might in some measure repay his kindness, by enabling him to see the unique medal that had been shown me by Francesca's father. Could I prevail on the old man to let it be seen, I should establish a new bond of friendship between myself and the student.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

JUNE OMENS.

THE purple iris holds a tear of dew
All tremulous within her blue-veined eye;
The larkspur hangs her head; the damask rose
Looks smiling upwards to the clear June sky.

And down the garden path sweet Nell and I
Are slowly sauntering with idle pace;
Is it the sun that makes my hot cheek burn?
And why that blush on Nellie's dimpled face?

No need of words. Too well is understood
That universal language; 'tis as old
As is creation, when to mother Eve
The tale of love our father Adam told.

Queen June, the month of roses and of love,
Echoes on every side the tender tale,

In rustling leaf, in flower, in throat of bird,
And borne in perfume on the summer gale.

Weep, iris, weep; pale larkspur, hang thine head;
Shame on ye twain, your omens we defy!
But thou, sweet rose, love's own immortal flower,
We'll wear within our bosoms—Nell and I.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH. THE DOCTOR'S GOOD NAME.

MY father's florid face looked almost as rigid and white as my mother's had done. He stood in the doorway, with a lamp in his hand (for it had grown quite dark whilst my mother and I were talking), and the light shone full upon his changed face. His hand shook violently, so I took the lamp from him and set it down on the table.

"Go down to Mrs. Murray," he said, turning savagely upon my mother. "How could you be so rude as to leave her? She talks of going away. Let her go as soon as she likes. I shall stay here with Martin."

"I did not know I had been away so long," she answered meekly, and looking deprecatingly from the one to the other of us. "You will not quarrel with your father, Martin, if I leave you, will you?" This she whispered in my ear in a beseeching tone.

"Not if I can help it, mother," I replied, also in a whisper.

"Now, confound it!" cried Dr. Dobrée, after she had gone, slowly and reluctantly, and looking back at the door to me. "Now just tell me shortly all about this nonsense of yours. I thought some quarrel was up, when Julia did not come home to dinner. Out with it, Martin."

"As I said before, there is not much to tell," I answered. "I was compelled in honour to tell Julia I loved another woman more than herself; and I presume, though I am not sure, she will decline to become my wife."

"In love with another woman!" repeated my father, with a long whistle, partly of sympathy and partly of perplexity. "Who is it, my son?"

"That is of little moment," I said, having no desire whatever to confide the story to him. "The main point is that it's true, and I told Julia so this afternoon."

"Good gracious, Martin!" he cried, "what accursed folly! What need was there to tell her of any little peccadillo, if you could conceal it? Why did you not come to me for advice? Julia is a

prude, like your mother. It will not be easy for her to overlook this."

"There is nothing to overlook," I said. "As soon as I knew my own mind, I told her honestly about it."

At that moment it did not occur to me that my honesty was due to Johanna's insistent advice. I believed just then that I had acted from the impulse of my own sense of honour, and the belief gave my words and tone more spirit than they would have had otherwise. My father's face grew paler and graver as he listened; he looked older by ten years than he had done an hour ago in the dining-room.

"I don't understand it," he muttered; "do you mean that this is a serious thing? Are you in love with some girl of our own class? Not a mere passing fancy, that no one would think seriously of for an instant? Just a trifling *faux pas*, that it is no use telling women about, eh? I could make allowance for that, Martin, and get Julia to do the same. Come, it cannot be anything more."

I did not reply to him. Here we had come, he and I, to the very barrier that had been growing up between us ever since I had first discovered my mother's secret and wasting grief. He was on one side of it, and I on the other—a wall of separation which neither of us could leap over.

"Why don't you speak, Martin?" he asked testily.

"Because I hate the subject," I answered.

"When I told Julia I loved another woman, I meant that some one else occupied that place in my affection which belonged rightfully to my wife; and so Julia understood it."

"Then," he cried, with a gesture of despair, "I am a ruined man!"

His consternation and dismay were so real that they startled me; yet knowing what a consummate actor he was, I restrained both my fear and my sympathy, and waited for him to enlighten me farther. He sat with his head bowed, and his hands hanging down, in an attitude of profound

despondency, so different from his usual jaunty air, that every moment increased my anxiety.

"What can it have to do with you?" I asked after a long pause.

"I am a ruined and disgraced man," he reiterated, without looking up; "if you have broken off your marriage with Julia, I shall never raise my head again."

"But why?" I asked uneasily.

"Come down into my consulting-room," he said, after another pause of deliberation. I went on

"But how?" I asked again, impatiently; for my fears were growing strong. Certainly he was not acting a part this time.

"I dare not tell you," he cried, leaning his head upon his desk, and sobbing. How white his hair was! and how aged he looked! I recollected how he used to play with me when I was a boy, and carry me before him on horseback, as long back as I could remember. My heart softened and warmed to him as it had not done for years.

"Father!" I said, "if you can trust any one, you



"LEADING HIS HEAD UPON HIS DESK."

before him, carrying the lamp, and turning round once or twice saw his face look grey, and the expression of it vacant and troubled. His consulting-room was a luxurious room, elegantly furnished; and with several pictures on the walls, including a painted photograph of himself, taken recently by the first photographer in Guernsey. There were book-cases containing a number of the best medical works; behind which lay, out of sight, a numerous selection of French novels, more thumbed than the ponderous volumes in front. He sank down into an easy-chair, shivering as if we were in the depth of winter.

"Martin, I am a ruined man!" he said, for the third time.

can trust me. If you are ruined and disgraced I shall be the same, as your son."

"That's true," he answered, "that's true! It will bring disgrace on you and your mother. We shall be forced to leave Guernsey, where she has lived all her life; and it will be the death of her. Martin, you must save us all by making it up with Julia."

"But why?" I demanded, once more. "I must know what you mean."

"Mean?" he said, turning upon me angrily, "you blockhead! I mean that unless you marry Julia I shall have to give an account of her property; and I could not make all square, not if I sold every stick and stone I possess."

I sat silent for a time, trying to take in this piece

of information. He had been Julia's guardian ever since she was left an orphan, ten years old; but I had never known that there had not been a formal and legal settlement of her affairs when she was of age. Our family name had no blot upon it; it was one of the most honoured names in the island. But if this came to light, then the disgrace would be dark indeed;

"Can you tell me all about it?" I asked.

My father, after making his confession, settled himself in his chair comfortably; appearing to feel that he had begun to make reparation for the wrong. His temperament was more buoyant than mine. Selfish natures are often buoyant.

"It would take a long time," he said, "and it would be a deuce of a nuisance. You make it up with Julia, and marry her, as you're bound to do. Of course you will manage all her money when you are her husband, as you will be. Now you know all."

"But I don't know all," I replied; "and I insist upon doing so, before I make up my mind what to do."

I believe he expected this opposition from me, for otherwise all he had said could have been said in my room. But after feebly giving battle on various points, and stating off sundry inquiries, he opened a drawer in one of his cabinets, and produced a number of deeds, scrip, etc., belonging to Julia.

For two hours I was busy with his accounts. Once or twice he tried to sink out of the room; but that I would not suffer. At length the ornamental clock on his chimney-piece struck eleven, and he made another effort to beat a retreat.

"Do not go away till everything is clear," I said; "is this all?"

"All?" he repeated; "isn't it enough?"

"Between three and four thousand pounds deficient!" I answered; "it is quite enough."

"Enough to make me a felon," he said, "if Julia chooses to prosecute me."

"I think it is highly probable," I replied; "though I know nothing of the law."

"Then you see clearly, Martin, there is no alternative but for you to marry her, and keep our secret. I have reckoned upon this for years, and your mother and I have been of one mind in bringing it about. If you marry Julia, her affairs go direct from my hands to yours, and we are all safe. If you break with her she will leave us, and demand an account of my guardianship; and your name and mine will be branded in our own island."

"That is very clear," I said sullenly.

"Your mother would not survive it!" he continued, with a solemn secret.

"Oh! I have been threatened with that already," I exclaimed, very bitterly. "Pray does my mother know of this disgraceful business?"

"Heaven forbid!" he cried. "Your mother is a good woman, Martin; as simple as a dove. You ought to think of her before you consign us all to shame. I can quit Guernsey. I am an old man, and it signifies very little where I lie down to die. I have not been as good a husband as I might have been; but I could not face her after she knows this. Poor Mary! My poor, poor love! I believe she cares enough for me still to break her heart over it."

"Then I am to be your scape-goat," I said.

"You are my son," he answered; "and religion itself teaches us that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. I leave the matter in your hands. But only answer one question: Could you show your face amongst your own friends if this were known?"

I knew very well I could not. My father a fraudulent steward of Julia's property! Then farewell for ever to all that had made my life happy. We were a proud family—proud of our rank, and of our pure blood; above all of our honour, which had never been tarnished by a breath. I could not yet bear to believe that my father was a rogue. He himself was not so lost to shame that he could meet my eye. I saw there was no escape from it—I must marry Julia.

"Well," I said at last, "as you say, the matter is in my hands now; and I must make the best of it. Good night, sir."

Without a light I went up to my own room, where the moon that had shone upon me in my last night's ride, was gleaming brightly through the window. I intended to reflect and deliberate, but I was worn out. I flung myself down on the bed, but could not have remained awake for a single moment. I fell into a deep sleep which lasted till morning.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

TWO LETTERS.

WHEN I awoke my poor mother was sitting beside me, looking very ill and sorrowful. She had slipped a pillow under my head, and thrown a shawl across me. I got up with a bewildered brain, and a general sense of calamity, which I could not clearly define.

"Martin," she said, "your father has gone by this morning's boat to Jersey. He says you know why; but he has left this note for you. Why have you not been in bed last night?"

"Never mind, mother," I answered, as I tore open the note, which was carefully sealed with my father's private seal. He had written it immediately after I left him.

"MY SON,—To-morrow morning I shall run over to Jersey for a few days, until this sad business of yours is settled. I cannot bear to meet your changed face. You make no allowances for your father. Half my expenses have been incurred in educating you;

"11.30 P.M.

you ought to consider this, and that you owe more to me, as your father, than to any one else. But in these days parents receive little honour from their children. When all is settled, write to me at Prince's Hotel. It rests upon you whether I ever see Guernsey again.—Your wretched Father, "RICHARD DOBRÉE."

"Can I see it?" asked my mother, holding out her hand.

"No, never mind seeing it," I answered; "it is about Julia, you know. It would only trouble you."

"Captain Carey's man brought a letter from Julia just now," she said, taking it from her pocket; "he said there was no answer."

Her eyelids were still red from weeping, and her voice faltered as if she might break out into sobs any moment. I took the letter from her, but I did not open it.

"You want to be alone to read it?" she said.

"Oh, Martin! if you can change your mind, and save us all from this great trouble, do it, for my sake?"

"If I can I will," I answered; "but everything is very hard upon me, mother."

She could not guess how hard, and if I could help it she should never know. Now I was fully awake, the enormity of my father's dishonesty and his extreme egotism weighed heavily upon me. I could not view his conduct in a fairer light than I had done in my amazement the night before. It grew blacker as I dwelt upon it. And now he was off to Jersey, shirking the disagreeable consequences of his own delinquency. I knew how he would spend his time there. Jersey is no retreat for the penitent.

As soon as my mother was gone I opened Julia's letter. It began:—

"MY DEAR MARTIN,—I know all now. Johanna has told me. When you spoke to me so hurriedly and unexpectedly, this afternoon, I could not bear to hear another word. But now I am calm, and I can think it all over quite quietly.

"It is an infatuation, Martin. Johanna says so as well as I, and she is never wrong. It is a sheer impossibility that you, in your sober senses, should love a strange person, whose very name you do not know, better than you do me, your cousin, your sister, your *fiancée*, whom you have known all your life, and loved, I am quite sure of that, with a very true affection.

"It vexes me to write about that person in any connection with yourself. Emma spoke of her in her last letter from Sark; not at all in reference to you however. She is so completely of a lower class, that it would never enter Emma's head that you could see anything in her. She said there was a rumour about that Tardif was about to marry the girl you had been attending, and that everybody in the island regretted it. She said it would be a *méchante affaire* for him, Tardif! What then would it be for you, a Dobrée? No; it is a delusion, an infatuation, which will quickly pass away. I cannot believe you are so weak as to be taken in by mere pretences without character; and this person—I do not say so harshly, Martin—has no character, no name. Were you free you could not marry her. There is a mystery about her, and mystery usually means shame. A Dobrée could not make an adventuress his wife. Then you have seen so little of her. Three times, since the week you were there in March! What is that compared to the years we have spent together? It is impossible that in your heart of hearts you should love her more than me.

"I have been trying to think what you would do if all is broken off between us. We could not keep this a secret in Guernsey, and everybody would blame you. I will not ask you to think of my mortification at being filed, for people would tell it that. I could

outlive that. But what are you to do? We cannot go on again as we used to do. I must speak plainly about it. Your practice is not sufficient to maintain the family in a proper position for the Dobrées; and if I go to live alone at the new house, as I must do, what is to become of my uncle and aunt? I have often considered this, and have been glad the difficulty was settled by our marriage. Now everything will be unsettled again.

"I did not intend to say anything about myself; but oh, Martin! you do not know the blank that it will be to me. I have been so happy since you asked me to be your wife. It was so pleasant to think that I should live all my life in Guernsey, and yet not be doomed to the empty, vacant lot of an unmarried woman. You think that perhaps Johanna is happy single! She is content—good women ought to be content; but I tell you, I would gladly exchange her contentment for Aunt Dobrée's troubles, with her pride and happiness in you. I have seen her troubles clearly; and I say, Martin, I would give all Johanna's calm, colourless peace for her delight in her son.

"Then I cannot give up the thought of our home, just finished and so pretty. It was so pleasant this afternoon, before you came in with your dreadful thunder-bolt. I was thinking what a good wife I would be to you; and how, in my own house, I should never be tempted into those tiresome tempers you have seen in me sometimes. It was your father often who made me angry, and I visited it upon you, because you are so good-tempered. That was foolish of me. You could not know how much I love you, how my life is bound up in you, or you would have been proof against that person in Sark."

"I think it right to tell you all this now, though it is not in my nature to make professions and demonstrations of my love. Think of me, of yourself, of your poor mother. You were never selfish, and you can do noble things. I do not say it would be noble to marry me; but it would be a noble thing to conquer an ignoble passion. How could Martin Dobrée fall in love with an unknown adventuress?

"I shall remain in the house all day to-morrow, and if you can come to see me, feeling that this has been a dream of folly from which you have awakened, I will not ask you to own it. That you come at all will be a sign to me that you wish it forgotten and blotted out between us, as if it had never been.

"With true, deep love for you, Martin, believe me still
"Your affectionate
"JULIA."

I pondered over Julia's letter as I dressed. There was not a word of resentment in it. It was full of affectionate thought for us all. But what reasoning! I had not known Olivia so long as I had known her, therefore I could not love her as truly!

A strange therefore!

I had scarcely had leisure to think of Olivia in the hurry and anxiety of the last twenty-four hours. But now "that person in Sark," the "unknown adventuress," presented herself very vividly to my mind. Know her! I felt as if I knew every tone of her voice and every expression of her face; yet I longed to know them more intimately. The note she had written to me a few weeks ago I could repeat word for word, and the handwriting seemed far more familiar to me even than Julia's. There was no doubt my love for her was very different from my affection for Julia; and if it was an infatuation, it was the sweetest, most exquisite infatuation that could ever possess me.

Yet there was no longer any hesitation in my mind as to what I must do. Julia knew all now. I had told her distinctly of my love for Olivia, and she would not believe it. She appeared wishful to hold me to my engagement in spite of it; at any rate, so I interpreted her letter. I did not suppose

that I should not live it down, this infatuation, as they chose to call it. I might hunger and thirst, and be on the point of perishing; then my nature would turn to other nutriment, and assimilate it to its contracted and stultified capacities.

After all there was some reason in the objections urged against Olivia. The dislike of all insulated people against foreigners is natural enough; and in her case there was a mystery which I must solve before I could think of asking her to become my wife. Ask her to become my wife! That was impossible now. I had chosen my wife months before I saw her.

I went mechanically through the routine of my morning's work, and it was late in the afternoon before I could get away to ride to the Vale. My mother knew where I was going, and gazed wistfully into my face, but without otherwise asking me any questions. At the last moment, as I touched Madam's bridle, I looked down at her standing on the doorstep. "Cheer up, mother!" I said, almost gaily, "it will all come right."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

ALL WRONG.

By this time you know that I could not ride along the flat open shore between St. Peter-port and the Vale without having a good sight of Sark, though it lay just a little behind me. It was not in human nature to turn my back doggedly upon it. I had never seen it look nearer; the channel between us scarcely seemed a mile across. The old windmill above the Havre Gosselin stood out plainly. I almost fancied that but for Breckhou I could have seen Tardif's house, where my darling was living. My heart leaped at the mere thought of it. Then I shook Madam's bridle about her neck, and she carried me on at a sharp canter towards Captain Carey's residence.

I saw Julia standing at a window up-stairs, gazing down the long white road, which runs as straight as an arrow through the Braye du Valle to L'Ancrese Common.

She must have seen Madam and me half a mile away; but she kept her post motionless as a statue, until I jumped down to open the gate. Then she vanished.

The servant-man was at the door by the time I reached it, and Johanna herself was on the threshold, with her hands outstretched and her face radiant. I was as welcome as the prodigal son, and she was ready to fall on my neck and kiss me.

"I felt sure of you," she said, in a low voice. "I trusted to your good sense and honour, and they have not failed you. Thank God you are come! Julia has neither ate nor slept since I brought her here."

She led me to her own private sitting-room, where

I found Julia standing by the fireplace, and leaning against it, as if she could not stand alone. When I went up to her and took her hand, she flung her arms round my neck, and clung to me, in a passion of tears. It was some minutes before she could recover her self-command. I had never seen her abandon herself to such a paroxysm before.

"Julia, my poor girl!" I said, "I did not think you would take it so much to heart as this."

"I shall come all right directly," she sobbed, sitting down, and trembling from head to foot. "Johanna said you would come, but I was not sure."

"Yes, I am here," I answered, with a very dreary feeling about me.

"That is enough," said Julia; "you need not say a word more. Let us forget it, both of us. You will only give me your promise never to see her or speak to her again."

It might be a fair thing for her to ask, but it was not a fair thing for me to promise. Olivia had told me she had no friends at all except Tardif and me; and if the gossip of the Sark people drove her from the shelter of his roof, I should be her only resource; and I believed she would come frankly to me for help.

"Olivia quite understands about my engagement to you," I said. "I told her at once that we were going to be married, and that I hoped she would find a friend in you."

"A friend in me, Martin!" she exclaimed, in a tone of indignant surprise; "you could not ask me to be that!"

"Not now, I suppose," I replied; "the girl is as innocent and blameless as any girl living; but I dare say you would sooner befriend the most good-for-nothing Jerebel in the Channel Islands."

"Yes, I would," she said. "An innocent girl indeed! I only wish she had been killed when she fell from the cliff."

"Hush!" I cried, shuddering at the bare mention of Olivia's death; "you do not know what you say. It is worse than useless to talk about her. I came to ask you to think no more of what passed between us yesterday."

"But you are going to persist in your infatuation," said Julia; "you can never deceive me. I know you too well. Oh, I see that you still think the same of her!"

"You know nothing about her," I replied.

"And I shall take care I never do," she interrupted spitefully.

"So it is of no use to go on quarrelling about her," I continued, taking no notice of the interruption. "I made up my mind before I came here that I must see as little as possible of her for the future. You must understand, Julia, she has never given me a particle of reason to suppose she loves me."

"But you are still in love with her?" she asked.

I stood biting my nails to the quick, a trick I had whilst a boy, but one that had been broken off by my mother's and Julia's combined vigilance. Now the habit came back upon me in full force, as my only resource from speaking.

"Martin," she said, with flashing eyes, and a rising tone in her voice, which, like the first shrill moan of the wind, presaged a storm, "I will never marry you until you can say, on your word of honour, that you love that person no longer, and are ready to promise to hold no further communication with her. Oh! I know what my poor aunt has had to endure, and I will not put up with it."

"Very well, Julia," I answered, controlling myself as well as I could. "I have only one more word to say on this subject. I love Olivia, and as far as I know myself, I shall love her as long as I live. I did not come here to give you any reason for supposing my mind is changed as to her. If you consent to be my wife, I will do my best, God helping me, to be most true, most faithful to you; and God forbid I should injure Olivia in thought by supposing she could care for me other than as a friend. But my motive for coming now is to tell you some particulars about your property, which my father made known to me only last night."

It was a miserable task for me; but I told her simply the painful discovery I had made. She sat listening with a dark and sullen face, but betraying not a spark of resentment, so far as her loss of fortune was concerned.

"Yes," she said bitterly, when I had finished, "robbed by the father and jilted by the son."

"I would give my life to cancel the wrong," I said.

"It is so easy to talk," she replied, with a deadly coldness of tone and manner.

"I am ready to do whatever you choose," I urged.

"It is true my father has robbed you; but it is not true that I have jilted you. I did not know my own heart till a word from Captain Carey revealed it to me; and I told you frankly, partly because Johanna insisted upon it, and partly because I believed it right to do so. If you demand it, I will even promise not to see Olivia again, or to hold direct communication with her. Surely that is all you ought to require from me."

"No," she replied vehemently; "do you suppose I could become your wife while you maintain that you love another woman better than me? You must have a very low opinion of me."

"Would you have me tell you a falsehood?" I rejoined, with vehemence equal to hers.

"You had better leave me," she said, "before we hate one another. I tell you I have been robbed by the father and jilted by the son. Good-bye, Martin."

"Good-bye, Julia," I replied; but I still lingered, hoping she would speak to me again. I was anxious to hear what she would do against my father. She

looked at me fully and angrily, and as I did not move, she swept out of the room, with a dignity which I had never seen in her before. I retreated towards the house-door, but could not make good my escape without encountering Johanna.

"Well, Martin?" she said.

"It is all wrong," I answered. "Julia persists in it that I am jilting her."

"All the world will think you have behaved very badly," she said.

"I suppose so," I replied; "but don't you think so, Johanna?"

She shook her head in silence, and closed the hall-door after me. Many a door in Guernsey would be shut against me as soon as this was known.

I had to go round to the stables to find Madam. The man had evidently expected me to stay a long while, for her saddle-girths were loosened, and the bit out of her mouth, that she might enjoy a liberal feed of oats. Captain Carey came up to me as I was buckling the girths.

"Well, Martin?" he asked, exactly as Johanna had done before him.

"All wrong," I repeated.

"Dear! dear!" he said, in his mildest tones, and with his hand resting affectionately on my shoulder; "I wish I had lost the use of my eyes or tongue the other day. I am vexed to death that I found out your secret."

"Perhaps I should not have found it out myself," I said, "and it is better now than after."

"So it is, my boy; so it is," he rejoined. "Between ourselves, Julia is a little too old for you. Cheer up! she is a good girl, and will get over it, and be friends again with you by-and-by. I will do all I can to bring that about. If Olivia is only as good as she is handsome, you'll be happier with her than with poor Julia."

He patted my back with a friendliness that cheered me, whilst his last words sent the blood bounding through my veins. I rode home again, Sark lying in full view before me; and, in spite of the darkness of my prospects, I felt intensely glad to be free to win my Olivia.

Four days passed without any sign from either Julia or my father. I wrote to him detailing my interview with her, but no reply came. My mother and I had the house to ourselves; and, in spite of her frettings, we enjoyed "considerable pleasure during the temporary lull. There were, however, sundry warnings out of doors which foretold tempest. I met cold glances and sharp inquiries from old friends, among whom some rumours of our separation were floating. There was sufficient to justify suspicion—my father's absence, Julia's prolonged sojourn with the Careys, and the postponement of my voyage to England. I began to fancy that even the women-servants flouted at me.

GREAT PYRAMID STANDARDS OF JUSTICE AND MEASURE.

BY PIAZZI SMYTH, ASTRONOMER ROYAL FOR SCOTLAND.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART THE FOURTH.

SCIENTIFIC APPENDIX.



HAVING already far exceeded the limits that were proposed, I hasten to the end with little more than a cataloguing of some of these scientific accompaniments, without which the learned of the present day would think no system of metrology sufficiently accurate; and which, moreover, they are rather apt to imagine that no one before themselves ever dreamt of.

In all examinations, for instance, of standard measures of length, and all of capacity and specific gravity, reference in present times must be sedulously had, and correction made accordingly, to the indications of both thermometer and barometer at the instant. How, then, did the Pyramid designer proceed, ages before the invention of either of these instruments?

In a manner it was which ensures more practical security, and attends to the comforts and conveniences of man on this sublunary terrestrial ball more perfectly than any other known system, and especially than the recently invented French metrical system; for this Parisian method has two or three different and conflicting heat-references, and all of them uncomfortably low, such as the freezing point of water, the temperature of water's maximum density, and, again, a certain accidental temperature which is supposed to hide an error of their metal metre bar.

The Pyramid system has, on the other hand, only one temperature of reference, viz., that of the mean annual temperature of all the inhabitable parts of the earth's surface, and that degree of heat turns out to be one which can be expressed pyramidally in nature; for it is the one 1/256 part of the distance between freezing and boiling of water. Being, moreover, the mean annual temperature of the air about the Pyramid at the level of the King's Chamber as it stands there on its platform of 50 courses of masonry, we are guided thereby to reckon that degree of heat as 50, and the whole distance between freezing and boiling at 5 times 50, or 250, in place of using any longer our present heterogeneous Fahrenheit division of the same natural heat range into 180, or the French and Réaumur systems with their too coarsely divided scales into fully too and 80 parts respectively.

Pyramid observations, then, being made at a pyramidal temperature, and that being a grand natural mean to the whole human world, require no

correction or reduction to any other temperature; and similarly with the barometric pressure, for the Great Pyramid is founded in a region of the world where the height of the barometer (or the pressure of the air) is not only far less variable than anywhere else, but is close to its mean quantity for all other lands.*

Besides, however, this beginning of immunity from the effects of variation in the pressure of the atmosphere on specific gravity observations and diverse weighings, the Pyramid arrangement employs a further protection by assimilating the densities of the testing weight and the thing weighed. In modern Britain and France, unhappily, the wisdom of our rulers has sought to make their standard weights out of the most dense and rare material in all nature, viz., platinum; so that with them attention to the state of the barometer is of the last importance, and the weighing of the common commodities of life is a difficult scientific problem to be solved only by the educated and initiated few.

Vastly wiser in his generation, and more considerate of the wants and necessary circumstances of the poor, was Moses at Sinai, when he formed the Hebrew standard weights of stone; and very recently a learned professor at Munich has been advocating weight standards of rock-crystal, because that substance is so much more nearly the specific gravity of the things generally required to be weighed.

Take then the Pyramid system of metrology how we will, its excellencies in accuracy and its adaptabilities to the wants of the poor and the many, besides its references to the world as a whole—which must have an educational effect sooner or later in teaching the nations that they are of a common origin, descent, and habitat, and *should* live at peace in loving brotherhood—these qualities come out more and more with every further examination.

Nowhere, too, more remarkably than in the comparatively abstract subject of astronomical chronology, is it so clearly evident that the seeds of the Pyramid system were sown in all men's minds during primeval time, and are not yet extinct. The Great Pyramid, as already mentioned, proves its own date, viz., 2170 B.C., by a polar star (α Draconis) as the slow-moving hour-hand, and the Pleiades group of stars as the quicker-moving minute-hand of the earth's and the heavens' grand clock, the precession of the equinoxes, whose circle is 25,870 years, or the measure of the two diagonals

* See "Equal Surface Projection," by C. Piazzzi Smyth. 1870.

of the Great Pyramid's base at the rate of an inch to a year. The Great Pyramid is indeed so far the very monument of the admirable Pleiades and precession method of chronology—a method of which not only did Virgil among the Romans continue to repeat the maxims long after he and his countrymen had first wilfully departed from, and afterwards ceased to understand, them; but less advanced and less altered peoples, such as Mexicans, Peruvians, New Zealanders, and Australians, adhere to the system still, and begin their new year, year after year, by reference to the Pleiades.

Why these latter races of men should attach such extraordinary importance to one of the least conspicuous groups of stars in the southern heavens, and one which they never now see high in their sky, they themselves know not; they can merely say that their fathers always did so before them. But the Great Pyramid and tradition duly reveal that the Pleiades method of chronology was given to all the races and tribes of men 4,040 years ago, or at a date when these stars, being by precession nearly in the equator of the sky, rose equally high, and were equally bright and suitable for such a purpose, to both the southern and northern regions of the earth, or to every quarter whereto men were dispersed from Babel; and the stars will be in such position once again, and by influence of the same "precession," but in what and how much altered a condition of the denizens of this planet, who can tell?

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

That individual man is here to-day and gone to-morrow, what more striking reminder than this solemn Great Pyramid which, with its mysterious coffer, symbolic of death, justice, and eternity, has witnessed the successive rise of all known nations, and languages, and empires, together with the fall and decay of how many of them! But of the contest between good and evil, and the attempts of man to claim his own development, rather than acknowledge his indebtedness to a higher power, of these things there has been no end yet during all the Great Pyramid's days. For truly the case is now exactly as it was in the beginning; and then too, just as now, the practical realisation of the principle, and the setting a mark on nations that their most inward thoughts and

tendencies might be outwardly known, ran largely in the direction of weights and measures.

Let no one imagine that we are herein overstraining the dim records of early antiquity; for ancient traditions preserved in writing, for now 1,800 years before the world (as in Josephus), testify in the plainest language that the first invention of weights and measures was of and for evil, or by Cain and his descendants; for the express purpose, too, of enabling those men to promote their rapacity against others and count up their own unjust gains. A purpose, this, for which the edifice of profane Egypt—a mere accidental length and fancy of man, and more ancient in that land than the symbolical and earth-commensurable cubit of the Great Pyramid—was perfectly capable and undoubtedly fit, if not indeed the very thing which was so used.

But, just as in the present day, "when bad men conspire, good men must combine," so was it in those early days according to the old tradition; for the descendants of Seth (who walked in the steps of the righteous Abel) began, and in very self-defence against the growing aggressions of the Cainites, to study geography and astronomy, under circumstances, as it is said, of direct Divine favour and encouragement. And when, apparently, a counter-system of earth with heaven commensurable standards and units of both weights and measures was thus at length elaborated by them, these exemplary Sethites proceeded to the land of Siniad, that is Egypt, and inscribed their discoveries there on a durable monument of stone, as well as another in brick.

But why to the land of Siniad? Was not their own Chaldaic home as fair and pleasant to behold?

Much more so. But the full symbolism of the Great Pyramid requires its station to be in the Siniadic, and not Palestinian or Mesopotamian, latitude of 30° ; while its safety, in order that its message to posterity should be legible in the 87th thousand of years after its foundation, required that it should not be placed prominently amongst men in the populous and too often war-swept valley of Egypt itself, but in the silent Libyan desert on one side thereof; or exactly where we find this primeval wonder and now scientifically vocal Great Pyramid to stand, awaiting the days appointed and the beginning of a universal kingdom "which shall not pass away."

YOUNGER?

A BIRTHDAY SONG TO MY WIFE.



YOUNGER? yes, but then not clung to
With the love that folds you now,
Then when those eyes first I sung to,
When unlined was that dear brow;

Then perhaps that step was lighter;
Let Time take all it can claim;
Still our love but burns the brighter,
Still our hearts are all the same.

Older? yes, but only dearer,
 Loved more deeply with each day,
 Nay, your beauty grows but clearer
 As its radiance fades away,
 Older? dearer with each morrow,
 Dearer through all joy, all pain,

Touched alone to something rarer,
 Beauty into beauty dies,
 Changed to what is holier, fairer,
 Dearer to these doting eyes

Can I in these eyes be gazing,



"GIVEN UNDER THESE EYES FIRST: LONG TO"

Deeper loved through smiles and sorrow,
 And hopes shared, if hoped in vain.

What have years the power of taking?
 What has Time the right to harm?
 To these fond eyes is it making
 Aught it changes lose a charm?

And see not how years have given
 Less of earth for my fond praising,
 But, oh! how much more of heaven!
 Softened with a saintly fairness,
 More divine look lip and brow,
 All transfigured to a rareness
 Never seen, dear wife, till now

W. C. BENNETT.

FORSAKEN.



"THE HUGE YEARNING WITHIN."

YOUNG Summer, that strengthened the faltering shoot,
 The last sap sucked from the mouldering tree.
 Is there hope for the slip with its yesterday's root?—
 For the shallop adrift on a threatening sea?

Yes, kindly's the strange earth, the strange shelter's
 warm ;
 The root lives afresh in its alien home.
 The boat blindly drifts until dawn, without harm—
 One terrible billow ! then over the form

'Tis carried to port! O desolate maid!

Was there ne'er a beyond to that desert of rain?
Grief-dazed, wounded nestling! she cowered and
prayed

A bow might illumine the darkness—in vain!

None now to divine the huge yearning within;
Unmothered!—how sorely she weepeth without!
It were seemly to whisper, repining is sin,
To tell her God's mercy 'tis wicked to doubt,

If glibly spun Pharisee-phrases like these
Would raise her prone forehead and sweeten her
eyes.

Poor heart! ere the autumn 'twas beating at ease;
Calm heart! touched in silence by Him, the All-
Wise.

As a mother will wile her child healthward, He led
His child through the sunshine to forests and
fields.

The glow of her past on her present He shed—
Her future white harvests of happiness yields!

New joy in the dance of the brooks, in their rhymes
New meaning and music; the clouds as they pass
Are nothing but silver! the bees in the limes
Drown with mellower droning the chirps in the
grass.

Forgetting their shyness, the human-eyed fawns
Claim the mourner for mistress; their bosoms of
snow

The hares never stir as they doze on the lawns;
And the talk of the linnets is neighbourly—low.

The lark hears her footsteps, and flutters in rings
About her ere gurgling his way to the sky;
The swallow floats down on his wonderful wings,
And scorns the blue arch that spreads windily
high.

There are fays in the woodland and elves in the
air;

Veiled voices that speak to the answering
shore;

So she fancies, nay feels!—'tis the death of
despair!

In her heart no more room for the plaint—Never-
more!

Let the sapling drink rain and the lily breathe
dew;

To him words of comfort; her sobs never heed.

As the prophet was fed by the ravens, she drew
From Earth's humbler creatures the food of her
need!

BYRON WEBBER.

A COMMITTAL FOR MURDER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.



WILTSHIRE morning! with
a steaming November sun-
shine, firing the red beech-
leaves lingering on Colonel
Hanger's road-side woods!

What merry little wanson
zig-zags of sunbeams dart
like gold fish in and out
the mossy arches of the
old grey bridge that leaps
over the Fonthill Road!

A pleasant glitter of melt-
ing dew is turning the green turf to a silvery flush.
Gold threads and yellow veins of cool sunshine
are lighting up the fresh, short grass under the
leafless, blood-berried thickets of the black-thorn
hedges. The lavish, pure, unadulterated sunlight
tunes to temporary cloth-of-gold the white tilted
awnings of the market-carts that now and then jog
merrily by, and renders gorgeous that gay string of
scarlet jackets that just trotted past towards the
meet at Dinton Magna; and as for the green
shining laurels that bush over Colonel Hanger's
grey park-palings, every leaf is glittering like a
fairy's mirror.

I am at breakfast in a Wiltshire rector's snug
little apricot-covered stone cottage. A dial, with
its red-lettered motto, *Ita vita*, framed with vine-
boughs, moralising over the outer door. I am
drinking the tea of the Chinese, flavoured with
English sunshine, with that feeling of almost opiate
serenity that only a busy man, just broken loose
from the twirl and toil and mill of black brick
Babylon, can appreciate. I am observing every-
thing with a delicious childishness, and such en-
joyment as Adam must have felt at the first change
from spring to summer. I observe without caring
to observe. A pheasant on the lawn amuses me.
A robin, with puffing orange breast, pulling at a
retiring worm like a young middy at a cable, de-
lights me. Hurrah, parchment faces and leather
hearts of Babylon! I am young again! My blood
is all quicksilver and sunshine. Only yesterday
evening I snubbed my laundress, quarrelled with
my best friend, flung my boot at the cat, swore at
a bad pen. This morning—one night only in the
feather-bed of country indolence, and I am new-
born. A weight is off my brain, a load off my
heart. My liver no longer tolls out, "Give me
pills, give me pills, and let them be blue!" I watch,

with the serenity of Jupiter leaning over his cloud-battlement, to see the little white, flaccid parchment labels wave on the standard roses. There they are on the lawn—old man and young wife, dead stick and sapling tree bound together. The labels—"La Belle Duchesse," "La Reine Margot"—fluttering their tiny fairy banners in the sun. I watch the dead leaves tumbling, brown and dry, under the box hedge; a rosy country boy is standing whistling at the door, with a great bunch of green-brown eels, moving like tresses just cut from the dead Medusa—twisting, twining, green-shining water-vipers—just sent us by Colonel Hanger. "How shall I," I question, "ever slip those terrible gaping heads, now strung through with crimson reeds, into my carnivorous jaws?" "Nonsense!" says cheerful, kindly Common Sense, whispering at my foolish elbow; "how did you contrive to eat, with egg sauce, the pet Cochon you used to feed from your own hand?"

Bang—bang! Bang—bang! Bang!

That's Colonel Hanger already at the pheasants in the ash-copse. I know his deadly double-barrel. His breech-loader, Sudden Death, is in rapid operation this bright November morning.

Listen to the sharp "one, two," of the irresistible, good-natured murderer, sounding as if some strong hand were driving nails into an iron ship. Hark how the volley rolls crashing and surging through the red beech-woods to the south, far away there along the terraces beyond the old hall!

I am watching the grey freckle of cloud that, bloomed with the pink of dawn, is slowly smouldering into blue; and observing the great black-winged rooks, that are whirling tumultuously and bewildered over the plantation where Colonel Hanger is standing, a very Cain, knee-deep in dead rabbits and pheasants. They think themselves persecuted creatures, no doubt, and the special object of his double-barrelled vengeance.

I might have spent a not unprofitable morning in such fancy-spinnings, when the door opened. It was the rector's footman, with a note from my friend, the young curate of Bedfont, which ran to this effect:—

"DEAR —, A Spaniard, who has murdered a poor woodman's wife at Tulliet Royal, is to be brought before the magistrates to-day at the court-house here. Will you come and hear the examination? Even from a murderer you may gather some trait of poor human nature gone astray. Be here by eleven—Yours, "A. P."

In half an hour I am on my road to Bedfont. I feel a sort of pet of nature as I stride cheerily along. The larks above my head are singing. The beech-leaves rain on me welcome. The leaves race after me, all crisply rolling along the dry, hard road. No one is visible but an old, gaunt stone-breaker, tapping at geological specimens like a wood-pecker newly turned into a man. Selfish in

health and happiness, I am ashamed to say, within a mile I half forget the poor wretch whose life is even now weighing in the balance. The green squares of distant fields, the blue waves of the downs, the lancer rows of firs filing over the hills, pass across my thoughts one by one, and leave photographic shadows, beautiful yet evanescent. As for the murder, it is to me at present but as a dream, and the scene I am soon to witness but as a dramatic performance, whose reality I cannot yet realise.

I am at Bedfont at last, having seen only three noteworthy things—a satin-coated horse, blanketed in red and brown, and bestridden by one of Colonel Hanger's sinewy grooms; a fat country boy, dragged along resistingly—towed, I may almost call it—by two large fawn-coloured greyhounds, with legs swollen into perfect limbs of muscle; thirdly, the good-natured, busy village doctor, going as hard as if he were trying to drive over somebody, in order to secure an immediate patient.

No one else along the quiet country road, till I pass down the long dull street of the much decayed and very rotten borough of Bedfont, and reach at the end the closed doors of the trim little Gothic court-house, whose mullioned windows are carefully closed with blinds, as if indeed the murdered woman's body were already lying there within. A dozen or so of country people are staring and whispering round the doors.

It wants still some minutes to the time as I and the young curate walk back up the street towards the old, ugly, ivy-covered church-tower, just to gaze at the old black face of the clock, and the rusty gilt hands that seem to move by slow jerks.

Every instant that we stand there the excitement seems to grow. Windows open one after the other, like ears burning to catch all that can be caught. Doors open and are filled by rows of children's eager faces, or are wedged back by mothers, with tender nurselings clinging to their skirts in helplessness or fear. The butcher, leaving a sheep half cleft, stands gaping over his greasy wicket; the general dealer—an authority—appears surrounded by his customers in the entrance of his store, where the red comforters hang in strings, and the warm shawls for Christmas fall in numerous folds like window curtains.

Down the street, too, past the stone-mullioned windows of the old Tudor cottages, where the leafless rose-boughs get tangled in a sort of dark crimson thorny net, come strutting, fat and important as cock-turkeys, rows of buttoned-up portly men, whom I take either for jourymen, farmers of the neighbourhood, or rich tradesmen and burgesses of the place, determined to make a day of it, and glut their curiosity, now aroused to an irrestrainable pitch—a pitch indeed that has even erased from

their clayey brains for the day all recollections of large turnips, fat pigs, patent ploughs, and steam clod-crushers. They are jolly-faced, serene-looking men, mollified by bland influences of blue sky and down air, and looking as if bathing in Wiltshire breezes was fattening as well as warming. They affect strange hats, of George the Fourth tradition—low in the crown, broad in the brim, and with naps always in a frightened fluff; so that the imaginative spectator is set thinking of skye-terriers on a windy day.

Arm-in-arm, with earth-shaking and wealthy steps, come these top-booted men, who have to-day renounced scarlet—bursts of fox-hunting over steamy fields, and chaffering grain at country corn markets, to hear the trial for murder. Salmon-coloured bags and purple-stained scarlet coats they have left hanging on cupboard-peggs. Red and brown men are they, honest souls, with big ale-steeped country hearts. Staunch and true, they look as unlike murderers as bipeds can well look. If shepherd Abel waits for a blow from the butt-end of their whips, he may live till he grows a doubled-up, happy, and highly rheumatic tenant of the Bedford poor-house—noble asylum for great England's aged sons.

Ay, a great subject this will be for public-house evenings long years hence; this tramp murder will be talked of when fires burn frosty blue, and sleepy children are sent to bed to dream uneasily of red knives, and crimson hands, and staring ghostly eyes.

Round the court-house, that seems trying to look official and important, cluster the gossips and *quidnuncs* of the town, in rusty-brown hats of distorted shapes, in slate-coloured and white smock-frocks, in knee-breeches, and antediluvian high-lows. The cobbler is there, smelling of leather, a wax thread still between his teeth. The groom, beating imaginary dust out of his drab leggings with a ground-ash twig. There is Potters, the worthy and rheumatic old clerk, in a thirteenth-century hat, and there are wide-awakes of all degrees of ventilation. Now come, too, the nurse-girls with their charges, that require to be shaken as often as rhubarb draughts; old country-women, masculine and tottery; all degrees of loose shoes and ragged gowns. There hurries the drunken village wag with the swollen Bardolph nose, the trim deferential tradesman, and the gaping red and white plough-boy—all eager and pushing for the sight of the last son of Cain.

In fact, to tell the truth, though these good, simple country hearts are by no means blood-thirsty or unfeeling—albeit perhaps a little rough and unsusceptible—the day seems rather one of curious sight-seeing than of horror, indignation, or pity. Poor human nature, always at its tricks, and never to be kept quite steady, relieves at Bedford court-house, may be, its overstrained nerves, and

certainly its impatience, by sudden gusts of laughter, and now and then by rough jokes—never, however, connected with the matter on hand. Outside this jostling, gossiping, careless crowd, a finger now and then points with a whisper to a tall, sturdy, grave elderly labourer, decently dressed, who, carrying a bundle in a blue handkerchief, and a green “Camp” umbrella, walks apart in a rather mournful and uneasy way.

Hush!—yes.

That is the husband of the murdered woman.

Swish! rolls in a dashing carriage, coronet on the panels—Lord Grangeby; presently, skims round another, with ladies in it—a barouche filled with a nosegay of dark, gay chrysanthemum, autumn colours—swan-likeladies—children dressed as Highlanders, proud and confident as English gentlemen's children should be. They get out, look round commandingly and without shyness at the crowd, knowing everybody. There is Gaffer Payne, who had the flannel last week; and there Gammer Bandy, who is to have some next week. For every one a smile and a nod; the bolder young men pull down their forelocks, and the children bob and curtsy.

Surely English ladies are not going to sit in open court, exposed to a thousand eyes, and gloat over the horrible progress of a murder, from the first dark thought to the last blow! No, I thought not: after a few pleasant words, away bound the great sleek horses, with the silver-plated harness; away towards Shaftesbury roll the yellow panels, with the blazoned genealogy, titles, and turgid, defiant, obsolete motto.

More magistrates roll up. Now one in a neat trap, from over green miles of downs; now two country gentlemen in high boots, who toss themselves lightly from their hunters, and stride manfully in; now a grey-haired officer in his snug carriage; now a busy-looking, natty lawyer, who must be the magistrate's quick-cy-cl, sharp-tongued clerk.

Meanwhile, I and my white-throated clerical friend wait quietly, elbowing and being elbowed. I like the pulsation of a crowd, for it makes me feel a human being again. I like (sometimes) an elbow in my back. The village gossip in the sweet, fresh Doric pleases me; the illogical hatred of the untried man, the honest indignation at the attempt to slander the poor murdered creature's husband, who stands, half in tears, alone, shunned by all, among aliens, with no kind word or look to cheer him. I like to hear the wild humour, and see the shrugs and shudders of horror and alarm.

“He did'un, did 'a?”—“Try him and hang him by judge and jury is what I say, neighbour,” are the cries, mingled with anxious inquiries of the policemen at the doors as to what is going on inside, and as to whether the examination will be public or private. That flying talk, mingled with laughter, is interrupted by whispers of “The doctor” as a gig

appears, containing a gentleman and his servant; and a stout, well-dressed man, with handsome face and bushy whiskers, pulls up smart, throws the reins to his ready groom, and leaps down.

The next object of wonder is a county constable, stern in his blue frock-coat and iron-framed hat, passing through the crowd with a bundle of clothes under his arm. These clothes, some say, the murderer stole from the woodman's cottage. There is one common feeling I discern in every individual of the crowd, and that is horror and alarm at a murder committed on a poor lonely woman living in a retired place, and whose husband had just left her to go out to work.

"Why," thought they, "it might happen to any of us! Didn't I go out turnip-hoeing only yesterday in Squire Hanger's upper field, and leave Sarah at home to cook my dinner? and didn't you go to the saw-pit, Monday, the very day that horrid tramp came and tried to frighten your daughter Molly out of a meal of victuals? If these things go on, there will be no safety for any of us poor men, who are obliged to leave at home our wives and daughters undefended. Down with him to the gibbet!"

But now a hush—almost before the crowd of country people pours through the doors, and a lane is cleared through the court to admit the outer air—a deep, solemn hush of curiosity and horror, as the prisoner is brought in and placed between two strong, bony, blue-frocked constables in the rude dock. A groan breaks forth as the murderer looks stealthily and sullenly round at the rough red country faces, so honest and so hearty.

The murderer, who gives his name as Serafin Manzana, formerly a soldier in the Spanish army,

stands rather over five feet seven. He is a narrow-chested, slender-built, sallow man, dressed in a soiled white fustian suit. He keeps his felon head hung low, as if the halter-loop were already round his neck; but now and then steals a sly look of timid cunning out of the corner of his dark eyes. He sees everything, and yet seems to see nothing. Every now and then there is a quick flash of lurid white at his tiger-cat's eye. The flash is quick as when a swallow turns.

Once, a policeman told me afterwards as he was describing Manzana's arrest, he caught, but only for an instant, the tramp's viper eye fixed on him with the most malignant and devilish hatred. "Oh, that I had stabbed him to the heart on board that Hythe steamer!" no doubt he thought. There stood the murderer, his cruel hands crossed; his head hung on his chest; his ear bent towards the quiet, red-bearded gentleman in spectacles, from the Spanish Consulate in London, who sits on a chair near, to gravely interpret the evidence to him. If, all at once, a miraculous gush of blood had poured from the wretch's hands, indicating the Divine will concerning him, he could not have stood in that dock more palpably guilty. His crime hung visibly round his neck like a millstone.

His legal defender sits near him at the table, biting his pen, assuming injured and complaining looks—in fact, acting the usual part of a conscientious attorney of high standing, retained for a man whose hands are visibly red with human blood.

A deep groan as the poor husband, George Trowbridge, carrying a blue bundle of clothes, steps into the witness-box.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

THE COIN COLLECTOR.

BY P. W. STUART MENTEATH.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIFTH.



PASSED on through many collections of passages of different character. Sometimes I descended long flights of slippery steps; sometimes I reascended; sometimes I traversed long roomy corridors, and then again wandered through a maze of narrow passages, all lined with graves. Once I came suddenly upon a range of great gloomy caverns, rough-hewn, no doubt, in ancient times, to supply stone for the great monuments of Rome. My lamp threw hardly light enough to reach the roof and sides of these subterranean quarries, and it was almost a relief to plunge again into the narrow passages, and to see the tombs surrounding me in place of the horrible thick darkness of

those caverns. At length my lamp threw its light on a doorway, that opened into a seemingly wide space beyond. Entering this, I found myself in one of the chapels of the catacombs, and the weird gaunt figures of roughly-painted saints looked down upon me from the walls. But I knew not whether the circumstance would afford me any ground of hope. It might well be that this chapel was as yet undiscovered by antiquaries, and it might lie far remote from any frequented portion of the catacombs. I examined the walls and the low roof, endeavouring to distinguish whether subterranean damp or the depredations of visitors had caused the dilapidation of the plastered surfaces. At length I recognised upon the ceiling some traces of the smoke of

torches, and following these to the entrance, I found still clearer smoke-marks upon the roof of the passage outside. Guides and visitors had probably been often there, and though within the chapel they had been careful not to blacken the walls more than necessary, I found that in the passages a thick crust of smoke marked the roofs they had passed under, and afforded a safe clue to the road they had followed.

I almost felt that I was now safe, and looked forward to reaching speedily one of the frequented entrances of the catacombs. But I had counted without one important element of my safety. While absorbed in the discovery of the sooty traces that so raised my hopes, I had not observed that my lamp was growing dim. I followed for some minutes the various passages marked by the smoke, and I knew that ere long I must certainly trace them to an entrance—when suddenly, with a dying flicker, the lamp went out; and left in total darkness, I stumbled against an angle of the walls.

I wandered on for a few yards, then feeling that my only hope lay in waiting in the frequented passages, I stopped and leant against the wall, to await starvation or rescue, the only alternatives that now remained to me.

I waited, as it seemed to me, a long time, till at length I fell into a state of drowsiness, that must have ended in a dream-filled sleep. There are some dreams, however, that are mingled with real experiences of waking existence, and that pass from reality to fancy, as if hovering on the outer borders of sleep. Some, moreover, are distinguished by a strange feeling of reality, and during them one may ask whether one is dreaming, and feel certain that what one feels is not a dream. My experiences were of this sort, and several times I felt a conviction that I was not dreaming. I cannot very certainly distinguish how much was fancy and how much reality in what I felt, but I know that during that time I cannot have remained in the same portion of the catacombs where I first fell asleep. No such chapel as the one I was able to describe existed in the catacomb where I was subsequently rescued, and I imagine that my power of hearing may have been unnaturally acute during a state of somnambulism, and have thus directed me, by the sounds concentrated in the narrow galleries, to the place where I was ultimately found.

Slight sounds have been heard for miles along empty water-pipes, and it is only in this manner that I can account for the fact that I traversed a great distance, in spite of the confusing multitude of passages through which I must have threaded my way. And I must here still linger to explain. The unnatural acuteness of the sense of hearing, and the power of seeing in darkness, are well

proved to be often possessed by the somnambulist. On these details I need not insist, for they are facts acquired to science. But, in the immediately following portion of my narrative, I relate what will appear to the reader as a dream described with unnatural minuteness.

As I leaned in the darkness against the rough wall of the passage, and heard the faint sound of the water-drops making the silence more audible, a feeling of loneliness and despair crushed at first all my faculties into numbness. But as time passed I grew calmer and more collected, and took curious note of my sensations. An utter silence seemed soon to oppress me, and no sound, even of falling water-drops, broke the stillness. At length a sound rose faintly in the distance, and strangely agitated me as I listened. Familiar recollections seemed to mingle with it, and like some pastoral music it awoke remembrances of happy homes and fields.

I rose and followed the direction whence it came, and it led me on, as it seemed, for a long time, though its distinctness varied, for it was now clear, and now almost inaudible. And so I followed it through a maze of passages, and descended many flights of steps, as though it would lead me into the bowels of the earth. As I descended, the passages appeared to grow loftier, and to blend into huge natural caverns that led me deeper and deeper through successive varieties of rock.

But the rocks grew darker as I went on, and more clammy and sponge-like in their nature. Spiders also, and worms, snakes, and centipedes of several descriptions appeared before me as I descended, and seemed ever larger as I advanced towards the centre of the earth. But as these foul creatures increased in size they appeared more sluggish and less easily disturbed. At length I reached a cavern where were centipedes and spiders of truly gigantic size, recalling nothing more vividly than the monstrous reptiles of geologic epochs.

I touched one of these tremblingly with my foot, and along its hideous bulk there passed a slow and hardly perceptible shudder. I darted back in horror, and fell against the unctuous, slimy wall, and through the rock itself a similar shudder seemed to pass; and it filled me with such unutterable horror that I immediately awoke, or passed into another phase of a vivid and oppressive dream.

I still heard the sound that had lured me on at first, but I now recognised its nature. It arose from many causes, and all these were elements of English scenes, such as I had heard of in my childhood, and seen the pictures of in past times. I found myself in an old-fashioned cathedral-close, where trim beds of soft and well-rolled grass were bounded on one side by the huge Gothic mass of the cathe-

dral, and on the other by rows of quaint, sombre houses, ivy-clothed and pierced with narrow oriel windows, and ornamented with small porches of formal and precise picturesqueness. I recognised the sounds I had already heard in the cawing of a vast colony of rooks inhabiting some elms that overshadowed the houses, in the striking of the cathedral clock, in the bleating of several sheep that were placidly cropping the grass-plots, and the merry voices of a bevy of fair-haired English girls, who, clothed in the black silk dresses and scarlet petticoats of a forgotten fashion, stood, as it seemed, beside me on the gravelled pathways of the close. They invited me to visit the vaults of the cathedral; and the dean, a grave, punctiliously attired, but pleasant-mannered English parson, led the way down a narrow staircase, and ushered us into the crypt. We wandered through it for some hours, and spoke lightly and laughingly of monks and bishops of the olden time. At length we reached a sculptured tomb that seemed more recent than the rest, and as I looked upon it a peal of laughter burst from my companions, and in the sculptured effigy I recognised the features of Francesca, and falling on my knees in agony before it, I awoke.

A light streamed brightly towards me as I started into waking life; English voices fell distinctly on my ears; a few yards from me a fair-haired English girl bent over the inscription on a tombstone. She was dressed in black silk and scarlet; and beside her a grave, stiff-mannered English clergyman was translating the inscription into sententious English. Behind him stood an English matron and another girl; their interrupting questions, and the voice of the clergyman, had doubtless mingled with my dream.

"How very interesting, papa!" said the foremost girl; "see! here is the olive-branch in the dove's mouth."

"Yes, my dear," answered the clergyman; "the dove holding an olive-branch is the common symbol on the Christian tombs. There are pagan tombs as well, and sometimes the Christians have reinscribed the tombstones, so that they are pagan on one

side and Christian on the other. But see! here is a glass vessel, supposed by the Papists to hold the blood of a martyr; it is more probably a small wine-flask, such as was employed in pagan burial-rites."

"I would much rather believe it held the blood of a martyr. How horribly sceptical you learned men are, Mr. Alleyne!" This was said by the second girl, who, coming more into the light, showed me an olive complexion, and beautiful dark hair and eyes.

By this time I must have been thoroughly awake, and I began to realise my position. Fearing that I might seriously startle the party by a sudden appearance, I called, "Help, help!" in a faint voice. They started, the foremost girl uttered a faint shriek, and then the clergyman hurried forward with his light, and found me leaning against the wall of the passage.

"An Englishman! Have you been lost? Good heavens, sir, it is fortunate we found you!"

"Yes, I have lost my way; I owe my life to you," I replied.

The ladies now approached.

"But how came you here?" rejoined the clergyman.

"I am rather confused, and very tired; pray let me explain my adventure to you some other time." I was now nearly fainting from the rush of recovered hope, and I felt unable to stand without supporting myself by the wall.

"My dear, we have the flask in the carriage," said the matron; "and the fresh air will revive him.—Take my husband's arm, sir, and we will gladly drive you back to Rome."

"Back to Rome!" I gasped. "Where am I?"

"You are in the catacombs of St. Calixtus, three miles from Rome," replied the clergyman.

"Santa Madonna!" muttered the guide. "Holy Madonna! where can he come from?"

We soon reached the entrance. I quieted the guide by a heavy fee, and took my seat in the carriage of my new friends.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER'S FAREWELL.

HANDS to your sickles, friends! Speak not of mine:
Hands to your sickles while the skies are blue.

The fields are ample, dense with golden ears—
Spiked nuggets! Hands to sickles ere you rue

The rainy season, yea, the famished years,
The pinching epoch of the meagre kine.

You still are young; the harvest only yields
To lusty efforts of the sun-browned arm.
Reap home! I'll mark you from the weary farm,
Where I shall sow slow seed in fallow fields.
It may be, too, even I shall bind a sheaf
To help the garner of the coming years.
Meanwhile work, God-like, till the fall o' the leaf:
Ho! sickles, friends; and sing—the Master bears.

WILLIAM CANTON.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.
HOME AGAIN.

My mother was looking out for me when I reached home the next morning. I had taken a car from the pier-head to avoid meeting any acquaintances ; and hers was almost the first familiar face I saw. It was pallid with the sickly hue of a confirmed disease, and her eyes were much sunken ; but she ran across the room to meet me. I was afraid to touch her, knowing how a careless movement might cause her excruciating pain ; but she was oblivious of everything save my return, and pressed me, closer and closer in her arms, with all her failing strength, whilst I leaned my face down upon her dear head, unable to utter a word.

"God is very good to me," sobbed my mother.

"Is he?" I said, my voice sounding strange to my own ears, so forced and altered it was.

"Very, very good," she repeated. "He has brought you back to me."

"Never to leave you again, mother," I said—"never again!"

"No ; you will never leave me alone again here," she whispered. "Oh, how I have missed you, my boy!"

I made her sit down on the sofa, and sat beside her, while she caressed my hand with her thin and wasted fingers.

I must put an end to this, if I was to maintain my self-control.

"Mother," I said, "you forget that I have been on the sea all night, and have not had my breakfast yet."

"The old cry, Martin," she answered, smiling. "Well, you shall have your breakfast here, and I will wait upon you once more."

I watched her furtively as she moved about, not with her usual quick and light movements, but with a slow and cautious tread. It was part of my anguish to know, as only a medical man can know, how every step was a fresh pang to her. She sat down with me at the table, though I would not suffer her to pour out my coffee, as she wished to do. There was a divine smile upon her face ; yet beneath it there was an indication of constant and terrible pain, in the sunken eyes and drawn lips. It was useless to attempt to eat with that smiling face opposite me. I drank thirstily, but I could not swallow a crumb. She knew what it meant, and her eyes were fastened upon me with a heart-breaking expression.

That mockery of a meal over, she permitted me to lay her down on the sofa, almost as submissively as a tired child, and to cover her with an eider-

down quilt ; for her malady made her shiver with its deadly coldness, while she could not bear any weight upon her. My father was gone out, and would not be back before evening. The whole day lay before us ; I should have my mother entirely to myself.

We had very much to say to one another ; but it could only be said at intervals, when her strength allowed of it. We talked together, more calmly than I could have believed possible, of her approaching death ; and, in a stupor of despair, I owned to myself and her that there was not a hope of her being spared to me much longer.

"I have longed so," she murmured, "to see my boy in a home of his own before I died. Perhaps I was wrong, but that was why I urged on your marriage with Julia. You will have no real home after I am gone, Martin ; and I feel as if I could die so much more quietly if I had some knowledge of your future life. Now I shall know nothing. I think that is the sting of death to me."

"I wish it had been as you wanted it to be," I said, never feeling so bitterly the disappointment I had caused her, and almost grieved that I had ever seen Olivia.

"I suppose it is all for the best," she answered feebly. "Oh, Martin ! I have seen your Olivia."

"Well?" I said.

"I did so want to see her," she continued—"though she has brought us all into such trouble. I loved her because you love her. Johanna went with me, because she is such a good judge, you know, and I did not like to rely upon my own feelings. Appearances are very much against her ; but she is very engaging, and I believe she is a good girl. I am sure she is good."

"I know she is," I said.

"We talked of you," she went on—"how good you were to her that week in the spring. She had never been quite unconscious, she thought ; but she had seen and heard you all the time, and knew you were doing your utmost to save her. I believe we talked more of you than of anything else."

That was very likely, I knew, as far as my mother was concerned. But I was anxious to hear whether Olivia had not confided to her more of her secret than I had yet been able to learn from other sources. To a woman like my mother she might have entrusted all her history.

"Did you find anything out about her friends and family?" I asked.

"Not much," she answered. "She told me her own mother had died when she was quite a child ; and she had a step-mother living, who has been the ruin of her life. That was her expression. 'She

has been the ruin of my life!" she said; and she cried a little, Martin, with her head upon my lap. If I could only have offered her a home here, and promised to be a mother to her!"

"God bless you, my darling mother!" I said.

"She intends to stay where she is as long as it is possible," she continued; "but she told me she wanted work to do—any kind of work by which she could earn a little money. She has a diamond ring, and a watch and chain, worth a hundred pounds; so she must have been used to affluence.

"I suppose Julia is gone to the new house now," I said, in a calm voice.

"Yes," she answered, but she could say no more.

"And Miss Daltrey with her?" I pursued.

The mention of that name certainly roused my mother more effectually than anything else I could have said. She released me from her clinging hands, and looked up with a decided expression of dislike on her face.

"Yes," she replied. "Julia is just wrapped up in



"I SAT OPPOSITE TO HER."

Yet she spoke as if she might have to live in Sark for years. It is a very strange position for a young girl."

"Mother," I said, "you do not know how all this weighs upon me. I promised Julia to give her up, and never to see her again; but it is almost more than I can bear, especially now. I shall be as friendless and homeless as Olivia by-and-by."

I had knelt down beside her, and she pressed my face to hers, murmuring those soft, fondling words, which a man only hears from his mother's lips. I knew that the anguish of her soul was even greater than my own. The agitation was growing too much for her, and would end in an access of her disease. I must put an end to it at once.

her, though why I cannot imagine. So is your father. But I don't think you will like her, Martin. I don't want you to be taken with her."

"I won't mother," I said. "I am ready to hate her, if that is any satisfaction to you."

"Oh, you must not say that," she answered, in a tone of alarm. "I do not wish to set you against her, not in the least, my boy. Only she has so much influence over Julia and your father; and I do not want you to go over to her side. I know I am very silly; but she always makes my flesh creep when she is in the room."

"Then she shall not come into the room," I said.

"Martin," she went on, "why does it rouse one up more to speak evil of people than to speak

good of them? Speaking of Kate Daltrey makes me feel stronger than talking of Olivia."

I laughed a little. It had been an observation of mine, made some years ago, that the surest method of consolation in cases of excessive grief, was the introduction of some family or neighbourly gossip, seasoned slightly with scandal. The most vehement mourning had been turned into another current of thought by the lifting of this sluice.

"It restores the balance of the emotions," I answered. "Anything soft, and tender, and touching makes you more sensitive. A person like Miss Daltrey acts as a tonic; bitter, perhaps, but invigorating."

The morning passed without any interruption; but in the afternoon Grace came in, with a face full of grave importance, to announce that Miss Dobrée had called, and desired to see Mrs. Dobrée alone. "Quite alone," repeated Grace, emphatically.

"I'll go up-stairs to my own room," I said to my mother.

"I am afraid you cannot, Martin," she answered hesitatingly. "Miss Daltrey has taken possession of it, and she has not removed all her things yet. She and Julia did not leave till late last night. You must go to the spare room."

"I thought you would have kept my room for me, mother," I said reproachfully.

"So I would," she replied, her lips quivering, "but Miss Daltrey took a fancy to it, and your father and Julia made a point of indulging her. I really think Julia would have had everything belonging to you swept into the streets. It was very hard for me, Martin. I was ten times more vexed than you are to give up your room to Miss Daltrey. It was my only comfort to go and sit there, and think of my dear boy."

"Never mind, never mind," I answered. "I am at home now, and you will never be left alone with them again—nevermore, mother."

I retreated to the spare room, fully satisfied that I should dislike Miss Daltrey quite as much as my mother could wish. Finding that Julia prolonged her visit down-stairs, I went out after a while for a stroll in the old garden, where the trees and shrubs had grown with my growth, and were as familiar as human friends to me. I visited Madam in her stall, and had a talk with old Pellet; and generally established my footing once more as the only son of the house; not at all either as if I were a prodigal son, come home repentant. I was resolved not to play that rôle, for had I not been more sinned against than sinning?

My father came in to dinner; but, like a true man of the world, he received me back on civil and equal terms, not alluding beyond a word or two to my long absence. We began again as friends; and our mutual knowledge of my mother's fatal malady softened our hearts and manners towards one

another. Whenever he was indoors he waited upon her with sedulous attention. But for the certainty that death was lurking very near to us, I should have been happier in my home than I had ever been since that momentous week in Sark. But I was also nearer to Olivia, and every throb of my pulse was quickened by the mere thought of that.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

A NEW PATIENT.

IN one sense time seemed to be standing still with me, so like were the days that followed the one to the other. But in another sense those days fled with awful swiftness, for they were hurrying us both, my mother and me, to a great gulf which would soon, far too soon, lie between us.

Every afternoon Julia came to spend an hour or two with my mother; but her arrival was always formally announced, and it was an understood thing that I should immediately quit the room, to avoid meeting her. There was an etiquette in her resentment which I was bound to observe.

What our circle of friends thought, had become a matter of very secondary consideration to me; but there seemed a general disposition to condone my offences, in view of the calamity that was hanging by a mere thread above me. I discovered from their significant remarks that it had been quite the fashion to visit Sark during the summer, by the *Queen of the Isles*, which made the passage every Monday; and that Tardif's cottage had been an object of attraction to many of my relatives of every degree. Few of them had caught even a glimpse of Olivia; and I suspected that she had kept herself well out of sight on those days when the weekly steamer flooded the island with visitors.

I had not taken up any of my old patients again, for I was determined that everybody should feel that my residence at home was only temporary. But about ten days after my return the following note was brought to me, directed in full to Dr. Martin Dobrée:—

"A lady from England, who is only a visitor in Guernsey, will be much obliged by Dr. Martin Dobrée calling upon her, at Rose Villa, Vauvert Road. She is suffering from a slight indisposition, and knowing Dr. Senior by name and reputation, she would feel great confidence in the skill of Dr. Senior's friend."

I wondered for an instant who the stranger could be, and how she knew the Seniors; but as there could be no answer to these queries without visiting the lady, I resolved to go. Rose Villa was a house where the rooms were let to visitors during the season, and the Vauvert Road was scarcely five minutes' walk from our house. Julia was paying her daily visit to my mother, and I was at a loss for something to do, so I went at once.

I found a very handsome, fine-looking woman; dark, with hair and eyes as black as a gipsy's, and

a clear olive complexion to match. Her forehead was low, but smooth and well-shaped; and the lower part of her face, handsome as it was, was far more developed than the upper. There was not a trace of refinement about her features; yet the coarseness of them was but slightly apparent as yet. She did not strike me as having more than a very slight ailment indeed, though she dilated fluently about her symptoms, and affected to be afraid of fever. It is not always possible to deny that a woman has a violent headache; but where the pulse is all right, and the tongue clean, it is clear enough that there is not anything very serious threatening her. My new patient did not inspire me with much sympathy; but she attracted my curiosity, and interested me by the bold style of her beauty.

"You Guernsey people are very stiff with strangers," she remarked, as I sat opposite to her, regarding her with that close observation which is permitted to a doctor.

"So the world says," I answered. "Of course I am no good judge, for we Guernsey people believe ourselves as perfect as any class of the human family. Certainly we pride ourselves on being a little more difficult of approach than the Jersey people. Strangers are more freely welcome there than here, unless they bring introductions with them. If you have any introductions you will find Guernsey as hospitable a spot as any in the world."

"I have been here a week," she replied, pouting her full crimson lips, "and have not had a chance of speaking a word, except to strangers like myself who don't know a soul."

That, then, was the cause of the little indisposition which had obtained me the honour of attending her. I indulged myself in a mild sarcasm to that effect, but it was lost upon her. She gazed at me solemnly with her large black eyes, which shone like beads.

"I am really ill," she said, "but it has nothing to do with not seeing anybody, though that's dull. There's nothing for me to do but take a bath in the morning and a drive in the afternoon, and go to bed very early. Good gracious! it's enough to drive me mad!"

"Try Jersey," I suggested.

"No, I'll not try Jersey," she said. "I mean to make my way here. Don't you know anybody, doctor, that would take pity on a poor stranger?"

"I am sorry to say no," I answered.

She frowned at that and looked disappointed. I was about to ask her how she knew the Seniors, when she spoke again.

"Do you have many visitors come to Guernsey late in the autumn, as late as October?" she inquired.

"Not many," I answered; "a few may arrive who intend to winter here."

"A dear young friend of mine came here last autumn," she said, "alone, as I am, and I've been wondering ever since I've been here however she would get along amongst such a set of stiff, formal, stand-offish folks. She had not money enough for a dash, or that would make a difference, I suppose."

"Not the least," I replied, "if your friend came without any introductions."

"What a dreary winter she'd have!" pursued my patient, with a tone of exultation. "She was quite young, and as pretty as a picture. All the young men would know her, I'll be bound, and you amongst them, Dr. Martin. Any woman who isn't a fright gets stared at enough to be known again."

Could this woman know anything of Olivia? I looked at her more earnestly and critically. She was not a person I should like Olivia to have anything to do with. A coarse, ill-bred, bold woman, whose eyes met mine unabashed, and did not blink under my scrutiny. Could she be Olivia's step-mother, who had been the ruin of her life?

"I'd bet a hundred to one you know her," she said, laughing and showing all her white teeth. "A girl like her couldn't go about a little poky place like this without all the young men knowing her. Perhaps she left the island in the spring. I have asked at all the drapers' shops, but nobody recollects her. I've very good news for her if I could find her—a slim, middle-sized girl, with a clear, fair skin, and grey eyes, and hair of a bright brown. Stay, I can show you her photograph."

She put into my hands an exquisite portrait of Olivia, taken in Florence. There was an expression of quiet mournfulness in the face, which touched me to the core of my heart. I could not put it down and speak indifferently about it. My heart beat wildly, and I felt tempted to run off with the treasure and return no more to this woman.

"Ah! you recognise her!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

"I never saw such a person in Guernsey," I answered, looking steadily into her face. A sullen and gloomy expression came across it, and she snatched the portrait out of my hand.

"You want to keep it a secret," she said, "but I defy you to do it. I am come here to find her, and find her I will. She hasn't drowned herself, and the earth hasn't swallowed her up. I've traced her as far as here, and that I tell you. She crossed in the Southampton boat one dreadfully stormy night last October—the only lady passenger—and the stewardess recollects her well. She landed here. You must know something about her."

"I assure you I never saw that girl here," I replied evasively. "What inquiries have you made after her?"

"I've inquired here, and there, and everywhere," she said. "I've done nothing else ever since I came. It is of great importance to her, as well as

to me, that I should find her. It's a very anxious thing when a girl like that disappears and is never heard of again, all because she has a little difference with her friends. If you could help me to find her you would do her family a very great service."

"Why do you fix upon me?" I inquired. "Why did you not send for one of the resident doctors? I left Guernsey some time ago."

"You were here last winter," she said, "and you're a young man, and would notice her more."

"There are other young doctors in Guernsey," I remarked.

"Ah, but you've been in London," she answered, "and I know something of Dr. Senior. When you are in a strange place you catch at any chance of an acquaintance."

"Come, be candid with me," I said. "Did not Messrs. Scott and Brown send you here?"

The suddenness of my question took her off her guard and startled her. She hesitated, stammered, and finally denied it with more than natural emphasis.

"I could take my oath I don't know any such persons," she answered. "I don't know who you mean, or what you mean. All I want is quite honest. There is a fortune waiting for that poor girl, and I want to take her back to those who love her, and are ready to forgive and forget everything. I feel sure you know something of her. But nobody except me and her other friends have anything to do with it."

"Well," I said, rising to take my leave, "all the information I can give you is that I never saw such a person here, either last winter or since. It is quite possible she went on to Jersey, or to Granville, when the storm was over. That she did not stay in Guernsey I am quite sure."

I went away in a fever of anxiety. The woman, who was certainly not a lady, had inspired me with a repugnance that I could not describe. There was an in-grain coarseness about her—a vulgarity excessively distasteful to me as in any way connected with Olivia. The mystery which surrounded her was made the deeper by it. Surely this person could not be related to Olivia! I tried to guess in what relationship to her she could possibly stand. There was the indefinable delicacy and refinement of a lady, altogether independent of her surroundings, so apparent in Olivia that I could not imagine her as connected by blood with this woman. Yet why and how should such a person have any right to pursue her? I felt more chafed than I had ever done about Olivia's secret.

I tried to satisfy myself with the reflection that I had put Tardif on his guard, and that he would protect her. But that did not set my mind at ease. I never knew a mother yet who believed that any other woman could nurse her sick child as well as herself; and I could not be persuaded that even

Tardif would shield Olivia from danger and trouble as I could, if I were only allowed the privilege. Yet my promise to Julia bound me to hold no communication with her. Besides, this was surely no time to occupy myself with any other woman in the world than my mother. She herself, good, and amiable, and self-forgetting as she was, might feel a pang of jealousy, and I ought not to be the one to add a single drop of bitterness to the cup she was drinking.

On the other hand, I was distracted at the thought that this stranger might discover the place of Olivia's retreat, from which there was no chance of escape if it were once discovered. A hiding-place like Sark becomes a trap as soon as it is traced out. Should this woman catch the echo of those rumours which had circulated so widely through Guernsey less than three months ago—and any chance conversation with one of our own people might bring them to her ears—then farewell to Olivia's safety and concealment. Here was the squall which had been foretold by Jack. I cursed the idle curiosity of mine which had exposed her to this danger.

I had strolled down some of the quieter streets of the town whilst I was turning this affair over in my mind, and now as I crossed the end of Rue Haute, I caught sight of Kate Daltrey turning into a milliner's shop. There was every reasonable probability that she would not come out again soon, for I saw a bonnet reached out of the window. If she were gone to buy a bonnet she was safe for half an hour, and Julia would be alone. I had felt a strong desire to see Julia ever since I returned home. My mind was made up on the spot. I knew her so well as to be certain that if I found her in a gentle mood she would, at any rate, release me from the promise she had extorted from me when she was in the first heat of her anger and disappointment. It was a chance worth trying. If I were free to declare to Olivia my love for her, I should establish a claim upon her full confidence, and we could laugh at further difficulties. She was of age, and therefore mistress of herself. Her friends, represented by this odious woman, could have no legal authority over her.

I turned shortly up a side-street, and walked as fast as I could towards the house which was to have been our home. By a bold stroke I might reach Julia's presence. I rang, and the maid who answered the bell opened wide eyes of astonishment at seeing me there. I passed by quickly.

"I wish to speak to Miss Dobrée," I said. "Is she in the drawing-room?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, in a hesitating tone.

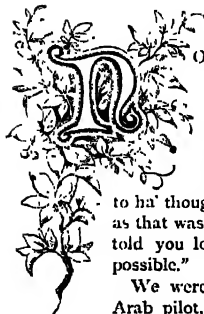
I waited for nothing more, but knocked at the drawing-room door for myself, and heard Julia call, "Come in."

"SO THE STORY GOES."

TWAS once upon a summer day—
 So the story goes—
 The Franklin's daughter chanced to stray
 Where the mill-stream flows.
 And as the rustic bridge she crossed—
 So the story goes—
 Over the rail she stooped, and lost
 From out her breast a rose.
 The stream ran fast, the stream ran strong—
 So the story goes—
 And on its waters bore along
 The careless maiden's rose.
 The miller's son stood by the bank—
 So the story goes—
 He stopped the wheel; and, ere it sank,
 Caught up the maiden's rose.

Then in his cap he placed the flower—
 So the story goes—
 And boldly to the maiden's bower
 He hid at daylight's close.
 "Is this thy flower, sweetheart?" he cried—
 So the story goes—
 The maiden blushed, the maiden sighed,
 "Oh! give me back my rose."
 "Two flowers," he said, "so sweet and fair"—
 So the story goes—
 "Twere shame to part—one breast should bear
 Thyself and this red rose."
 What more the youth and maiden said,
 That summer eve, who knows?
 But he kept the flower and won the maid—
 So the story goes. J. F. WALLER.

THE GRAVE OF EVE.



"O getting to Mecca, then?" said I, despondingly.
 "O' course not," answered the captain, with an air of fatherly contempt. "You must be precious weak (if you'll hexcuse o' my sayin' so) ever to ha' thought on't at all. If I'd known as that was your little game, I could ha' told you long ago as how 'twas impossible."
 We were standing, together with our Arab pilot, on a "crow's-nest" at the foremast-head, straining our eyes toward the spot where, far away on the eastern horizon, a long line of brilliant white marked the whereabouts of the coral reefs which fence the harbour of Djeddah, the port which is to Mecca what Yambo is to Medina, or Jaffa to Jerusalem.

"Master," strikes the pilot, showing all his magnificent teeth in a broad derisive grin, "suppose you try go Mecca, you no come back again. Look sec! tree month ago, come here one Austriancoman—clever man—verree good Arab make talk; he put on clothes like Arabs man, and go dere. Well, what den? De four day he dere, Arabs men spy out dat he Christian, and den—" a quick slanting stroke of his right hand sufficiently completed the sentence.

"Um!" said I, "that's rather a sell too. But what *can* one see here, then? for it won't do to get

within forty miles of the Prophet's tomb and see nothing after all."

"Hark you, master," answers Ibrahim, "you say *tomb*—dat is just it! Outside de town here you go see de tomb of Eve, she dat was wife to Adam, you know—verree fine place—all Ingliis howadjis go dere. Suppose you make pay ten piastre, I go show you all ting."

"What d'ye think of that, captain? I vote we take Father Abraham's advice."

"See about that when we get ashore," answers the practical skipper; "there's lots to be done afore then.—Starboard, my lad there, starboard!"

"Starboard it is!"

For the next hour Ibrahim and the captain have to do all they know in keeping clear of the reefs, which show their long white fangs on every side through the green shallow water; while, moment by moment, the glittering line ahead of us defines itself more and more clearly, and behind it begins to appear a broad band of grey, broken midway by what seems at first sight a great heap of white rocks. But as we approach the formless mass shapes itself into flat-roofed houses, and loop-holed walls, and rounded domes, and tapering minarets, and all the barbaric picturesqueness of an Eastern town. The harbour is crowded with vessels under every flag, from the Yankee stars and stripes to the white elephant of Siam; and the broad quays are heaped with bales, chests, and barrels, among which the swarming Arabs who are loading and unloading look like an army of ants.

"Trifle better than Koomfidah, ain't it?" says the skipper, approvingly.

* The "crow's-nest" is simply a plank slung upon two ropes, like an ordinary swing.

We glide into the harbour, and anchor between two of the outermost vessels, having slipped dexterously through the gnashing jaws of the encircling reefs. That done, we lower our boat, and zigzag for nearly an hour amid a network of shoals, banks, and coral patches. At length (not without several collisions and a good deal of Homeric dialogue) we land in front of the custom-house, and are met by the resident shipping agent, a dapper little Austrian Jew, who, as soon as the necessary formalities are gone through, hospitably insists upon dragging us off to "tiffin" at his town-house; adding, as a farther inducement, that he will himself furnish us with a guide to all the "Merkwürdigkeiten," the famous tomb of Eve included.

There is no need to ask in what country we are landing. Had we been let fall from the clouds, like Gulliver or Bedreddin Hassan, the files of camels that go by with their long, noiseless stride, the lean, dark, sinewy figures in cotton waistcloths that throng the gateway; the quivering haze of intense heat which hovers along the horizon, and the wide, desolate, cruel waste of sand that lies below, would all announce Arabia in language that no one can mistake. -We are upon enchanted ground, and with every step into the city the impression waxes stronger and stronger. The low, massive rampart, standing up white and bare in the blistering sunshine; the tall, dungeon-like, narrow-eyed houses, looking stealthily down at us like lurking assassins; the dark, narrow streets, from the depth of which we can just see the sky far above us, like a little ribbon of burning light, are all genuinely Oriental. And as we turn a corner, and plunge into the labyrinth of the many-gated bazaar, filled with a rich summer gloom of shaded sunlight, and echoing like a menagerie with the howls of conflict between buyers and sellers, the illusion is complete.

All the shadowy people whom we dreamed of by the nursery fire, years ago, surround us here as living and breathing realities. There are the portly merchant in his flowing robes, and the gaunt savage-looking beggar, and the bare-legged porter waddling beneath his high-piled load; the veiled woman in her long blue mantle, with her little brown "piccaninny" hanging at her back like a wallet; the brawny water-carrier, stripped to the waist, with his black, greasy skin of water poised on his broad shoulders; and the copper-skinned Dervish in his coarse camel's-hair cloak, who stalks past us rolling his eyes and whirling his clenched fists, like a pugilistic saint of the desert. Here sits Aladdin at the door of his father's shop, as he may have sat on the memorable evening when the African magician invited him to that expedition of which we all know the result. There trudges Ali Baba behind his laden donkey, with a shade of uneasiness upon his weather-beaten face, as if doubting whether he may not have forgotten the

cabalistic "Open sesame," or wondering whether that brute Cassim will ferret out the secret of his newly-acquired wealth. This richly-dressed lady in yellow slippers, veiled so closely as to leave nothing visible except her brilliant eyes, must be the "incomparable Princess Badroulboudour" on her way to the bath, happily unconscious of the prying gaze furtively directed at her by the audacious owner of the Wonderful Lamp. And yonder, in their usual disguise of Moussul merchants, go "the good Haroun Alraschid" and his vizier Giafar.

But after a time our enjoyment of this splendid diorama begins to be somewhat marred by the obtrusive attentions of the "stinging flies," and the determined hostility of the dogs; for in this stronghold of Islamism even the dogs are as good Mahomedans as their masters, and fly at every Giaour with a heartiness of religious feeling which would entitle them to a high place in the Church of England. What with these annoyances, and what with the heat and dust, we are not altogether sorry when our host, having piloted us through all the intricacies of the town, turns suddenly out of the blinding glare into a cool shady court, as thoroughly sheltered from the sun as four storeys of good masonry can do it. The walls are hung with maps, charts, sailing advertisements, and all the paraphernalia of a shipping office; while in the centre appear a sofa, several chairs, and a writing-table, beside which stand expectant two white-bearded elders (the most venerable-looking patriarchs and most unconscionable rogues in the town), who have come hither in the fruitless hope of cheating our host out of a few piastres. As the usual skirmishing begins (necessarily sharp between Jew and Arab) the skipper and I seat ourselves on the sofa, throw off our coats, and "take it easy" till the trial of fence is over.

"Now, gentlemen," cries M. R—— at length, jumping up as the two "grave and reverend seigniors" shuffle out of the court, "that's done at last, thank heaven; so come along to tiffin."

I will not tantalise my reader with the recital of the countless native dainties which formed our afternoon meal, spread in a large, lofty upper room with painted walls, from the deep lancet-like windows of which we have a noble view of the harbour. Suffice it to say that our repast is as agreeable as good taste and frank hospitality can make it. Our honest skipper, it is true, is at first just a little shy about entering Madame R——'s presence in his "sea-going rig;" and indeed both he and I, fresh from roughing it down in Yemen, with our garments tattered and travel-stained, our faces burned to the colour of chestnuts, and our beards five inches long, are rather strange-looking ornaments for any lady's drawing-room; but the cordiality of our charming hostess speedily removes all embarrassment. The talk would be a

treat for Professor Max Müller, carried on as it is in six languages at once—English, French, German, Italian, Turkish, and Arabic; but we are very merry nevertheless, for Europeans always amalgamate readily amid an alien population, and at a distance of four thousand miles from home, even an Englishman can afford to be tolerably affable without wholly losing his self-respect.

And oh, what a treat it is to be for once fairly out of the beaten track of modern travel! No "new and interesting routes," no "monster excursions," no photographs, no Bradshaws, no "antics" (as our skipper styles the relics of the past), not a trace, in fact, of that noble army of martyrs who yearly take their six weeks of discomfort on the Continent, and carry out the prescription of "complete change of scene" by taking England with them wherever they go. I am just beginning to wonder whether old Jean Jacques was not right after all in his theory of "man's normal condition of happy barbarism," when my reflections are suddenly cut short by the stentorian voice of the captain.

"Mr. K —, if you're a-guin' to look at that 'ere tomb o' Mother Eve's we'd best be stirrin'; and here's a darkey all ready to pilot us."

The "darkey" in question—a tall, gaunt, cunning-looking Arab—appears at the door; and, taking leave of our entertainers, we march off toward the eastern gate. After about ten minutes' silence, the skipper, who had evidently got something on his mind, suddenly breaks forth—

"I say, how did Eve come for to run into *this* port? The Garden of Eden warn't in these parts, was it? Seems to me she must ha' got a goodish bit out o' her course."

"So did all the rest of the family, to judge by appearances," answered I. "I have seen the tomb of Cain at Damascus; I've seen the tomb of Adam at Jerusalem; and now here's the tomb of Eve near Mecca—rather a divided household, upon my word! If we could only light upon the tomb of Abel, now, that would just make up the lot."

"Master," strikes in our guide, "you not know why Adam and Eve no togedder? Why, 'cause dey husband and wife; de fuder husband and wife apart de better!"

In the midst of an uproarious laugh from the skipper over this genuinely Asiatic solution, we pass through the gateway, and find ourselves on the verge of a vast sandy plain, along the horizon of which loom a shadowy range of low hills, wave after wave. Immediately in front of us, with their long necks outstretched upon the earth in lazy enjoyment, lie thirty or forty camels, awaiting the departure of a caravan for Mecca; while a few hundred yards to the left, within a low white wall, appears a little stone chapel (the headstone of Eve's

sepulchre), whither our guide bends his steps, giving us *en route* a few necessary instructions.

"Here come much plenty beggars, ask for 'buck-sheesh'; you give two, tree piastre, dat 'nuff. Den come moollah, he show you all tomb; he say put down money here, put down money dere; you give him one medjidieh,* dat 'nuff; for all dem moollah—big rogue!"

And the worthy Palinurus, himself one of the most accomplished rogues in the province, lifts his head with an air of conscious honesty, which is as good as a play to behold.

His prediction is speedily verified, for as we reach the boundary-wall of the tomb the beggars pounce upon us *en masse*—a swarm of lean, naked, filthy monsters, reeking with dirt and vermin, deformed by ophthalmia, and rotting piecemeal with disease—the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Oriental race, which at its worst is very bad indeed. Following these come the moollah, a villainous-looking old rascal, whose brown, shrivelled figure, swathed in its white burnouse, looks (as the skipper remarks with a grin) "just like a cigar wrapped in paper." This worthy, with a laudable anxiety to secure all the booty for himself, vigorously drives away the minor marauders, and, leading us up to the little chapel above-mentioned, says solemnly in Arabic, "There is the head!"

"He mean de head of Eve—dere it lie!" explains Palinurus.

"And dere *he* lie too," whisper I to the captain, who grins assentingly.

The moollah hints that it is customary to deposit an offering here; but we, mindful of our instruction, reserve the right of payment, and pass on—an omission at which the reverend gentleman looks considerably chaf-fallen. From this point we have a view of the entire structure, which consists merely of two parallel lines of low white wall, about six feet apart, with a stone chapel at either end, and one in the middle—the whole affair looking very like the model of a railroad with disproportionately large stations. The total length of the tomb, as I measured it by paces, is three hundred and sixty feet. Truly there *were* giants in those days!

Arrived at the second chapel, the moollah unlocks a door, revealing a kind of bureau, curiously carved and embossed, which being opened discloses a small silver casket. "See," he says impressively, "there is the heart!" I lay my medjidieh on the casket, in obedience to a cabalistic sign from Palinurus; and the captain, remarking *sotto voce* that "it's a precious small heart for a young 'ooman o' that height," follows my example. Thence we proceed to the third chapel, where the show ends, and a furious dispute begins between Palinurus and the moollah as to the propriety of farther payment.

* The Turkish dollar, worth nearly four shillings.

The skipper and I at length settle the matter by walking off, whereupon his reverence, seeing that his share in the spoil is at an end, lets loose the expectant swarm of beggars, who follow us with howls and entreaties almost to the gate of the town.

At the gate, however, we halt as if by mutual agreement to take one last look at the surrounding panorama. The sun is setting, and the stillness of a great calm lies upon earth and sea and sky. Far away to the left, the smooth expanse of the harbour, with its glittering fringe of coral reefs,

reflects the glory of the sunset; behind, the white ramparts and tall minarets of the town rise against the crimson sky; while in front, breaking with its windings the endless monotony of the surrounding desert, the caravan road melts away in curve after curve to the purple hills, beyond which lies the spot whither a hundred millions of men daily turn their faces in prayer—the Holy City of Mecca.

"Well," observes the skipper, folding his arms complacently, "we *have* seen summut, after all!" And so indeed we had.

MY FIRST SALMON.

HADST thunder? what a frightful screech!"
I spring from balmy dreams,
And shout "Begone!" as soon as speech
Helps reason's waking gleams.
Tis Sandy with his bagpipes, come
My hard-earned sleep to break;
I wish his windy pipes were dumb;
That "screech" the dead would wake!

"Aroint thee, fend!"—"Heigh, sirs, the morn
For sport looks unco gude;
The cloud-wraiths round Ben Rinnas are torn,
The sun rose dipped in blude:
I thought ye'd maybe like a tune
While singin' on yer claes;
Else dootless ye'd not wake sae sunc—
Jist hark to 'Branksome Braes!'"

"Five shillings if ye're off!" He leaves:
I to my toilette's care
Turn, while beguiling fancy weaves
More webs than hope may share.
A freshet in the night has stained
With darker hues the Spey;
I shoulder rod with joy unfeigned,
And bless the pale soft day.

List! the wild river roars among
The boulders 'neath the falls;
How soothing floats its murmurous song
Through pine-fringed granite walls!
Adown this gorge the birch aye weeps,
While in that boiling lynn
A white-armed treacherous kelpie keeps
Her watch to drag men in.

Truce to romance, for Sandy frets,
And fastens on a fly—
Blue, laced with tinsel—which he wets,
Then hands to me to try:
With eager haste the lure I throw,
And roam from cast to cast,
And search the pools, above, below,
Each closer than the last.

In vain, no ripple streaks the stream,
No salmon leaves his lair;
Sandy takes "sneeshin'," and my dream
Of fish fades into air.
We reach a "pot" with rocks begirt,
The fly drops—what a rush!
There—whizz! he's off! another spurt,
Down-stream he makes a push!

"Haud up the butt, sir!" Sandy cries;
Useless! The salmon tears
On faster, I pursue my prize;
For falls, e'en blood, who cares?
And now the tangled boughs o'erhang,
And sheer the rock-walls stand:
He plunges down, so in I sprang,
And swimming gained the strand.

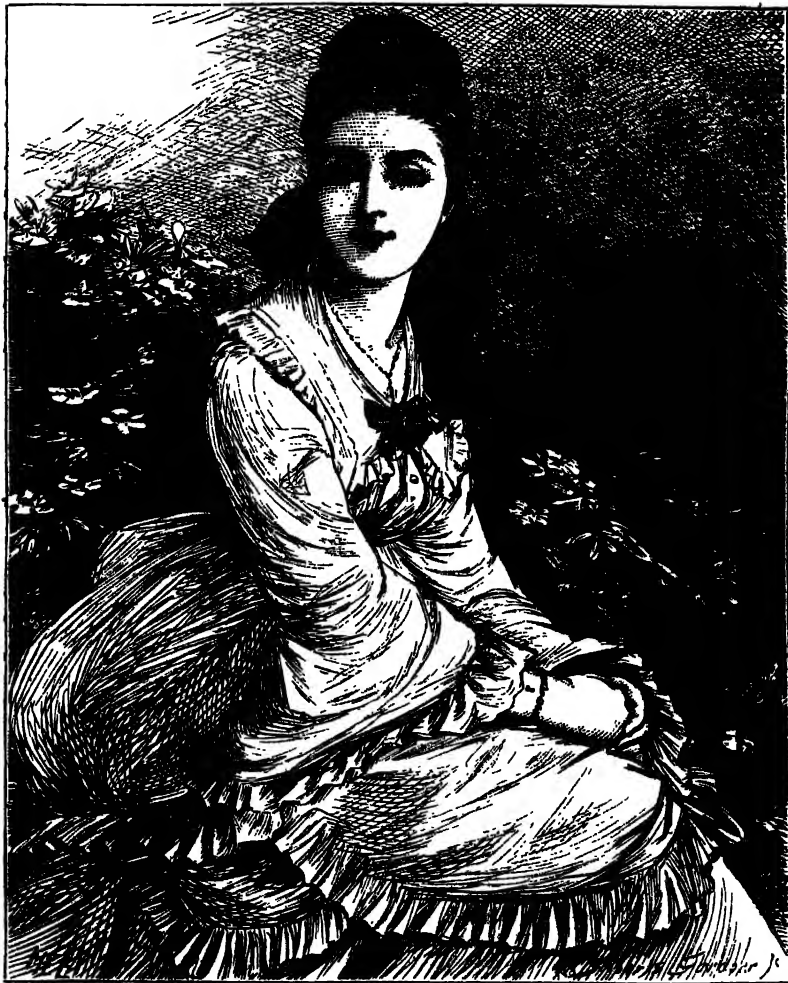
But now the gallant quarry fails,
His rushes fainter grow;
Sandy my progress loudly hails—
"His neb, sir, sune he'll show!"
Then down he scrambles with the gaff;
I reel in—ticklish task!
Sandy my health begins to quaff—
Who then would grudge the flask?

The noble fish now yields and flaps
Resigned, while Sandy drives
The gaff in; lands him; slowly taps
His silver shcen, and strives
To weigh him struggling still—"Ye see
Sixteen pounds hauds the fish;
Noo, sir; ye'r first? ye'll maybe gie
This poor chiel—what ye'll wish?"

Nodding I answer unconcerned,
"All right!" (as if I slew
Big fishes daily): next I yearned
To kill once more to you
Far from the Spey my splendid prey,
Once more the tale to tell;
And now, with hopes that you may slay
One bigger soon—farewell!

M. G. WATKINS.

"THE LITTLE STRANGER."



"WHO BORE THE NAME OF LUCY."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

INTRODUCTORY.

VENGENCE, my dear old Ned! is not that a very old story now?"

"She has never forgiven me, or any of us.—What's that?"

The sound of the hall-bell was heard. In a moment the servant had brought in a tawny-coloured envelope. "Telegram for immediate delivery" was written outside, according to the regular formula. Ned looked at it with a sort of dull awe,

timorous, uncertain whether he should open it. His wife came over and looked at it without speaking. It seemed like some torpedo which both were afraid even to touch.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ABBEYLANDS is described in the various books of pedigree as "the seat of John Edward Burton, Esquire," and the country guide-books and histories dwell in majestic and reverential language on its handsome buildings, stately woods, and rich prairie-like demesne. When passing by railway or road, the traveller noticed the compact-looking, snowy house playing at hide-and-seek with him behind clumps of trees, and thought, a little wistfully, what comfort and tranquil happiness were there, while he had his weary night's journey before him. As evening closes in, such retreats look specially inviting, and we lose sight of them with a sense of sadness.

The proprietor of Abbeylands was a wealthy English squire, enjoying seven or eight thousand a year; married, but childless. He and his lady lived much abroad, having taken, as it was said, a sort of dislike to the place. They travelled a good deal, and were now, as usual, in foreign parts. He was about five-and-fifty, and was married to a lady some fifteen years younger, who obtained in the district the credit of "dragging him abroad" to gratify her more juvenile tastes. He was spoken of with good-natured pity as being rather too much under the control of this lady, and the official spinsters of the district accepted the theory that foreign travel, in some mysterious way, could ensure a direct line of heirs.

Abbeylands rather gained by this absenteeism. The house, lands, estate, were handed over to Ned Burton—a well-known name—the squire's brother, and his large and pleasant family of pretty daughters and spirited sons, whose brother, in the way of companionship, he was, rather than father. They managed everything—received the rents—hunted—shot—in fact it was theirs virtually, as to them it must come, being strictly entailed. There was no complimenting or standing on ceremony in the matter; it had by this time been accepted that Ned's family would eventually inherit.

It was admitted that they had done a vast deal during the fourteen or fifteen years' absence of the owners. They had built additions, and laid out new gardens, which were considered the loveliest in the country. They made, indeed, a seventh child for the charming gentle-souled Mrs. Edward Burton; for she caressed and fondled and watched them (in the stout moss-trooper's gauntlets, and broad unbecoming helmet, which horticultural ladies affect) with quite a mother's interest. They were, however, only a background for her pets, who played there and chattered as she "hoed" and

weeded; bound up with them as much as the background of some Gainsborough picture is with the family group in front. They were wonderfully hospitable, and generally had what is called a houseful of company, when the cheerful racket of good spirits and not too boisterous enjoyment prevailed from morning till night. The neighbours all agreed that there could be no more desirable tenants in occupation, especially as compared with the cold, reserved, and uncongenial owners.

"PHELPS the clergyman," as he was called, who with his wife dined there about every ten days, gave them his good word; while the nearest neighbours—their "next doors"—the patrician Foragers—connected, as all the world knew, with a lord of that name—took an affectionate interest in Tom Burton, the young guardsman, eldest son, and future proprietor of Abbeylands. Mrs. Forager was credited with elaborate designs, and even schemes, with laying matrimonial bird-lime, etc., in which matter some little injustice was done to her.

The truth was, the young people had arranged the business long before; and Tom Burton, when he came for vacation from school, or from the university, or later, when he obtained leave of absence from Wellington or Chelsea Barracks, had spent at least three-quarters of his time with the engaging and almost rustic beauty of the neighbourhood, who bore the name of Lucy Forager. Her mother, a woman of the world, might have preferred the excitement of stalking that "stag of ten," an elder son, after her own fashion; but the game itself came out of cover, and surrendered to a more engaging huntress. No formal arrangement had been made, but it was understood that Lucy was to be the future mistress of Abbeylands.

The two families were curiously contrasted, and might seem to have little in common. The Foragers were people of small means, and obliged through this straitness to breathe the unprofitable air of fields and trees; but secretly the lady preferred to bask in the sultry glare of gas-light, and thought artificial flowers more elegant than natural. She had a good easy husband, a perfect gentleman in thought and behaviour, but whom long association with this worldly wife, and a natural weakness of disposition, had gradually accommodated to all her "ways." She would have preferred, of course, pitching her tent in some squeezed little doll's-house in May Fair, where she and her family would have enjoyed poor health, little light and accommodation; but a short visit to Abbeylands discovered a small two-storeyed house, a few minutes' walk from those "dear good people," the Burtons, so advantageous in a tactical point of view, that she lost no time in setting up her small batteries there. The two families from the mere score of situation became prodigiously intimate; every day detachments passed to and fro through the little wicket gate

which separated both ; and young Tom the guardsman was "in and out," now fetching Lucy, now seeing her home again, during the frequent visits he came down to pay his family.

Ned Burton, "the major," as he was called, having served long in a marching regiment, saw the progress of this arrangement with great interest. He was a cheerful, hearty, good-natured fellow, whom every one esteemed and loved, liking to see his friends, but liking most of all the company of his five smaller children ; with them he was like a grown-up school-boy, now bursting into the school-room of a fine morning when they were learning their French verbs, and, to the perpetual annoyance of the governess, insisting on taking them all out for a romp in the Park, or a splash in the boat on the pond.

In vain both mother and governess protested gravely against this serious interference with education. The happy father would receive their expostulations, when the escapade was over, with the awkwardness of a detected school-boy, but was presently encouraging fresh disorders. Nothing delighted him so much as to lead forth his little band on some expedition of joyous mischief ; and the neighbours often encountered in the woods or green lanes the little girls, who were daring and nimble as monkeys, climbing the trees for birds' nests, or rushing in full cry after "papa," who had become a head of game, to lend excitement to a "paper chase."

Ned Burton was as honest as the sun, and as true as steel. He was indeed said not to know much of the world, though it is surprising how many people thus deficient get through the world more respectably than those who do. Careless, joyous, and without a care for his own interests, he had fared well. A younger son with a hundred and fifty pounds a year, he had been given a commission, had "run through" his means in a year or two, and to cure his decayed fortunes, had married a girl without a shilling. This step, though it speedily added six children to his responsibilities, had not been so injurious to his fortunes as his friends lugubriously prophesied. His brother "came forward," paid his debts, and made a fresh settlement on him. Through this he had again "run" in a few years, when something fresh had to be done.

Just at this crisis in "poor Ned's affairs" came the news that Mr. Burton was about to marry a lady who report said was a governess, and of whose character his brother, Ned Burton, must have heard something disadvantageous. For, though easy-going by nature, he protested loudly and vehemently against this step, as bringing disgrace on the family ; and he sustained this objection so intemperately that, as might be expected, the brother was only confirmed in his resolution, and the marriage took place with the least possible delay.

A bitter family estrangement followed, fortified of

course by the resentment of the lady, one which lasted for some five or six years. During this time, Ned Burton struggled, no one knew how, much helped by his friends, and contriving to keep his place in the army—no one knew how, also. At last Mr. Burton fell sick of a dangerous illness, when the major flew to his bedside, and nursed him through it so tenderly and successfully, that a slow recovery followed, and the brothers were reconciled.

It was from this date that the major and his family were formally recognised as heirs to the fine Abbeylands estate, and were duly installed at the house ; he having at last, though reluctantly, relinquished the army. His son Tom became a favourite with his uncle, though not with his uncle's wife, whose influence it was remarked was growing weak ; was petted, placed in the guards, and supplied with a handsome allowance.

Mr. Burton's health, however, remained feeble, and travel in Algiers and even in India having been prescribed, he spent a great deal of the year in journeying through those countries.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

NED BURTON was a strong well-set man, with light hair, good-natured eyes that twinkled with some lurking jest, and a rough buff moustache, that always seemed to have a smile secreted in its bushes. He seemed to be always entering, browned and heated with the sun, his clothes—notably the edges of his trousers—all over dust, with one or two of his wild girls hanging on to his arm. This grouping, if he ever sat for his picture, would bring him most familiarly to his friends' recollection. The morning on which our story commences, he had thus entered the drawing-room to his wife.

"I am going to the station to meet Tom," he said, "and Dolly says I must take her. No school-books, you know, for the next three days ; a marriage is always a holiday, you know."

Mrs. Burton smiled. "It's not a marriage yet," she said ; "Tom is only going to ask Lucy ; though, indeed," with a sigh, "there is no need to be in a hurry."

"No, of course, dear. You and I took our time, didn't we ? consulted parents and all that : and it has turned out very badly, on the whole, hasn't it ? We're an awful illustration of 'marry in haste and repent at leisure.'"

Dolly, a bright, refined child of ten years old, hauling at her father's arm as if it were a ship's rope, quite understood this irony, and screamed with delight. "Yes, it turned out shockingly."

"How dare you ?" said Ned, hoisting her up suddenly to kiss her. "We must take Widgey and all the rest to meet Tom. Give mamma's compliments to Miss Perkes, and tell her to shut all school-books. And we'll take the terriers too—Viper, Vixen, and the whole set."

Mrs. Burton could say nothing; she was very happy that morning, and when Dolly had rushed off eagerly on her errand she said softly—

"Indeed, everything has turned out only too happily. I think it is only a reward, dear, for your faith, love, and patience under many trials. I feel 't was accountable for most of them."

"You!" said he, warmly; "why, what would have become of me without you and the little ones? I should have ended as I began, a useless, idle, good-for-nothing fellow that no one cared about. I declare I was new-born again when I met you. We had to rough it for a few years; but now, dearest, see where we are. There you are, the Lady of Abbeylands, and it never had a fairer or finer lady to rule over it, not even excepting the present Mrs. Burton."

"I wish—I wish, dear," said his wife, anxiously, after a short pause, "that you would make up that old feud; there will be a good opportunity now, on Tom's marriage, when they come here. It would be only generous, just in your handsome cordial way, to say that you went too far, and that you had learned to know her real merit; for she has been a good wife to him."

"You don't know the woman," he said; "and as to being a good wife, I don't believe it."

"But see how she has behaved. We are in a peculiar position; no man is cordial to his next heir. She might have poisoned Burton's mind."

"Poisoned *him*, I really thought you were going to say. There are reasons for that; she had no settlement, no power to make one, and she had wit enough to see that if anything happened to her husband, Tom and I would deal liberally with her. Heaven knows I wish and pray that he may live long, long as I will myself. Tom will have all one day, and that's sufficient." No, no, dear; we are doing very well on the present footing."

"I feared it was no use to ask you, dearest," she said; "it is the only point on which I have ever found you obstinate."

The party scampered away to the railway, to meet Tom, who was to arrive by the twelve o'clock train. It was a joyous walk; Ned stepping on with long strides, carrying his favourite thick stick; Dolly, her companions, and the terriers skipping and playing round him, like dolphins disporting round some river-god. In a few minutes Tom arrived, and was led back in procession. A tall, fair young fellow, with an even, level face, and a slight silky moustache that was almost white. There was a laugh in his eyes, but about his mouth a firmness that looked like purpose, if events that required purpose to direct them should arise in his path. He was fond of his father—called him Ned, as did all the family.

"Here are the presents," he said, pointing to a leathern casket which he carried carefully—"yours,

mine, and mother's. And I have done it handsomely this time, Ned; but that's your look-out—you told me, you know."

"All right, my dear boy; why shouldn't you do it handsomely? It will be all yours one of these days, to make ducks and drakes of. No, I didn't mean that. It's good, my making such a speech, who made ducks and drakes of everything!"

"You never saw such diamonds, father," went on the young man; "Dolly, here, will be longing for them; but she must wait for her turn."

"I am glad you have done it liberally, Tom," said his father; "you have no reason to be scraping and paring—a dashing young heir like you."

In the drawing-room the casket was opened, to exclamations of delight; and the diamond earrings, cross, etcetera, were displayed. It was agreed that Tom had done the thing handsomely, and as became his position and prospects. Then he set off, through the little gate, on his mission to Mrs. Forager. That lady received him with a rough affection, which made part of her wallet of devices.

"You know, my dear Tom Burton," she said, "I am an old lady that has seen the world, and am privileged to speak my mind. I know all about what you and Lucy have settled between you. What do either of you care about the consent of old people like me and her father? But I am obliged to you, all the same, for paying me the compliment."

"Indeed, Mrs. Forager——"

"Well, now that that formality is gone through, I don't mind telling you that I am delighted, sincerely and genuinely delighted. Haven't I seen by this time what a dear, sweet pair are your good, kind father and mother? whose attentions to us I never can forget. My dear boy, don't you know, if you hadn't a shilling in the world, I would be proud to have you for a son-in-law."

"My dear mother-in-law to be," said the young man gaily, "you will make me blush."

There was something in his tone that seemed as if he made light of these compliments. With a curiously fox-like look in her eye, she went on:—

"It's for my little Lucy's sake, you know. If it was some poor curate, and she had *really* set her affections on him, I wouldn't stand in the way; no, indeed, though people do set me down as a worldling. I know how they talk. But sit down there quietly, and let us come to business (you know you called me mother-in-law). You heard from your uncle; tell me what he said, what he'll do. You know I must ask these things, like a family doctor."

After explaining everything in the most satisfactory way, the young man went to seek Lucy, who had been waiting in a fluttering retirement while these preliminaries had been gone through.

CHAPTERS FROM TRAVEL.

BY CAPTAIN RICHARD F. BURTON.

No. I.—DAMASCUS.



THE first sight of Damascus was once famous in travel, but then men rode on horseback, and turned, a little beyond Dummār, sharply to the left of the present line. They took what was evidently the old Roman road, and which is still, on account of its being a short cut, affected by muleteers. Now, it is nothing but an ugly climb up sheet-rock and rolling stones, with bars and holes dug by the armed hoofs of many a generation. They then passed through El Zāarub, the spout—the primitive way, sunk some ten feet deep in *calcaire*, till it resembles an uncovered tunnel, and is polished like glass by the traffic and transit of ages. At its mouth you suddenly turn a corner, and see Damascus lying in panorama, a few hundred feet below you. "A pearl set in emeralds," is the citizen's description of what El Islam calls, and miscalls, the "Smile of the Prophet" (Mohammed). Like Stambul, it is beautiful from afar, as it is foul and sore within, morally and physically. The eye at once distinguishes a long head, the northern suburb, "El Saḥhiyyah;" a central nucleus, crescent-shaped, and fronting the bed of the Barada; and a long tail, or southern suburb, "El Maydān." These three centres of whitewashed dwelling, and sky-line fretted with dome and minaret, are surrounded and backed by a mass of evergreen orchard, whose outlines are sharply defined by irrigation, whilst beyond the scatter of outlying villages glare the sunburnt yellow clay and the parched rock of the Desert, whose light blue hillocks define the eastern horizon.

The prosaic approach by the French road shows little beyond ruins and graveyards. Damascus outside is a mass of graveyards, the "Great" and "Little Camps" of Constantinople, only without their cypresses; whilst within it is all graveyards and ruins, mixed with crowded and steaming bazars. This world of graves reminds one of Job's forlorn man dwelling "in desolate cities and in houses which no man inhabiteth, which are ready to become heaps." The Barada in olden times had its stone embankment; the walls are now in ruins. On our right is a ruined bridge, once leading to a large coffee-house, both also in ruins. As we advance we see upon the right of the old river-valley the Barmecide Cemetery, all desolate: and beyond it rises the fine Takiyyah (not hospital) of Sultan Selim, half ruined, with its bridge quite ruined. But, though it was prophesied that Da-

mascus should be a "ruinous heap," her position forbids annihilation. The second of Biblical cities, dating after Hebron, she has been destroyed again and again; her houses have been levelled with the ground, and the Tartar has played hockey with the heads of her sons. Still she sits upon the eastern fold of the Anti-Libanus, over her golden-rolling river, boldly overlooking the Desert in face. Damascus, not Rome, deserves, if any does, to be entitled the Eternal City.

I passed twenty-three months (October 1, 1869, to August 20, 1871), on and off, at this most picturesque and unpleasant of residences. It is now in the transitional state, neither of Asia nor of Europe. To one who has long lived in the outer East, a return to such an ambiguous state of things is utterly disenchanting. Hasan, digging or delving in long beard and long clothes, looks more like an overgrown baby than the romantic being which your fancies paint him. Fatima, with a coloured kerchief (not a nosebag) over her face, possibly spotted for greater hideousness, with Marseilles gloves, and French *bottines* of yellow satin trimmed with fringe and bugles, protruding from the white calico which might be her winding-sheet, is an absurdity. She reminds me of sundry "kings" on the West African shore, whose toilette consists of a bright bandana and a chimney-pot hat, of the largest dimensions, coloured the liveliest sky-blue.

The first steps to be taken at Damascus were to pay and receive visits; to find a house; to hire servants; to buy horses, and in fact to settle ourselves. It proved no easy matter. Certain persons had amused themselves with spreading a report that my pilgrimage to Meccah had aroused Moslem fanaticism, and perhaps might cost me my life. They as well as I knew far better. So I was not surprised at the kind and even friendly reception given to me by Emir Abd el Kadir, of Algerian fame, and by the Dean of the great Cathedral El Amawi, the late Shaykh Abdullah el Halabi. And I remember with satisfaction that, to the hour of my quitting Damascus, the Moslems never showed for me any but the most cordial feeling.

House-hunting was a more serious matter. The hotel gives you lumbago, or ague and fever; the lodging is a thing unknown, and the usual establishment, with its single entrance and its heavily-barred windows, placed high up and looking upon a central court, gives a tolerable idea of a gaol. You may see this form, which the Arabs used for defence, still lingering in the Old Bell (Holborn Hill), and in olden Galway they are numerous, being derived through Spain and Portugal from Morocco.

Rents at Damascus have been prodigiously raised during the last few years; eighty napoleons are asked for an empty and tumble-down place which in 1850 might have commanded twenty-five; moreover, the tenant pays in advance, and if he improves or is satisfied with the house, the landlord will assuredly raise his terms. After a score of failures, I found a cottage at the head of the Salhiyyah suburb; it was about a mile from the town, surrounded by gardens, flanked on one side by a mosque, on the other by a "hammâm" or bath, commanding a splendid view of the city proper, and free from the multitudinous inconveniences, including the four hours' visit, of intramural residence.

To stock the house was a yet harder task than to hire it. Good men will not change civilised Bayrut for dangerous Damascus, where in five years, out of the English colony rarely exceeding ten souls, there have been nine deaths. And if you persuade them by high salaries they turn sulky, or they fall sick. Thus, within twenty months we had three cooks, and I ended by living on bread and grapes. We had four head grooms, and left a fifth, who, being found stealing the barley, was dismissed by his employer shortly after our departure.

It is no easy thing for a stranger to buy good and sound horses at Damascus, although during the hot season it is girt by equestrian Bedawin. In the matter of driving a bargain, the "Shami" might hail from Yorkshire, and the European soon learns to imitate them. The wild men ask impossible prices from a Frankish purchaser, and even then there is a certain reluctance to sell, especially the mare. If the latter be thoroughbred she can hardly be bought under £240, a sum in these regions equal to £1,000 in England. Donkeys, which were never ridden at Damascus till the days of Ibrahim Pasha, the Egyptian—who, by-the-by, delivered the place from its own old barbarous fanaticism—have risen in the market, till a good white animal commands thirty to forty napoleons. We won a mare in a lottery, and, as she suffered from incurable stiffness of limb, we exchanged her for a donkey, whose owner presently inquired with astonishment if it had given no one a bad fall. The mare died, and the donkey, after an all but fatal illness, was cured. Of the next two horses, Salim and Harfush, the former was sprained in the back-sinews, and the latter, made vicious by bad riding, was so handy with forefoot, hoof, and tooth, that no one liked to approach those weapons. After this we became more wary, and bought and hired decent animals, but always at exorbitant prices.

After getting settled, my first care was to be up and moving, in order to become acquainted with the sphere of my duties. In 1869 the Euphrates Valley Railway had once more raised its head. This weakly babe, born as far back as 1842, and

ever since that time half fed and rickety, will not reach man's estate before the end of the present century, unless the actual state of things be radically changed. The fact is, we have shown Turkey and Russia that we want the railway for purely English purposes; two Parliamentary committees of late years have assured them of the fact, and they are acting as those usually do from whom something is wanted. Yet the most superficial observer will see at a glance the necessity of an "Andrew Route"—a subsidiary to the Lesseps Canal; a second line of more direct communication with India, and eventually a feeder of the main trunk which will run from Scutari to Karachi.

So my first tour was down-coast, in order to see what would make the best Mediterranean terminus. I was prepossessed against the Alexandretta line, which runs over waste ground to Aleppo, passes through a wilderness after leaving it, and finally strikes the Euphrates at a place where the stream is navigable only during half the year.

Reaching Tyre, which I visited a second time, I inspected the old north-eastern road, the classical line of traffic and transit, as far as the Nabatiyyah village, distant 16 direct geographical miles. The Lebanon is here easily crossed, the heights being much lower on the south than on the north, and the surface of the country is composed of basins parted by rocky ridges. From Nabatiyyah the route falls gradually into the Buk'a'a, the central portion of the Cœlesyrian Valley proper, and it makes Ba'albak after 20 more miles, being a total of 66. Thence 108 miles lead to Palmyra, the half-way house between Damascus and the Euphrates river, and thus 174 direct geographical miles separate "Tadmor in the wilderness" from Tyre on the Mediterranean.

I afterwards heard of another good line, which had been carefully surveyed by Colonel Romer, an American engineer. The seaboard terminus was Tripoli of Syria (Tarabulus el Sham). The first great station to the north-east would be Hums (91 miles), and the second Palmyra, 77 miles to the south-south-east. Thus the grand total from Tripoli to Palmyra would be 168 direct geographical miles.

Now both of these lines traverse the richest lands in Syria and Palestine. As in South America, not to say in all thinly-populated countries, the waysides would soon be crowded with settlements; and thus this section may fairly be expected to pay, or at any rate to relieve a portion of the heavy burden which the Desert will impose. From Palmyra the route strikes the Euphrates at a point where it is navigable throughout the year, and, finally, it leads us back from the distant Cape of Good Hope, and from the devious and dangerous Red Sea, to the very first of overland routes, the earliest connection between India and Europe, established long before the days of David and Solomon.

A COMMITTAL FOR MURDER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.



HE rough countrymen, elbowing and pressing, with ribald jokes and horse-play; the country girls, with disordered hair falling over their buxom cheeks; the little boys worming through the crowd; the pert wondering woman, who wants to identify the prisoner—all are silent. The crowd of labourers in smock-frocks, who were called in half an hour ago to have some witnesses, whom somebody had to identify, mixed up among them, whisper each other quiet. An apple-faced man, who has been flattening his nose against the window-glass, and nodding to the constables, now puts his ear to a crack in the pane. Even the more listless of the magistrates address themselves to listen. One lays down a paper, another a pen he has been biting.

George Trowbridge, the weather-beaten man in the rough great-coat, begins his deposition. The prisoner's legal friend stares hard and cruelly at the witness, as if convinced of his guilt. The story of the murder opens out like a little drama—terrible and ghastly in its simplicity, and touching with its every-day details.

Trowbridge was a woodman at Ashcombe Wood, in the parish of Tallet Royal, inhabiting a lonely cottage on the borders of Dorsetshire and Wiltshire. (I imagined it a dank, thistle-surrounded place, wept over by thick dark elms—boding of evil ever since its building.) Not far off was another cottage, equally lonely, and occupied by Parsons, an under-keeper, also in the employ of Mr. Grove, of Ashcombe House, Trowbridge's master. At six o'clock of Thursday, November 3rd, the poor woodman rose at the usual time; naturally grumbled, as Englishmen do, at the cold; took his rough breakfast; kissed his old wife; parted with her careless as usual at the door, and, thoughtless of evil, started off, tools in hand, just as the clock struck seven, for another part of the wood, half a mile distant, arriving there before the two other woodmen had yet come from the Home Farm. On the days that he went to this distant work, Trowbridge was generally later home to dinner, and he had told his wife that he should be back between twelve and one. At one he returned: the door was fastened; it was very silent. "Strange, mortal strange!" He looked through the window, and saw the feet of some one lying on the floor. The old woman must have had a fit: terror seized him. He made round quick to the back window, and getting his hand in and turning the latch, obtained a partial means of entrance. He squeezed and crushed through an aperture that,

at a cooler time, he could not have re-traversed. He found the body of his poor wife lying on the floor in the front room.

She was quite dead, but her feet were still warm. There was a great trail towards the door, and a saw lying on the floor. From mere habit, the poor agonised man hung up the murderous weapon on the usual nail near the door; and unlocking the door, ran for help to the nearest keeper's lodge, crying in his great agony, "Oh, help! for my poor wife is murdered!" Then, going back with Mrs. Parsons, he knelt down, kissed his wife's lacerated face, and made only too sure no life was left in her. Wandering up-stairs and down for a clue of the murderer, he soon guessed that some tramp or wandering thief had done this devil's deed; for a large chest by the side of the bed in the top room had been broken open, and two coats, three waistcoats, a pair of leggings, a pair of boots, and an umbrella stolen. Some of these had been taken off the bed, others out of the box. There were also the marks of fingers on the blind, as if the murderer had pulled at it, half intending to carry it off, or perhaps in a paroxysm of terror lest some labourer might be plodding by, whistling, to his work.

All this time neither of them—Trowbridge or the keeper's wife—suspected that the saw just hung up had been the murderer's weapon, especially as they found near the threshold the handle of a razor, and the blade of it near the front door. Some, however, shrewdly conjectured that the murderer, asking for bread—perhaps refused—suddenly seized the saw from the nail above his head, and struck his poor victim down. He then, in order to bar the door, dragged the body to the wall, and laid her head against it, her arm resting on a chair. He next rushed up-stairs, made a bundle of the clothes, and escaped.

The two doctors now appeared to give their evidence. They were fine contrasting types of the old and new schools—the one with much precept, the other, I should think, with more practice. The one lean, bony, gaunt, tall, with dress-coat, black trousers, stiff stock, and a dry, formal, pedantic, ceremonious manner; the other pliant, courteous, sandyish, with a pleasant pink-and-white face, and becoming curly thickets of bushy whiskers. The obscure technical elaboration of the wounds gave a dreadful sense of reality to the crime; and the murderer shrank more in a heap than ever as they tripped out their canine Latinisms.

The wounds had been inflicted with the sharp back and keen teeth of the woodman's saw. The first wound must have stunned the poor woman; the later and fiercer ones of frightened cruelty were the real death-blows.

The saw, then produced (taken out of a dirty newspaper), was an incisive weapon, with which such wounds might have been, and probably were, inflicted. The only wound caused by the razor was a division of the cartilage of one of the fingers.

Now for the proof against the prisoner, who was seized on board the Hythe steamer, upon Southampton water, on Friday, November 11th.

The evidence traced every motion and footstep of the wretched murderer, from the terrible Thursday, at twelve o'clock, to the 11th. He was first seen near Trowbridge's cottage at half-past ten on Sunday, the 30th of October, when he begged, in broken English, for a bit of bread at a poor man's house at Alvedstone. The wife came to the door to him, because her little boy and girl could not understand what the man said. (How seldom the poor turn away a beggar, especially a foreigner, empty-handed!) He was then carrying a little bundle, as tramps do, tied up in a dirty blue cloth. On Monday the 31st, Lord Grangeby's bailiff at Rushmore Lodge also saw him. He then wore a "wide-awake." The same day he asked relief of Mrs. Parsons, the keeper's wife, called in by Trowbridge after the murder, and living close by. On Tuesday the 1st, the Spaniard was seen by several labourers of Berwick-St.-John. On each occasion he carried a blue bundle with him. Heaven knows in what broken barn, or under what sodden haystack, the wretch slept that night, for no witness could be found who met him on Wednesday; but on Thursday he did the deed for which twenty-eight years of depravity had steeled his heart.

He must have committed the murder about half-past eleven, for Trowbridge deposed that he found the prepared dinner still in the pot on the fire. The murderer had no time and no appetite for food, though he was wandering and hungry; and at some five-and-twenty minutes to one he was observed by two labourers, father and son, at different distances from the cottage. The first saw him running with a bundle, the second met him walking with a bundle. About one, just as Trowbridge in agony was lifting up his dead wife's head, a jolly-looking, unconscious farmer, riding along the road near Blandford toll-gate, some miles from Ashcombe, saw the Spaniard. He was then limping by.

That day, dogged by fear, the murderer made a great march; for the same night he sold a pocket-handkerchief to a labourer at Dole's Ash, in Dorsetshire. Twelve hours after, the murderer, no one seeing him, no pursuit, thought he was safe. Once at Wareham, through Dorsetshire and the New Forest, he could traverse Hampshire, and at Southampton take ship for Spain, and there do penance for his sins by fighting against the Moor. "What! it is only murdering a Protestant, already old and near death. Cheer up! Here, Señor Landl! becare—English stout—ale. Let us drink and forget."

The same day he sold a best fustian waistcoat, from which blood had been washed; but which he said had been wetted by the rain, as he slept under a hay-stack. At Church Knowle, on the following Monday, he sold a waistcoat and neck-tie for two shillings. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday he was lost in the New Forest; but at a public-house in Hampshire he disposed of a blue coat for seven shillings. He probably, with thievish cunning, fearing pursuit, travelled all this time by night, and slept in holes and nooks by day. Friday, early, he was seized on board the Hythe steamer. The officer, leaving him alone till he was going to land, carried him back handcuffed in the same steamer to his own station. He was branded all over with guilt. He had Trowbridge's hat, coat, leggings, and umbrella. He had Trowbridge's boots on. His shirt had been recently washed. Twelve spots of uncoagulated blood were found on his trousers, which he wore over Trowbridge's, so as to hide them. There was a recent cut on the middle finger of his right hand. He had cut the buttons off Trowbridge's blue coat, which had been a prize one presented to him, for long service and good conduct, by the Burminster Agricultural Society, with a waistcoat to match, which was brought into court. He moreover was found wearing a thievish hat that could be worn either side, which a little baffled the witnesses.

Called upon for defence, the Spaniard refused to cross-examine the witnesses, and left everything to his "defender," who expressed his deep-grounded conviction, as a gentleman and attorney, that he should be able, if his injured client were remanded, to remove the suspicion of guilt now existing from the prisoner to some other person. At least he (the attorney) would try his best.

Here the magistrates looked at each other, and the county paper reporters (the fat gross one, the weasly sharp one, and the small snubbed one) smiled. The fat, well-to-do, unshakable Tory paper took snuff ostentatiously; the lean, pushing Radical paper drew a face; and the sinking paper gave a sigh; while the head constable looked droll, and trumpetingly blew his nose.

The cruel attempt to criminate the poor husband utterly broke down, as might have been expected. Indeed, it only arose from a rough illogical suggestion of some neighbouring country gentleman, who had said, "The police were fools; who could it be but the husband?" It was enough to make an honest man weep to see the tearful anger with which the heart-broken husband answered, or refused to answer, the insidious, dishonest questions put to him, that he might criminate himself.

One moment's consultation, and the red-handed murderer was committed for trial, and not many weeks after arrived at that fitting goal of such a life—the gibbet.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESHA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

SET FREE.

JULIA looked very much the same as she had done that evening when I came reluctantly to tell her that my heart was not in her keeping, but belonged to another. She wore the same kind of fresh, light muslin dress, with ribbons and lace about it, and

"Martin!" she cried.

"May I come in and speak to you, Julia?" I asked.

"Is my aunt worse?" she inquired hurriedly.

"Are you come to fetch me to her?"

"No, no, Julia," I said; "my mother is as well as usual, I hope. But surely you will let me speak to you after all this time?"



"WAITING FOR THE PAUSE."

she sat near the window, with a piece of needle-work in her hands; yet she was not sewing, and her hands lay listlessly on her lap. But for this attitude of dejection, I could have imagined that it was the same day and the same hour, and that she was still ignorant of the change in my feelings towards her. If it had not been for our perverse fate, we should now be returning from our wedding trip, and receiving the congratulations of our friends. A mingled feeling of sorrow, pity, and shame prevented me from advancing into the room. She looked up to see who was standing in the doorway, and my appearance there evidently alarmed and distressed her.

"It is not a long time," she answered.

"Has it not been long to you?" I asked. "It seems years to me. All life has changed for me. I had no idea then of my mother's illness."

"Nor I," she said, sighing deeply.

"If I had known it," I continued, "all this might not have happened. Surely the troubles I shall have to bear must plead with you for me!"

"Yes, Martin," she answered; "yes, I am very sorry for you."

She came forward and offered me her hand but without looking into my face. I saw that she had been crying, for her eyes were red. In a tone of formal politeness she asked me if I would not sit

down. I considered it best to remain standing, as an intimation that I should not trouble her with my presence for long.

"My mother loves you very dearly, Julia," I ventured to say, after a long pause, which she did not seem inclined to break. I had no time to lose, lest Kate Daltrey should come in, and it was a very difficult subject to approach.

"Not more than I love her," she said warmly. "Aunt Dobrée has been as good to me as any mother could have been. I love her as dearly as my mother. Have you seen her since I was with her this afternoon?"

"No. I have just come from visiting a very curious patient, and have not been home yet."

I hoped Julia would catch at the word *curious*, and make some inquiries which would open a way for me; but she seemed not to hear it, and another silence fell upon us both. For the life of me I could not utter a syllable of what I had come to say.

"We were talking of you," she said, at length, in a hurried and thick voice. "Aunt is in great sorrow about you. It preys upon her day and night that you will be dreadfully alone when she is gone, and—and—Martin, she wishes to know before she dies that the girl in Sark will become your wife."

The words struck like a shot upon my ear and brain. What! had Julia and my mother been arranging between them my happiness and Olivia's safety that very afternoon? Such generosity was incredible. I could not believe I had heard aright.

"She has seen the girl," continued Julia, in the same husky tone, which she could not compel to be clear and calm, "and she is convinced she is no adventuress. Johanna says the same. They tell me it is unreasonable and selfish in me to doom you to the dreadful loneliness I feel. If aunt Dobrée asked me to pluck out my right eye just now, I could not refuse. It is something like that, but I have promised to do it. I release you from every promise you ever made to me, Martin."

"Julia!" I cried, crossing to her and bending over her with more love and admiration than I had ever felt before; "this is very noble, very generous."

"No," she said, bursting into tears; "I am neither noble nor generous. I do it because I cannot help myself, with aunt's white face looking so imploringly at me. I do not give you up willingly to that girl in Sark. I hope I shall never see her or you for many, many years. Aunt says you will have no chance of marrying her till you are settled in a practice somewhere; but you are free to ask her to be your wife. Aunt wants you to have somebody to love you and care for you after she is gone, as I should have done."

"But you are generous to consent to it," I said again.

"No," she answered, wiping her eyes and lifting

up her head; "I thought I was generous; I thought I was a Christian, but it is not easy to be a Christian when one is mortified, and humbled, and wounded. I am a great disappointment to myself; quite as great as you are to me. I fancied myself very superior to what I am. I hope you may not be disappointed in that girl in Sark."

The latter words were not spoken in an amiable tone, but this was no time for criticising Julia. She had made a tremendous sacrifice, that was evident; and a whole sacrifice without any blemish is very rarely offered up now-a-days, however it may have been in olden times. I could not look at her dejected face and gloomy expression without a keen sense of self-reproach.

"Julia," I said, "I shall never be quite happy—no, not with Olivia as my wife—unless you and I are friends. We have grown up together too much as brother and sister, for me to have you taken right out of my life without a feeling of great loss. It is I who would lose a right hand or a right eye in losing you. Some day we must be friends again as we used to be."

"It is not very likely," she answered; "but you had better go now, Martin. It is very painful to me for you to be here."

I could not stay any longer after that dismissal. Her hand was lying on her lap, and I stooped down and kissed it, seeing on it still the ring I had given her when we were first engaged. She did not look at me or bid me goodbye; and I went out of the house, my veins tingling with shame and gladness. I met Captain Carey coming up the street, with a basket of fine grapes in his hand. He appeared very much amazed.

"Why, Martin!" he exclaimed, "can you have been to see Julia?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Reconciled?" he said, arching his eyebrows, which were still dark and bushy, though his hair was grizzled.

"Not exactly," I replied, with a stiff smile exceedingly difficult to force; "nothing of the sort indeed. Captain, when will you take me across to Sark?"

"Come, come! none of that, Martin," he said; "you're on honour, you know. You are pledged to poor Julia not to visit Sark again."

"She has just set me free," I answered; and out of the fulness of my heart I told him all that had just passed between us. His eyes glistened, though a film came across them which he had to wipe away.

"She is a noble girl," he ejaculated; "a fine, generous, noble girl. I really thought she'd break her heart over you at first, but she will come round again now. We will have a run over to Sark to-morrow."

I felt myself lifted into a third heaven of delight all that evening. My mother and I talked of no

one but Olivia. The present rapture so completely eclipsed the coming sorrow, that I forgot how soon it would be upon me. I remember now that my mother neither by word nor sign suffered me to be reminded of her illness. She listened to my rhapsodies, smiling with her divine, pathetic smile. There is no love, no love at all, like that of a mother!

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.
A BRIGHT BEGINNING.

NOT the next day, which was wet and windy, but the day following did Captain Carcy take me over to Sark. I had had time to talk over all my plans for the future with my mother, and I bore with me many messages from her to the girl I was about to ask to become my wife.

Coxcomb as I was, there was no doubt in my mind that I could win Olivia.

To explain my coxcombry is not a very easy task. I do not suppose I had a much higher sense of my own merits than such as is common to man. I admit I was neither shy nor nervous on the one hand, but on the other I was not blatantly self-conceited. It is possible that my course through life hitherto—first as an only son adored by his mother, and secondly as an exceedingly eligible *parti* in a circle where there were very few young men of my rank and family, and where there were twenty or more marriageable women to one unmarried man—had a great deal to do with my feeling of security with regard to this unknown, poor, and friendless stranger. But added to this there was Olivia's own frank, unconcealed pleasure in seeing me whenever I had had a chance of visiting her, and the freedom with which she had always conversed with me upon any topic except that of her own mysterious position. I was sure I had made a favourable impression upon her. In fact, when I had been talking with her I had given utterance to brighter and clearer thoughts than I had ever been conscious of before. A word from her, a simple question, seemed to touch the spring of some hidden treasure of my brain, and I had surprised myself by what I had been enabled to say to her. It was this, probably, more than her beauty, which had drawn me to her and made me happy in her companionship. No, I had never shown myself contemptible, but quite the reverse, in her presence. No doubt or misgiving assailed me as the yacht carried us out of St. Sampson's Harbour.

Swiftly we ran across, with a soft wind drifting over the sea and playing upon our faces, and a long furrow lying in the wake of our boat. It was almost low tide when we reached the island—the best time for seeing the cliffs. They were standing well out of the water, scarred and chiselled with strange devices, and glowing in the August sun-

light with tints of the most gorgeous colouring, whilst their feet, swathed with brown seaweed, were glistening with the dashing of the waves. I had seen nothing like them since I had been there last, and the view of these wild, rugged crags, with their regal robes of amber and gold and silver, almost oppressed me with delight. If I could but see Olivia on this summit!

The currents and the wind had been in favour of our running through the channel between Sark and Jethou, and so landing at the Creux Harbour, on the opposite coast of the island to the Havre Gosselin.

I crossed in headlong haste, for I was afraid of meeting with Julia's friends, or some of my own acquaintances who were spending the summer months there. I found Tardif's house completely deserted. The only sign of life was a family of hens clucking about the fold.

The door was not fastened, and I entered, but there was nobody there. I stood in the middle of the kitchen and called, but there was no answer. Olivia's door was ajar, and I pushed it a little more open. There lay books I had lent her on the table, and her velvet slippers were on the floor, as if they had only just been taken off. Very worn and brown were the little slippers, but they reassured me she had been wearing them a short time ago.

I returned through the fold and mounted the bank that sheltered the house, to see if I could discover any trace of her, or Tardif, or his mother. All the place seemed left to itself. Tardif's sheep were browsing along the cliffs, and his cows were tethered here and there, but nobody appeared to be tending them. At last I caught sight of a head rising from behind a crag, the rough shock head of a boy, and I shouted to him, making a trumpet with my hands.

"Where is neighbour Tardif?" I called.

"Down below there!" he shouted back again, pointing downwards to the Havre Gosselin. I did not wait for any further information, but darted off down the long, steep gully to the little strand, where the pebbles were being lapped lazily by the ripple of the lowering tide. Tardif's boat was within a stone's-throw, and I saw Olivia sitting in the stern of it. I shouted again with a vehemence which made them both start.

"Come back, Tardif," I cried, "and take me with you!"

The boat was too far off for me to see how my sudden appearance affected Olivia. Did she turn white or red at the sound of my voice? By the time it neared the shore, and I plunged in knee-deep to meet it, her face was bright with smiles, and her hands were stretched out to help me over the boat's side.

If Tardif had not been there I should have kissed them both. As it was, I tucked up my wet legs out

of reach of her dress, and took an oar, unable to utter a word of the gladness I felt.

I recovered myself in a few seconds, and touched her hand, and grasped Tardif's with almost as much force as he gripped mine.

"Where are you going to?" I asked, addressing neither of them in particular.

"Tardif was going to row me past the entrance to the Gouliot Caves," answered Olivia, "but we will put it off now. We will return to the shore, and hear all your adventures, Dr. Martin. You come upon us like a phantom, and take an oar in ghostly silence. Are you really, truly there?"

"I am no phantom," I said, touching her hand again. "No, we will not go back to the shore. Tardif shall row us to the caves, and I will take you into them, and then we two will return along the cliffs. Would you like that, mam'zelle?"

"Very much," she answered, the smile still playing about her face. It was brown and freckled with exposure to the sun, but so full of health and life as to be doubly beautiful to me, who saw so many wan and sickly faces. There was a bloom and freshness about her, telling of pure air, and peaceful hours and days spent in the sunshine. I was seated on the bench before Tardif, with my back to him, and Olivia was in front of me—she, and the gorgeous cliffs, and the glistening sea, and the cloudless sky overhead. No, there is no language on earth that could paint the rapture of that moment.

"Doctor," said Tardif's deep, grave voice behind me, "your mother, is she better?"

It was like the sharp prick of a poniard, which presently you knew must pierce your heart.

The one moment of rapture had fled. The Paradise that had been about me for an instant, with no hint of pain, faded out of my sight. But Olivia remained, and her face grew sad, and her voice low and sorrowful, as she leaned forward to speak to me.

"I have been so grieved for you," she said. "Your mother came to see me once, and promised to be my friend. Is it true? Is she so very ill?"

"Quite true," I answered in a choking voice.

We said no more for some minutes, and the splash of the oars in the water was the only sound. Olivia's air continued sad, and her eyes were downcast, as if she shrank from looking me in the face.

"Pardon me, doctor," said Tardif in our own dialect, which Olivia could not understand, "I have made you sorry when you were having a little gladness. Is your mother very ill?"

"There is no hope, Tardif," I answered, looking round at his honest and handsome face, full of concern for me.

"May I speak to you as an old friend?" he asked. "You love mam'zelle, and you are come to tell her so?"

"What makes you think that?" I said.

"I see it in your face," he answered, lowering his voice, though he knew Olivia could not tell what we were saying. "Your marriage with mademoiselle your cousin was broken off—why? Do you suppose I did not guess? I knew it from the first week you stayed with us. Nobody could see mam'zelle as we see her, without loving her."

"The Sark folks say you are in love with her yourself, Tardif," I said, almost against my will, and certainly without any intention beforehand of giving expression to such a rumour.

His lips contracted and his face saddened, but he met my eyes frankly.

"It is true," he answered; "but what then? If it had only pleased God to make me like you, or that she should be of my class, I would have done my utmost to win her. But that is impossible! See, I am nothing else than a servant in her eyes. I do not know how to be anything else, and I am content. She is as far above my reach as one of the white clouds up yonder. To think of myself as anything but her servant would be irreligious."

"You are a good fellow, Tardif," I exclaimed.

"God is the judge of that," he said with a sigh. "Mam'zelle thinks of me only as her servant. 'My good Tardif, do this, or do that.' I like it. I do not know any happier moment than when I hold her little boots in my hand and brush them. You see she is as helpless and tender as my little wife was; but she is very much higher than my poor little wife. Yes, I love her as I love the blue sky, and the white clouds, and the stars shining in the night. But it will be quite different between her and you."

"I hope so," I thought to myself.

"You do not feel like a servant," he continued, his oars dipping a little too deeply and setting the boat a-rocking. "By-and-by, when you are married, she will look up to you and obey you. I do not understand altogether why the good God has made this difference between us two; but I see it and feel it. It would be fitting for you to be her husband; it would be a shame to her to become my wife."

"Are you grieved about it, Tardif?" I asked.

"No, no," he answered; "we have always been good friends, you and I, doctor. No, you shall marry her, and I will be happy. I will come to visit you sometimes, and she will call me her good Tardif. That is enough for me."

"What are you talking about?" asked Olivia. It was impossible to tell her, or to continue the conversation. Moreover, the narrow channel between Breckhou and Sark is so strong in its current, that it required both caution and skill to steer the boat amidst the needle-like points of the rocks. At last we gained one of the entrances to the caves, but we could not pull the boat quite up to the strand. A

few paces of shallow water, clear as glass, with pebbles sparkling like gems beneath it, lay between us and the caves.

"Tardif," I said, "you need not wait for us. We will return by the cliffs."

"You know the caves as well as I do?" he replied, though in a doubtful tone.

"All right!" I said, as I swung over the side of the boat into the water, when I found myself knee-deep. Olivia looked from me to Tardif with a flushed face—an augury that made my pulses leap. Why should her face never change when he carried her in his arms? Why should she shrink from me?

"Are you as strong as Tardif?" she asked, lingering, and hesitating before she would trust herself to me.

"Almost, if not altogether," I answered gaily. "I'm strong enough to undertake to carry you without wetting the soles of your feet. Come, it is not more than half a dozen yards."

She was standing on the bench I had just left, looking down at me with the same vivid flush upon her cheeks and forehead, and with an uneasy expression in her eyes. Before she could speak again I put my arms round her, and lifted her down.

"You are quite as light as a feather," I said, laughing, as I carried her to the strip of moist and humid strand under the archway in the rocks. As I put her down I looked back to Tardif, and saw him regarding us with grave and sorrowful eyes.

"Adieu!" he cried; "I am going to look after my lobster-pots. God bless you both!"

He spoke the last words heartily; and we stood watching him as long as he was in sight. Then we went on into the caves.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH. THE GOULIOT CAVES.

OLIVIA was very silent.

The coast of Sark shows some of the most fantastic workmanship of the sea, but the Gouliot Caves are its wildest and maddest freak. A strong, swift current sets in from the south-west, and being lashed into a giddy fury by the lightest south-west wind, it has hewn out of the rock a series of cells, and grottoes, and alcoves, some of them running far inland, in long, vaulted passages and corridors, with now and then a shaft or funnel in the rocky roof, through which the light streams down into recesses far from the low porches opening from the sea. Here and there a crooked, twisted tunnel forms a skylight overhead, and the blue heavens look down through it like a far-off eye. You cannot number the caverns and niches. Everywhere the sea has bored alleys and galleries, or hewn out solemn aisles, with arches intersecting each other, and running off into capricious furrows and mouldings. There are innumerable rifts, and channels,

and crescents, and cupolas, half-finished or only hinted at. There are chambers of every height and shape, leading into one another by irregular portals, but all rough and rude, as though there might have been an original plan, from which, whilst the general arrangement is kept, every separate stroke perversely diverged.

But another, and not a secondary, curiosity of this ocean labyrinth is that it is the habitat of a multitude of marine creatures, not to be seen at home in many other places. Except twice a month, at the neap tides, the lower chambers are filled with the sea; and here live and flourish thousands upon thousands of those mollusks and zoophytes, which can exist only in its salt waters. The sides of the caves, as far as the highest tides swept, were studded with crimson and purple and amber mollusca, glistening like jewels in the light pouring down upon them from the eyelet openings overhead. Not the space of a finger-tip was clear. Above them in the clefts of the rock hung fringes of delicate ferns of the most vivid green, whilst here and there were nooks and crevices of profound darkness, black with perpetual, unbroken shadow.

I had known the caves well when I was a boy, but it was many years since I had been there. Now I was alone in them with Olivia, no other human being in sight or sound of us. I had scarcely eyes for any sight but that of her face, which had grown shy and downcast, and was generally turned away from me. She would be frightened, I thought, if I spoke to her in that lonesome place. I would wait till we were on the cliffs, in the open eye of day.

She left my side for one moment whilst I was poking under a stone for a young pieuvre, which had darkened the little pool of water round it with its inky fluid. I heard her utter an exclamation of delight, and I gave up my pursuit instantly to learn what was giving her pleasure. She was stooping down to look beneath a low arch, not more than two feet high, and I knelt down beside her. Beyond lay a straight, narrow channel of transparent water, blue from a faint reflected light, with smooth sculptured walls of rock, clear from mollusca, rising on each side of it. Level lines of mimic waves rippled monotonously upon it, as if it was stirred by some soft wind which we could not feel. You could have peopled it with tiny boats flitting across it, or skimming lightly down it. Tears shone in Olivia's eyes.

"It reminds me so of a canal in Venice," she said, in a tremulous voice.

"Do you know Venice?" I asked; and the recollection of her portrait taken in Florence came to my mind. Well, by-and-by I should have a right to hear about all her wanderings.

"Oh, yes!" she answered; "I spent three months there once, and this place is like it."

"Was it a happy time?" I inquired, jealous of those tears.

"It was a hateful time," she said vehemently. "Don't let us talk of it. I hate to remember it. Why cannot we forget things, Dr. Martin? You, who are so clever, can tell me that."

"That is simple enough," I said, smiling. "Every circumstance of our life makes a change in the substance of the brain, and whilst that remains sound and in vigour we cannot forget. To-day is being written on our brain now. You will have to remember this, Olivia."

"I know I shall remember it," she answered in a low tone.

"You have travelled a great deal, then?" I pursued, wishing her to talk about herself, for I could scarcely trust my resolution to wait till we were out of the caves. "I love you with all my heart and soul" was on my tongue's end.

"We travelled nearly all over Europe," she replied.

I wondered whom she meant by "we." She had never used the plural pronoun before, and I thought of that odious woman in Guernsey—an unpleasant recollection.

We had wandered back to the opening where Tardif had left us. The rapid current between us and Breckhou was running in swift eddies, which showed the more plainly because the day was calm, and the open sea smooth. Olivia stood near me; but a sort of chilly diffidence had crept over me, and I could not have ventured to press too closely to her, or to touch her with my hand.

"How have you been content to live here?" I asked.

"This year in Surk has saved me," she answered softly.

"What has it saved you from?" I inquired, with intense eagerness. She turned her face full upon me, with a world of reproach in her grey eyes.

"Dr. Martin," she said, "why will you persist in asking me about my former life? Tardif never does. He never implies by a word or look that he wishes to know more than I choose to tell. I cannot tell you anything about it."

I felt uncomfortably that she was drawing a comparison unfavourable to me between Tardif and myself—the gentleman, who could not conquer or conceal his desire to fathom a mystery, and the fisherman, who acted as if there were no mystery at all. Yet Olivia appeared more grieved than offended; and when she knew how I loved her she would admit that my curiosity was natural. She should know, too, that I was willing to take her as she was, with all the secrets of her former life kept from me. Some day I would make her own I was as generous as Tardif.

Just then my ear caught for the first time a low boom-boom, which had probably been sounding through the caves for some minutes.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated.

Yet a moment's thought convinced me that, though there might be a little risk, there was no paralysing danger. I had forgotten the narrowness of the gully through which alone we could gain the cliffs. From the open span of beach where we were now standing, there was no chance of leaving the caves except as we had come to them, by a boat; for on each side a crag ran like a spur into the water. The comparatively open space permitted the tide to lap in quietly, and steal imperceptibly higher upon its pebbles. But the low boom I heard was the sea rushing in through the throat of the narrow outlet through which lay our only means of escape. There was not a moment to lose. Without a word, I snatched up Olivia in my arms, and ran back into the caves, making as rapidly as I could for the long, straight passage.

Neither did Olivia speak a word or utter a cry. We found ourselves in a low tunnel, where the water was beginning to flow in pretty strongly. I set her down for an instant, and tore off my coat and waistcoat. Then I caught her up again, and strode along over the slippery, sliny masses of rock which lay under my feet, covered with sea-weed.

"Olivia," I said, "I must have my right hand free to steady myself with. Put both your arms round my neck, and cling to me so. Don't touch my arms or shoulders."

Yet the clinging of her arms about my neck, and her cheek close to mine, almost unnerved me. I held her fast with my left arm, and steadied myself with my right. We gained in a minute or two the mouth of the tunnel. The drift was pouring into it with a force almost too great for me, burdened as I was. But there was the pause of the tide, when the waves rushed out again in white floods, leaving the water comparatively shallow. There were still six or eight yards to traverse before we could reach an archway in the cliffs, which would land us in safety in the outer caves. Across this small space the tide came in strongly, beating against the foot of the rocks, and rebounding with great force. There was some peril, but we had no alternative. I lifted Olivia a little higher against my shoulder, for her long serge dress wrapped dangerously around us both; and then waiting for the pause in the throbbing of the tide, I dashed hastily across.

One swirl of the water coiled about us, washing up nearly to my throat, and giving me almost a choking sensation of dread; but before a second could swoop down upon us I had staggered half-blinded to the arch, and put down Olivia in the small, secure cave within it. She had not spoken once. She did not seem able to speak now. Her large, terrified eyes looked up at me dumbly, and her face was white to the lips. I clasped her in my arms once more, and kissed her forehead and lips again and again, in a paroxysm of passionate love and gladness.

"Thank God!" I cried. "How I love you, Olivia!"

I had told her only a few minutes before that the brain is ineffaceably stamped with the impress of every event in our lives. But how much more deeply do some events burn themselves there than others! I see it all now—more clearly, it seems to me, than my eyes saw it then. There is the huge, high entrance to the outer caves where we are standing, with a massive lintel of rocks overhead, all black but for a few purple and grey tints scattered across the blackness. Behind us the sea is glistening, and prismatic colours play upon the cliffs. Shadows fall from rocks we cannot see. Olivia stands before me, pale and terrified, the water running from her heavy dress, which clings about her slender

figure. She shrinks away from me a pace or two.

"Hush!" she cries in a tone of mingled pain and dread; "hush!"

There was something so positive, so prohibitory in her voice and gesture that my heart contracted, and a sudden chill of despondency ran through me. But I could not be silent now. It was impossible for me to hold my peace, even at her bidding.

"Why do you say hush?" I asked peremptorily. "I love you, Olivia. Is there any reason why I should not love you?"

"Yes," she said very slowly and with quivering lips. "I was married four years ago, and my husband is living still!"

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

THE COIN COLLECTOR.

BY P. W. STUART MENTREACH.

IN SIX CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE SIXTH.



I was in the cool of the evening that we drove back to Rome. At first we traversed the Campagna, and as I watched the sun sink behind its solitudes, the voices of my companions carried back to me the pleasant memories of my native land. Though I knew it but by hearsay, or perhaps because I had no better knowledge of it, that land was almost ideal to me, and the calm and pleasant voices of its daughters now seemed to assure me of the justness of my love for it. As yet I had never decided when to visit it, for I had looked forward to such a visit as a matter of course, and such projects are precisely those most apt to be delayed. I had intended, moreover, at some future time to reside permanently in England, and I had wished to complete my knowledge of Roman numismatics before leaving so suitable a field for its acquirement as Rome. Now, however, all my plans were changed. As I revived, under the fresh influence of the pleasant evening air, the load of terror that had oppressed my mind wore swiftly off; but the carriage, rolling over the smooth road, seemed to bear me too slowly from the scene of that past agony. I felt a wish to start that night, and to leave for ever the well-known localities that were henceforth associated with those tortures; and the thought of England as a scene of safety and peace, and a place where no hidden horrors underlaid the smooth surface of society, came before me with unutterable attraction, and seemed the only spell to break the charm of fearful remembrances that must now oppress me in Italy.

More practical reasons than my fanciful pictures of England also joined in deciding me to leave Italy. The marchese, if aware of my escape,

might devise other means of getting rid of me. As to appealing to the courts, I judged that the power and influence of my antagonist would be amply sufficient to discredit my personal testimony to such a strange story as I should have to tell. I considered it hopeless to prove my adventures, and impossible in Italy to avoid the vengeance of the *marchese*. Silence and speedy departure appeared my only reasonable course. But first I must see Francesca and her father. I could act but in one way regarding them, and I decided on it without difficulty. Through that decision, I might not break off entirely with the country of my youth, but it should still be represented with me in the fairest of its forms.

When we reached the Arch of Drusus, and saw to right and left the Baths of Caracalla and the Palatine, I had already shaped my decision, and had no more uncertainties to perplex me; what now remained was the part of fate, and I required no further reflection. My companions had not addressed me during the drive, thinking doubtless that I was overcome with fatigue. I now joined in their conversation, and we talked of pictures and antiquities, until we reached the Piazza di Spagna, and the hotel where they were lodging. I learnt that they would leave Rome in a few days, and thanking them cordially for their assistance, I obtained their English address, and expressed the hope that I might next meet them in England. I told them that I should be forced to leave Rome at once, and that I should run great risk in showing myself in the streets before my departure. After promising to explain the whole mystery when in England, and leaving them my card, I started for my lodgings, making my way there through the darkest streets that I could select. I entered my rooms with a

latch-key, and without being seen by the people of the house. I hurriedly changed my dress, and unlocking a bureau, took from it a small case of papers. With this, and now wrapped in a cloak, I was proceeding towards the stair, when a sudden thought made me turn and glance hastily into a looking-glass. What I saw there made me pause, and more carefully arrange my toilet. My hair was no longer brown, my face no longer young; I was grey-haired and middle-aged! For a moment, I thought it might yet be best to change my plans. But I felt the force of life still burn within me with recovered strength, and I hastily descended the stairs and hurried through the streets upon my errand.

I soon reached the street behind the Pantheon, and saw a light at the windows that I sought. I mounted the narrow stair, and, rapping at the door, soon heard the voice of Francesca calling to ask who knocked.

"It is I," I cried. "I must see you for an instant."

"Who are you?" she replied, with no recognition in the tone.

I told my name, and at length the door was opened. Francesca stood upon the threshold, the lamp raised in her hand, and her face bent inquiringly towards me.

For a moment I saw no recollection in her eyes; I felt that the next moment would decide my life; then she let the lamp drop from her hand, and I caught her in my arms, for she would have fallen upon the floor.

I sprinkled some water on her face. A lamp outside cast a faint light into the room. She soon revived, and now emotion gave me back my former voice, for as she woke she recognised my tones, and I spoke to her passionately of love. "But have I dreamed?" she said; "for just now I saw you standing by me, but with another voice and another face, and yet it was you. I have seen such things in dreams; oh, tell me, was it a dream?"

"Francesca," I said, "did your father tell you where I have been?"

"No; but I remember he seemed uneasy about you last night."

"Ah! yes; it was yesterday morning you saw me last?"

"When you were speaking with my father yesterday morning; I have not seen you since."

"Francesca, I am going to England. I am going to my own country, and I cannot go without you."

"But my father!"

This answer was enough for me; I lighted the lamp; Francesca was now upon her feet, and her faintness had passed off. I turned my face towards her, and asked her if she would be my wife.

"But what have you done?" she exclaimed. "What has happened? Tell me first, and I will give you my answer. And here is my father."

Her father entered with old Gorzo, and though

doubtless displeased to find me alone with his daughter, showed no other feeling than astonishment at the change in my appearance. Francesca left us at my request, and I told my story to the two old men. My changed appearance so deeply impressed them that they paid no attention to my offer to procure, for their satisfaction, the testimony of the English family who had found me in the catacombs. They seemed overcome with terror at my story, and they agreed that it would be useless to attempt appealing to the courts. I now produced the papers which I had brought with me, and soon satisfied them that my fortune was, according to Italian notions, even large. I asked the hand of Francesca, and her father consented, with the ready acquiescence of her uncle. "I have already received her dower," I said; "but in my country a dower is not necessary, and I am glad that is settled and done with."

"But I can still give her something more," said the father.

"Let us leave that for the present," I rejoined; "in the mean time, I must get to England with my wife."

So the matter was settled. I sent some letters of introduction, which I had not used as yet, to the persons they were addressed to, and through their influence, as there was no obstacle of creed to separate us, I had little difficulty in arranging a marriage at Civita Vecchia. From thence we sailed at once for Marseilles.

My wife accepted her father's assurance that a great trial was the cause of the strange alteration in my appearance. She never questioned me regarding it, and soon I nearly regained my youth. Into all the reasons that prevented me from telling my adventure to her I will not enter; the reader can easily imagine them if he will.

* * * * *

For some years I never heard of the marchese; I imagine that he must have ascertained my escape, but ascertaining also my subsequent conduct, must have thought it best not to molest me. I was nevertheless greatly relieved to find in the papers, one morning, that he had been arrested and imprisoned for life, in consequence of certain criminal charges which were never wholly made public. We had then been more than five years married, and I no longer scrupled to tell my wife that partly to my adventure with the marchese I owed the blessing of her companionship.

We could never prevail upon her father to visit England. He died a few years later. Part of his collection was sent me by old Gorzo, his executor. Among the coins was one carefully wrapped in a written paper; it was the gold *Heliogabalus*; the writing stated that it was bought, for a moderate price, at the sale of the collection of the marchese L—, as a *cinque-cento* forgery of very ingenious workmanship. I have had it fitted as a bracelet for my wife.





"THE, LITTLE STRANGER"



AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND NO."

CHAPTER THE THIRD

LUCY FORAGER was a bright, *gliding* creature, a little vehement and *on* occasion, with a corner for romance, still a standing miracle for all who knew *her*.

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tion, that her own qualities quite coloured up the parent's into handsome amiable virtues. This faith made her look on with reverence and respect while mamma was pursuing some of her favourite manœuvres.

Tom met her with enthusiasm. "We have been talking business," he said, "and all is settled."

"And mamma made no difficulties," said she, a trifle mischievously. "Oh, she is very fond of me; I wouldn't."

"I," said the youth, smiling. "No, she is not so capricious. Uncle has behaved nobly, which has been a month coming, to take care of us;" which he afterwards translated into good English as fifteen hundred pounds.

"We shan't want more, dear Lucy—so much; as we must not part with our little Abbeylands—your future home."

The girl, all affection as she was, entered heartily into these earthly details. These few particles of the maternal heaven

came into her system. Nearly an hour of communications.

"Dinner-party to-day," he said, "Mr. Phelps the clergyman, and

Uncle is coming, to pay homage to the

Abbeylands; this is all in

order, and mother is

in the

new carriage,

the old

und—

have a sort of prescriptive right to being asked to dinner. In such relations there is always an air of smiling obsequiousness—a deference and confidence in corners. Such families hold their little German Court. Mr. Phelps, a round-faced, twinkling-eyed clergyman, was a sort of spiritual humorist for the party, and was tenderly interested in all that concerned them. (Doctor Dilly, the rector, was seventy-five—long past his work—and it was a scandal the way he clung to his place; but when he should be taken away, the family would to a certainty recommend his hard-working curate, Phelps.)

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter were of the numerous class who are said to be born for society—who advance through it with a sort of swimming rather than a walking motion. Such glide in and out, very well oiled, between all the different groups, and every one pronounces them charming. Indeed, one might envy their exceptional position, occupying a position analogous to that of a belle at a ball; and like the lilies of the field, they seemed not to have the trouble of sewing or spinning, but dined from home and went on visits to country houses for three-quarters of the year. Yet they were what Mrs. Forger would have contemptuously called "poor famished creatures," being supposed to have but four or five hundred a year, or even less; but when people are thus supported by their friends, it becomes easy to live on a very little.

Mr. Charles Hunter owed this to his own happy manner, and to his wife's singing "Gin a body meet a body," in a very able and life-like manner, giving a capital native pronunciation to the word "body."

The presence of some little amatory impropriety was justly associated with her; and with it, more happy than many a public singer, she secured at daily bread, rich dishes, champagne, etc., for weeks at a time. There are many wandering Willies about, male and female, who earn what may be calculated at worth 100 or three hundred a year. Her husband is one of her greatest admirers, being ever so much in delight when the "body" met, or otherwise welcomed the person who was rough the rye; but what really secured him the lodging was the proprietorship of a certain enter, the absolute fee of whom seemed to be vested in him.

The nobleman, his seat in the country as well as house, his private affairs, his tradesmen, appeared to have complete disposal; and as having a letter from him in his pocket, and as just come from, or being on the eve of going to, Degunter, he came to be considered as the assign of that nobleman, his administrator. At Degunter he had his private through Degunter he obtained other noble and gentlemen; and without any qualification of genius, or ability, beyond easy manners.

and a delightful self-confidence (assisted, of course, by the "boody"), he was extraordinarily popular, especially with the ladies.

He it was who now took Tom mysteriously aside, as for some important communication, and said, "Delighted! it is the right thing to do, and I admire you for it." The lad presently glided round to the ladies with compliments and jests, and was greeted with smiles. Now arrived, with a rustling as of falling leaves on a windy day, Mr. and Mrs. Forager, and the charming Lucy, blushing and with drooping eyes, whom Ned Burton advanced to meet with a specially tender and hearty manner. Mr. Forager, a gentlemanly and reserved person, followed unnoticed at the close. Tom felt as if he were in a dream; indeed, there was something in the looks and smiles of all the faces about him that suggested the peculiar atmosphere of a wedding-day.

Mrs. Forager, resplendent in a rich blue satin, which the riches of her proper person seemed to overflow in billows, was volubly confidential with the host. She was received in a new character now, and considered that the happy result was fairly owing to her own exertions. The dinner was on a festival scale; the family plate, of which she complacently took stock, glittering on buffet and board.

It was towards the close, when the repast had been cleared away, that Mr. Charles Hunter, who was considered to do everything with the most charming *à propos*, rose to make a few observations, saying, as he did so, that he was sure "what he was about to do, though a little foreign to what was observed on such occasions, would be just an interpretation of what was in every one's heart." Though personally he went about a good deal, and his friends were kind enough to give him opportunities of seeing their domestic hearths, it had rarely been his lot to take part in so interesting and touching a proceeding as the present. They all knew of what character it was. They were all neighbours, friends—warm friends. They all felt a thrill of happiness when the happiness of his dear host and hostess was concerned. That was the point he was coming to. Circumstances of a peculiar character had placed their friend, whom he might be privileged to call to his face what he was affectionately called behind his back—Ned Burton—in an important and exceptional position; and no man, in his poor judgment, filled it with more honour to himself or more delight to his friends. That position proved the love, trust, and appreciation of others who were far away. That our dear friend, Ned Burton, with his amiable lady, might long live to adorn that position, and rule as he had done at Abbeylands, was, I knew, the wish dearest to all their hearts.

This speech was considered a model of feeling tact, and produced a warm glow of gushing

affection all round the table. Every one felt them of emotion, and honest Ned Burton returned the march with feeling, and a "may God bless you all!" Wyn said that as to his own position, which his friend alluded to, no one more than himself regretted the continued absence of his dear brother, whose place his unworthy self held that day. He supposed that it was useless protesting at that time of day; his brother wished him to be there, and he was there; and, in fact, he might say that both looked on themselves as trustees and administrators for the young and happy couple down there, on whom it must ultimately devolve in the course of nature. All he could say was, he would do his best, for the rest of his life, to merit the good opinion of the dear friends he saw about him.

There were a few more speeches, and then the ladies went into the handsome drawing-rooms. The same indescribable tone was diffused over all—the soft light, the pleasant faces, the congratulatory air.

Every one was, or affected to be, happy. Mrs. Forager's eyes—the billows surging over the blue dress as she sat on an ottoman—wandered with pride to the elder Burtons, who from squares and ovals looked down on the new connection. Ned Burton had taken her on an expedition with her daughter and Tom, to show her the boudoir which, newly and resplendently furnished, was to be Lucy's for the future.

Indeed, the night was, for the little girl herself, one Arabian Night's Entertainment, and though her heart was not much affected by these things, they became fairly like background for the figures in the centre. The presents, the diamond ear-rings and brooch with which it was insisted she should be invested for the night, the smiling homage of all, the almost affectionate tenderness of her future father-in-law, even Mr. Hunter's "graceful" speeches, all this made it for her like a dream.

To Ned Burton and his family, it seemed as though on this night their possession of the old home and its splendour had for the first time received public recognition and confirmation.

Of course, on such an occasion, the "boody" that wished to be so gallantly treated in the rye made her rather sophistical defence; and Mrs. Hunter, in honour of the festival, put forth all her powers. Never was she so arch, so playful, so demure, so confidential with the keys of the door, and her husband, for whom it was now about the fifteen-hundredth time of repetition, listened with that delighted air of interest in which he never failed. This attention really answered for a dance, or that covering which the orchestra supplies where an ancient soprano is weak on a high note; for where a husband is seen to listen to his wife's performance with all the rapt attention that to a first performance, and gravely shaking his head at whoever whispers, people think that there

There be some charm in gifts which, though anti-
ed, can never flag with such a constant ad-
miration. It was admitted that the performer had
gone through the rye, or defended general
ulation, with such piquancy or success.

It soon came to eleven o'clock, when the pleasant
doctor and rollicking-eyed Phelps had to depart.
The Foragers were to walk home—Lucy, of course,
attended by her lover; Mrs. Forager casting a look
of pride at the handsome stairs and hall, and per-
haps assuring herself of much delightful residence
in this charming abode. There was a little brass
lantern for family use, which Tom lighted; and
giving his arm to his Lucy, set forth down the little
private path; Mr. Forager and his lady following.
It was a moonlight night, and the rays dappled
the path before the steps of the "happy pair."

Almost at the same moment, Billings the railway
porter was tramping along the high road from the
station with a tawny-coloured envelope in his
pocket, for the speedy delivery of which he knew
he should be handsomely rewarded. He arrived
at Abbeylands about twelve o'clock, when Ned and
his wife were in the deserted drawing-room, talking
placidly over the happy scenes of that night.
The immediate subject of their conversation was
Lucy's boudoir. "In fact, my dear," said Ned, "I
think the best and simplest thing would be what
they do in France—throw down the west wall alto-
gether, and build a small quarter for the happy
pair. Give them, in short, a place of their own,
which they can hold until I go under, when I sup-
pose they must be welcome to this."

Mrs. Burton was ruminating abstractedly.

"It always seems to me so odd," she said, "about
your brother giving up this place, one of the love-
liest in England; it is incomprehensible."

"Not to me," he answered. "I comprehend. He
knows what the woman would be capable of if they
came home; he has great love for me, and he would
not expose us to her vengeance."

"Vengeance, my dear old Ned! is not that a
very old story now?"

"She has never forgiven me, or any of us.—
What's that?"

The sound of the hall-bell was heard. In a
moment the servant had brought in a tawny-
coloured envelope. "Telegram for immediate de-
livery" was written outside, according to the regular
formula. Ned looked at it with a sort of dull awe,
timorous, uncertain whether he should open it. His
wife came over and looked at it without speaking.
It seemed like some torpedo which both were afraid
even to touch.

"Why, what on earth does this mean?" said Ned
impatiently, and almost at once tore it open. He
read, and the wife read over his shoulder:—

"ALGIERS.
"We have some wonderful news for you. Lydia this morn-
ing gave birth to a son and heir, quite unexpectedly. Mother
and child are both doing well. I am overjoyed, as you may
imagine, but will take due care of you and yours. We shall come
home to Abbeylands as soon as she is fit to travel. Will write by
this post."

As they made out this last word, they heard the
voice of Tom under the windows, singing, as he
returned with his lantern.

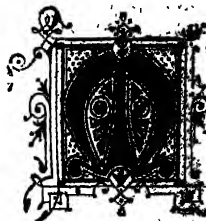
Poor disinherited Tom!

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

CHAPTERS FROM TRAVEL.

BY CAPTAIN RICHARD F. BURTON.

No. II.—PALMYRA.



Y next excursion was naturally
to Palmyra. Until the spring
of 1870, a traveller visiting
Syria, for the express purpose
perhaps of seeing "Tadmor
in the wilderness," after being
kept waiting for months at
Damascus, had to return dis-
appointed. Only the rich
could afford the large Bedawin escort, for which
even 6,000 francs and more have been demanded.
Add to this the difficulties, hardships, and dan-
gers of the journey, the heat of the arid Desert,
want of water, chances of attack, the long forced
marches by night and hiding by day, ending
with a stummy halt of forty-eight hours at a place

for which so many sacrifices had been made, and
where a fortnight is the minimum of time required.

Since the beginning of the last century, the Porte
has had in view a military occupation of the car-
avan route between Damascus and the Euphrates.
"The Turk will catch up your best mare on the
back of a lame donkey," say the Arabs, little think-
ing what high praise they award to the conquering
race. The *cordon militaire* was to extend from
Damascus, *via* Jayrud, Karyatayn, Palmyra, and
Sukhnah, to Dayr on the great river. The wells
were to be commanded by block-houses, the roads
to be cleared by movable columns, and thus the
plundering Bedawin, who refuse all allegiance to
the Sultan, would be kept, perforce, in the Dau or
Desert between the easternmost offsets of the Anti-

Libanus and the fertile uplands of Nejd. This project, for which M. Raphael Denerville hopes and fears in his charming little work on the Palmyrene, was apparently rescued from the fate of good intentions by Omar Bey, a Hungarian officer, who had served the Porte since 1848. He moved from Hamah with a body of some 1,600 men—enough to cut his way through half the vermin in Araby the Unblest. Presently, after occupying Palmyra, building barracks and restoring the old Druze castle, he proceeded eastward to Sukhnah, whence he could communicate with the force expected to march westward from Baghdad. The welcome intelligence was hailed with joy—Palmyra, so long excluded from the Oriental tour, lay open to the European traveller; half a step had been taken towards an Euphrates Valley Railway. At Damascus men congratulated themselves upon the new line of frontier, which was naturally expected to strengthen and to extend the limits of Syria, and the merchant rejoiced to learn that his caravan would be no longer liable to wholesale plunder.

A fair vision doomed soon to fade! After six months or so of occupation, Omar Bey, whose men were half starving, became tired of Palmyra, and was recalled to Damascus. The garrison was reduced to 200 men under a captain, whose only friend was the Raki-flask, and the last I saw of the garrison was his orderly riding into Hums with two huge empty demi-johns dangling at his saddle-bow. The Bedawin waxed brave, and in the spring of 1871 I was obliged to send travellers to Palmyra by a long circuit, *via* the north and the north-west.

A certain official business compelled me to visit Karyatayn, which is within the jurisdiction of Damascus, and my wife resolved to accompany me. In this little enterprise I was warmly seconded by the Vicomte Fernand de Perrochel, a French traveller and author, who had twice visited Damascus in the hope of reaching Tadmor, and by M. Ionine, my Russian colleague. The Governor-General, the Field-Marshal commanding the Army of Syria, and other high officials lent us their best aid. We engaged a pair of dragomans, six servants, a cook, and eight muleteers; fourteen mules and eight baggage-asses, to carry tents and canteen, baggage and provisions; and we rode our own horses, being wrongly persuaded not to take donkeys—on long marches they would have been a pleasant change. We were peculiarly unfortunate in the choice of head dragoman—a certain Antun Wardi, who had Italianised his name to Rosa.

We altogether rejected the assistance of Mohammed, Shaykh of the Mezzab tribe, who has systematically fleeced travellers for a score of years. He demanded two napoleons ahead for his wretched Arabs, sending a score when only one was wanted. Like all other chiefs, he would not guarantee his *protégés*, either in purse or person, against enemies,

but only against his own friends. He allowed them but two days at Palmyra. He made them march twenty instead of fifteen hours between Karyatayn and their destination. He concealed the fact that there are wells the whole way, in order to make them hire camels and buy water-skins; and besides harassing them with night marches, he organised sham-attacks, in order to make them duly appreciate his protection. I rejoice to say that Mohammed's occupation is now gone; his miserable tribe was three times plundered within eighteen months, and instead of fighting he fell back upon the Desert. May thus end all who oppose their petty interests to the general good—all that would shut roads instead of opening them! With a view of keeping up his title to escort travellers, he sent with us a clansman upon a well-bred mare and armed with the honourable spear; but M. de Perrochel hired the mare; the crest-fallen man was put upon a baggage-mule, and the poor spear was carried by a lame donkey.

Armed to the teeth, we set out in a chorus of groans and with general prognostications of evil. Ours was the first party since M. Dubois d'Angers was dangerously wounded, stripped, and turned out to die of hunger, thirst, and cold, because he would not salary the inevitable Bedawi. It would, doubtless, have been the interest of many and the delight of more to see us return in the scantiest of costume; consequently a false report presently flew abroad that we had been pursued and plundered by the Ishmaelites.

The first night of our journey was passed under caravans near the then ruined Khan Kusayr in the Merj, or Ager Damascenus, the fertile valley-plain east of the Syrian metropolis. The weather became unusually cold as, on the next morning, we left the foggy lowland and turned to the north-east, in order to cross the ridge-line of hills which, offsetting from the Anti-Libanus, runs from the capital towards the Desert, and afterwards sweeps round to Palmyra. The line of travel is a break in the ridge, the Darb el Thanayyah (Road of the Col), which the Rev. Mr. Porter converts into Jebel el Tiniyeh (Mountain of Figs). Then gently descending, we fell into a northern depression, a section of that extensive valley in the Anti-Libanus which, under a variety of names, runs nearly straight north-east (more exactly, 60°) to Palmyra. Nothing can be more simple than the geography of the country. The traveller cannot lose his way in the Palmyra Valley without crossing the high and rugged mountains which hem it in on both sides, and if he be attacked by a razzia he can easily take refuge, and laugh at the Arab assailant. During the time of our journey the miserable little robber clans, Shitaj and Ghiyas, had completely closed the country five hours' riding to the east of Damascus; whilst the Subai and the Anirrah bandits were making

the Merj a battle-field, and were threatening to burn down the peaceful villages. Even as we crossed the Darb el Thaniyyah we were saddened by the report that a *razzia* of Bedawin had the day before murdered a wretched peasant, within easy sight of the capital. This state of things was a national scandal to the Porte, which, of course, was never allowed to know the truth.

We resolved to advance slowly, to examine every object, and to follow the most indirect paths. Hence our march to Palmyra occupied eight days; we returned, however, in four, with horses that called loudly for a week's rest.

On the second day we dismissed our escort, one officer and two privates of irregular cavalry, who were worse than useless, and we slept at the house of Da'as Agha, hereditary chief of Jayrud. A noted sabre, and able to bring 150 lances into the field, he was systematically neglected by the authorities because supposed to be friendly with foreigners. Shortly after my departure he barbarously tortured two wretched Arabs, throwing them into a pit full of fire, and practising upon them with his revolver. Thereupon he was at once taken into prime favour, and received the command of Hasyah.

Da'as Agha escorted us from Jayrud with ten of his kinsmen mounted upon their best mares. In the bleak upland valley we suffered severely from weather, and the sleeky south-wester which cut our faces on the return was a "caution." Travellers must be prepared for much more cold than they will experience at Damascus, and during the hot season they must travel by night.

At Karyatayn, which we reached on the fifth day, Omar Bey, who was waiting for rations, money, transport, in fact everything, offered us the most friendly welcome; and I gave protection to Shaykh Faris, in connection with the English post to Baghdad. The former detached with us eighty bayonets of regulars and twenty-five sabres of irregulars, commanded by two officers. This body presently put to flight everything in the way of Bedawin. A war party of two thousand men would not have attacked us, and I really believe that a band of thirty Englishmen, armed with breech-loading carbines and revolvers, could sweep clean the Desert of the Euphrates from end to end.

At Karyatayn we hired seventeen camels to carry water. This would have been a complete waste of money had we gone like other travellers by the Darb el Sultani, or high way. Some three hours' ride to the right or south of the road, amongst the hills bounding the Palmyra Valley, is a fine cistern, the Ayn el Wu'el (Ibex Fountain), where water is never wanting. There is a still more direct road, and the remains of an aqueduct and a ruin in the Desert called "Kasr el Hayr," and looking like a church.

We chose, however, the little-known Baghdad or eastern road, called the Darb el Basir, from a well and ruin of that name. The next day we rested at a large deserted khan, or caravanserai, and on the eighth we made our entrance into Palmyra, where we were hospitably received by another Shaykh Faris. Our muleteers, for the convenience of their cattle, pitched the tents close to, and east of, the so-called Grand Colonnade, a malarious and unwholesome site. They should have encamped amongst the trees at a threshing-floor near three palms. Those who follow me are strongly advised not to lodge in the native village, whose mud huts, like wasps' nests, are all huddled within the ancient Temple of the Sun, or they may suffer from fever or ophthalmia. At present the water of Tadmor is like Harrogate, the climate is unhealthy, and the people are ragged and sickly. May is here, as in most parts of the northern hemisphere, the best travelling season, and in any but a phenomenal year like 1870, the traveller need not fear to encounter, as we did, ice and snow, siroccos, and furious south-westers.

If asked whether Palmyra be worth all this trouble, I should reply no, and yes. No, if you merely go there, stay two days, and return, especially after sighting nobler Ba'albak. Certainly not for the Grand Colonnade of weather-beaten limestone, by a stretch of courtesy called marble, which, rain-washed and earthquake-shaken, looks like a system of gallows. Not for the Temple of the Sun, the *fronsine* of a Roman emperor, a second-rate affair, an architectural evidence of Rome's declining days. Yes, if you would study the site and the environs, which are interesting and only partially explored, make excavations, and collect coins and tesserae, which may be bought for a song.

The site of Palmyra is very interesting. Like Pæstum, "she stands between the mountains and the sea;" like Damascus, she sits upon the eastern slopes of the Anti-Libanus, facing the Chol, or wilderness; but, unhappily, she has a dry torrent-bed, the Wady el Sayl, instead of a rushing *Barrage*. She is built upon the shore-edge, where the Euphrate sea breaks upon its nearest *bar*, at time *requi*. In the last century, the Porte is the mysterious wild occupation of the caravan whose ships are camel-bred mares, *asses*, and asses. *asses* will catch up your best mare on the asses, which e donkey," say the Arabs, little think they do the praise they award to the conquering that we have *no*on *militaire* was to extend from as the Arabs ca ayrud, Karyatayn, Palmyra, and difficult to revive on the great river. The wells under cultivation waded by block-houses, the roads life and property. *movable* columns, and thus the foresting the highland, who refuse all allegiance to cause rain; and the *kept* perform, in the Dau or easternmost offsets of the Anti-

from Hums and Hamah, distant three to four days, may easily be repaired.

A description of the modern ruin of the great old *dépôt* has employed many able pens. But very little has been said concerning the tomb-towers which have taken at Palmyra the place of the Egyptian pyramids. Here, as elsewhere in ancient Syria, sepulture was extramural, and every settlement was approached by one or more *Via Appie* much resembling that of ancient Rome. At Palmyra there are, or rather were, notably two—one (south-west) upon the high road to Damascus, the other, north-west of the official or monumental city, formed, doubtless, the main approach from Hums and Hamah. The two are lined on both sides with these interesting monuments, whose squat, solid forms of gloomy and unsquared sandstone contrast remarkably with the bastard classical and Roman architecture, meretricious in all its details, and glittering from afar in white limestone. Inscriptions in the Palmyrene character prove that they date from 314 to 414 of the Seleucidan era; but they have evidently been restored, and this perhaps fixes the latest restoration.

It is probable that the heathen practice of mummification declined under the Roman rule, especially after A.D. 130, when the great half-way house again changed its name to Adrianopolis. Still, vestiges of the old custom are found in the Hauran and in the Druze mountain west of the great Auranitis Valley, extending deep into the second century, when, it is believed, the Himyaritic Benu Ghassan (Gassanides) of Damascus had abandoned their heathen faith for Christianity. I found in the cells fragments of mummies, and these, it is suspected, are the first ever brought to England. Nearly all the skulls contained date-stones, more or less, and a peach-stone and an apricot-stone were found under similar circumstances. At Shukkah, the ancient Saccas, we picked up in the mummy-towers almond-shells with the sharp ends cut off and forming baby cups.

There are three tomb-towers at Palmyra still standing, and perhaps likely to yield good results. The people call them Kasr el Zaynah (Pretty Palace), Kasr el Azbá (Palace of the Maiden), and Kasr el 'Arí (Palace of the Bride). They number four and five storeys, but the staircases, which run up the thickness of the walls, are broken, and so are the monolithic slabs that form the tower-floors. Explorers, therefore, must take with them ropes and hooks, ladders which will reach to eighty feet, planks to act as bridges, and a stout crow-bar—we had none of these requirements, nor could the wretched village produce them. I have but little doubt that the upper storeys contain tesserae, coins, and pottery, perhaps entire mummies. The value of the latter may be judged by the fact that Dr. C. Carter Blake, after carefully examining the

four ancient skulls which I deposited with the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, pronounced them to be old Syrian or Phœnicia.

The shortness of our visit allowed me only a day and a half to try the fortune of excavation at Palmyra. It was easy to hire a considerable number of labourers at 2½ piastres a head per diem—say sixpence—when in other places the wages would be at least double.

Operations began (April 15th) at the group of tomb-towers marked "Cemetery" in the handbook, and bearing west-south-west from the great Temple of the Sun. I chose this group because it appeared the oldest of the series. The fellahs, or peasants, know it as Kusúr abu Sayl (Palaces of the Father of a Torrent); and they stare when told that these massive buildings are not royal residences, but tombs. Here the loculi in the several stages were easily cleared out by my forty-five coolies, who had nothing but diminutive picks and hoes, grain-bags and body-cloths which they converted into baskets for removing sand and rubbish. But these cells and those of the adjacent ruins had before been ransacked, and they supplied nothing beyond skulls, bones, and shreds of mummy-cloth, whose dyes are remarkably brilliant.

The hands were then applied to an adjoining mound; it offered a tempting resemblance to the undulations of ground which cover the complicated chambered catacombs already laid open, and into one of which, some years ago, a camel fell, the roof having given way. After reaching a stratum of snow-white gypsum, which appeared to be artificial, though all hands agreed that it was not, we gave up the task as time pressed us hard. The third attempt laid open the foundation of a house, and showed us the well, or rain-cistern, shaped, as such reservoirs are still in the Holy Land, like a soda-water bottle. The fourth trial was more successful. During our absence the workmen came upon two oval slabs of soft limestone, each with its kit-cat in high relief. One was a man with straight features, short curly beard, and hair disposed, as appears to have been the fashion for both sexes, in three circular rolls. The other was a feminine bust with features of a type so exaggerated as to resemble the negro. A third and similar work of art was brought, but the head had been removed. It would be hard to explain to you the excitement caused by these wonderful discoveries. Report flew abroad that gold images of life-size had been dug up, and the least-disposed to exaggeration declared that chests full of gold coins and ingots had fallen to our lot.

On the next morning we left Palmyra, and after a hard gallop, which lasted for the best part of four days, we found ourselves, not much the worse for wear, at home in Damascus.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

A GLOOMY ENDING.

OLIVIA'S answer struck me like an electric shock. For some moments I was simply stunned, and knew neither what she had said, nor where we were.

I suppose half a minute had elapsed before I fairly received the meaning of her words into my bewildered brain. It seemed as if they were thundering in my ears, though she had uttered them in a low, frightened voice. I scarcely understood them when I looked up and saw her leaning against the rock, with her hands covering her face.

"Olivia!" I cried, stretching out my arms towards her, as though she would flutter back to them and lay her head again where it had been resting upon my shoulder, with her face against my neck.

But she did not see my gesture, and the next moment I knew that she could never let me hold her in my arms again. I dared not even take one step nearer to her.

"Olivia," I said again, after another minute or two of troubled silence, with no sound but the thunders of the sea reverberating through the perilous spot where we had almost confronted death together—"Olivia, is it true?"

She bowed her head still lower upon her hands, in speechless confirmation. A stricken, helpless, covering child she seemed to me, standing there in her drenched clothing. An unutterable tenderness, altogether different from the feverish passion of a few minutes ago, filled my heart as I looked at her.

"Come," I said, as calmly as I could speak, "I am at my rate your doctor, and I am bound to take care of you. You must not stay here wet and cold. Let us make haste back to Tardif's, Olivia."

I drew her hand down from her face and through my arm, for we had still to re-enter the outer cave, and to return through a higher gallery, before we could reach the cliffs above. I did not glance at her. The road was very rough, strewn with huge boulders, and she was compelled to receive my help. But we did not speak again till we were on the cliffs, in the eye of day, with our faces and our steps turned towards Tardif's farm.

"Oh!" she cried suddenly, in a tone that made my heart ache the keener, "how sorry I am!"

"Sorry that I love you?" I asked, feeling that my love was growing every moment in spite of myself. The sun shone on her face, which was just below my eyes. There was an expression of sad perplexity and questioning upon it, which kept

away every other sign of emotion. She lifted her eyes to me frankly, and no flush of colour came over her pale cheeks.

"Yes," she answered; "it is such a miserable, unfortunate thing for you. But how could I have helped it?"

"You could not help it," I said.

"I did not mean to deceive you," she continued—"neither you nor any one. When I fled away from him I had no plan of any kind. I was just like a leaf driven about by the wind, and it tossed me here. I did not think I ought to tell any one I was married. I wish I could have foreseen this. Why did God let me have that accident in the spring? Why did he let you come over to see me?"

"Are you surprised that I love you?" I asked.

Now I saw a subtle flush steal across her face, and her eyes fell to the ground.

"I never thought of it till this afternoon," she murmured. "I knew you were going to marry your cousin Julia, and I knew I was married, and that there could be no release from that. All my life is ruined, but you and Tardif made it more bearable. I did not think you loved me till I saw your face this afternoon."

"I shall always love you," I cried passionately, looking down on the shining, drooping head beside me, and the sad face and listless arms hanging down in an attitude of dejection. She seemed so forlorn a creature that I wished I could take her to my heart again; but that was impossible now.

"No," she answered in her calm, sorrowful voice. "When you see clearly that it is an evil thing you will conquer it. There will be no hope whatever in your love for me, and it will pass away. Not soon, perhaps; I can scarcely wish you to forget me soon. Yet it would be wrong for you to love me now. Why was I driven to marry him so long ago?"

A sharp, bitter tone rang through her quiet voice, and for a moment she hid her face in her hands.

"Olivia," I said, "it is harder upon me than you can think, or I can tell."

She had not the faintest notion of how hard this trial was. I had sacrificed every plan and purpose of my life in the hope of winning her. I had cast away, almost as a worthless thing, the substantial prosperity which had been within my grasp, and now that I stretched out my hand for the prize, I found it nothing but an empty shadow. Deeper even than this lay the thought of my mother's bitter disappointment.

"Your husband must have treated you very badly, before you would take such a desperate step as

this," I said again, after a long silence, scarcely knowing what I said.

"He treated me so ill," said Olivia, with the same hard tone in her voice, "that when I had a chance of escape it seemed as if God himself opened the door for me. He treated me so ill that if I thought there was any fear of him finding me out here, I would rather a thousand times you had left me to die in the caves."

That brought to my mind what I had almost forgotten—the woman whom my imprudent curiosity

sharp pang, almost of gladness—"no one can help me or defend me. The law would compel me to go back to him. A woman's heart may be broken without the law being broken. I could prove nothing that would give me a right to be free—nothing. So I took it into my own hands. I tell you I would rather have been drowned this afternoon. Why did you save me?"

I did not answer, except by pressing her hand against my side. I hurried her on silently towards the cottage. She was shivering in her cold, wet



"WITH MY FACE TO THE GROUND."

had brought into pursuit of her. I felt ready to curse my folly aloud, as I did in my heart, for having gone to Messrs. Scott and Brown.

"Olivia," I said, "there is a woman in Guernsey who has some clue to you——"

But I could say no more, for I thought she would have fallen to the ground in her terror. I drew her hand through my arm and hastened to reassure her.

"No harm can come to you," I continued, "whilst Tardif and I are here to protect you. Do not frighten yourself; we will defend you from every danger."

"Martin," she whispered—and the pleasant familiarity of my name spoken by her gave me a

dress, and trembling with fear. It was plain to me that even her fine health should not be trifled with, and I loved her too tenderly, her poor, shivering, trembling frame, to let her suffer if I could help it. When we reached the foldyard-gate, I stopped her for a moment to speak only a few words.

"Go in," I said, "and change every one of your wet clothes. I will see you again, once again, when we can talk with one another calmly. God bless and take care of you, my darling!"

She smiled faintly, and laid her hand in mine.

"You forgive me?" she said.

"Forgive you!" I repeated, kissing the small brown hand lingeringly; "I have nothing to forgive."

She went on across the little fold and into the house, without looking back towards me. I could see her pass through the kitchen into her own room, where I had watched her through the struggle between life and death, which had first made her dear to me. Then I made my way, blind and deaf, to the edge of the cliff, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. I flung myself down on the turf, with my face to the ground, to hide my eyes from the staring light of the summer sun.

Already it seemed a long time since I had known that Olivia was married. The knowledge had lost its freshness and novelty, and the sting of it had become a rooted sorrow. There was no mystery about her now. I almost laughed, with a resentful bitterness, at the poor guesses I had made. This was the solution, and it placed her for ever out of my reach. As with Tardif, so she could be nothing for me now, but as the blue sky, and the white clouds, and the stars shining in the night. My poor Olivia! when I loved a hundredfold more than I had done even this morning. This morning I had been full of my own triumph and gladness. Now I had nothing in my heart but a vast pity and reverential tenderness for her.

Married? That was what she had said. It shut out all hope for the future. She must have been a mere child four years ago; she looked very young and girlish still. And her husband treated her ill—my Olivia, for whom I had given up all I had to give. She said the law would compel her to return to him, and I could do nothing. I could not interfere even to save her from a life which was worse to her than death.

My heart was caught in a vice, and there was no escape from the torture of its relentless grip. Whichever way I looked there was sorrow and despair. I wished, with a faint-heartedness I had never felt before, that Olivia and I had indeed perished together down in the caves where the tide was now sweeping below me.

"Martin!" said a clear, low, tender tone in my ear, which could never be deaf to that voice. I looked up at Olivia without moving. My head was at her feet, and I laid my hand upon the hem of her dress.

"Martin," she said again, "see, I have brought you Tardif's coat in place of your own. You must not lie here in this way. Captain Carey's yacht is waiting for you below."

I staggered giddy when I stood on my feet, and only Olivia's look of pain steadied me. She had been weeping bitterly. I could not trust myself to look in her face again. At any rate my next duty was to go away without adding to her distress, if that were possible. Tardif was standing behind her, regarding us both with great concern.

"Doctor," he said, "when I came in from my lobster-pots, the captain sent a message by me to

say the sun would be gone down before you reach Guernsey. He has come round to the Havre Gosselin. I'll walk down the cliff with you."

I should have said, no, but Olivia caught at his words eagerly.

"Yes, go, my good Tardif," she cried, "and bring me word that Dr. Martin is safe on board. Good-bye!"

Her hand in mine again for a moment, with its slight pressure. Then she was gone, and Tardif was tramping down the stony path before me, speaking to me over his shoulder.

"It has not gone well, then, doctor?" he said.

"She will tell you," I answered briefly, not knowing how much Olivia might wish him to know.

"Take care of mam'zelle," I said, when we had reached the top of the ladder, and the little boat from the yacht was dancing at the foot of it. "There is some danger ahead, and you can protect her better than I."

"Yes, yes," he replied; "you may trust her with me. But God knows I should have been glad if it had gone well with you."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

A STORY IN DETAIL.

"WELL?" said Captain Carey, as I set my foot on the deck. His face was all excitement, and he put his arm affectionately through mine.

"It is all wrong," I answered gloomily.

"You don't mean that she will not have you?" he exclaimed.

I nodded, for I had no spirit to explain the matter just then.

"By George!" he cried; "and you've thrown over Julia, and offended all our Guernsey folks, and half broken your poor mother's heart, all for nothing!"

The last consideration was the one that stung me to the quick. It had half broken my mother's heart. No one knew better than I that it had, without doubt, tended to shorten her fleeting term of life. At this moment she was waiting for me to bring her good news—perhaps the promise that Olivia had consented to become my wife before her own last hour arrived; for my mother and I had even talked of that. I had thought it a romantic scheme when my mother spoke of it, but my passion had fastened eagerly upon it, in spite of my better judgment. These were the tidings she was waiting to hear from my lips.

When I reached home I found her full of dangerous excitement. It was impossible to allay it without telling her either an untruth or the whole story. I could not deceive her, and with a desperate calmness I related the history of the day. I tried to make light of my disappointment, but she broke down into tears and wailings.

"Oh, my boy!" she lamented; "and I did so

want to see you happy before I died ! I wanted to leave some one who could comfort you ; and Olivia would have comforted you and loved you when I am gone ! You had set your heart upon her. 'Are you sure it is true? My poor, poor Martin, you must forget her now. It becomes a sin for you to love her.'

"I cannot forget her," I said ; "I cannot cease to love her. There can be no sin in it as long as I think of her as I do now."

"And there is poor Julia !" moaned my mother.

Yes, there was Julia ; and she would have to be told all, though she would rejoice over it. Of course she would rejoice ; it was not in human nature, at least in Julia's human nature, to do otherwise. She had warned me against Olivia ; had only set me free reluctantly. But how was I to tell her? I must not leave to my mother the agitation of imparting such tidings. I could not think of deputing the task to my father. There was no one to do it but myself.

My mother passed a restless and agitated night, and I, who sat up with her, was compelled to listen to all her lamentations. But towards the morning she fell into a heavy sleep, likely to last for some hours. I could leave her in perfect security ; and at an early hour I went down to Julia's house, strung up to bear the worst, and intending to have it all out with her, and put her on her guard before she paid her daily visit to our house. She must have some hours for her excitement and rejoicing to bubble over, before she came to talk about it to my mother.

"I wish to see Miss Dobrée," I said to the girl who quickly answered my noisy peal of the household.

"Please, sir," was her reply, "she and Miss Daltrey are gone to Sark with Captain Carey."

"Gone to Sark !" I repeated in utter amazement.

"Yes, Dr. Martin. They started quite early because of the tide, and Captain Carey's man brought the carriage to take them to St. Sampson's. I don't look for them back before evening. Miss Dobrée said I was to come, with her love, and ask how Mrs. Dobrée is to-day, and if she's home in time she'll come this evening ; but if she's late, she'll come to-morrow morning."

"When did they make up their minds to go to Sark?" I inquired anxiously.

"Only late last night, sir," she answered. "Cook had settled with Miss Dobrée to dine early to-day ; but then Captain Carey came in, and after he was gone she said breakfast must be ready at seven this morning in their own rooms whilst they were dressing ; so they must have settled it with Captain Carey last night."

I turned away very much surprised and bewildered, and in an irritable state which made the

least thing jar upon me. Curiosity, which had slept yesterday, or was numbed by the shock of my disappointment, was feverishly awake to-day. How little I knew, after all, of the mystery which surrounded Olivia ! The bitter core of it I knew, but nothing of the many sheaths and envelopes which wrapped it about. There might be some hope, some consolation to be found wrapped up with it. I must go again to Sark in the steamer on Monday, and hear Olivia tell me all she could tell of her history.

Then, why were Julia and Kate Daltrey gone to Sark? What could they have to do with Olivia? It made me almost wild with anger to think of them finding Olivia, and talking to her perhaps of me and my love—questioning her, arguing with her, tormenting her! The bare thought of those two badgering my Olivia was enough to drive me frantic.

In the cool twilight, Julia and Kate Daltrey were announced. I was about to withdraw from my mother's room, in conformity with the etiquette established amongst us, when Julia recalled me in a gentler voice than she had used towards me since the day of my fatal confession.

"Stay, Martin," she said ; "what we have to tell concerns you more than any one."

I sat down again by my mother's sofa, and she took my hand between both her own, fondling it in the dusk.

"It is about Olivia," I said in as cool a tone as I could command.

"Yes," answered Julia ; "we have seen her, and we have found out why she has refused you. She is married already."

"She told me so yesterday," I replied.

"Told you so yesterday !" repeated Julia in an accent of chagrin. "If we had only known that we might have saved ourselves the passage across to Sark."

"My dear Julia," exclaimed my mother, feverishly, "do tell us all about it, and begin at the beginning."

There was nothing Julia liked so much, or could do so well, as to give a circumstantial account of anything she had done. She could relate minute details with so much accuracy, without being exactly tedious, that when one was lazy or unoccupied it was pleasant to listen. My mother enjoyed, with all the delight of a woman, the small touches by which Julia embellished her sketches. I resigned myself to hearing a long history, when I was burning to ask one or two questions and have done with the topic.

"To begin at the beginning, then," said Julia, "dear Captain Carey came into town very late last night to talk to us about Martin, and how the girl in Sark had refused him. I was very much astonished, very much indeed ! Captain Carey

said that he and dear Johanna had come to the conclusion that the girl felt some delicacy, perhaps, because of Martin's engagement to me. We talked it over as friends, and thought of you, dear aunt, and your grief and disappointment, till all at once I made up my mind in a moment. 'I will go over to Sark and see the girl myself,' I said. 'Will you?' said Captain Carey. 'Oh, no, Julia, it will be too much for you.' 'It would have been a few weeks ago,' I said; 'but now I could do anything to give aunt Dobrée a moment's happiness.'

"God, bless you, Julia," I interrupted, going across to her and kissing her cheek impetuously.

"There, don't stop me, Martin," she said earnestly. "So it was arranged off-hand that Captain Carey should send for us to St. Sampson's this morning, and take us over to Sark. You know Kate has never been yet. We had a splendid passage, and landed at the Crêux, where the yacht was to wait till we returned. Kate was in raptures with the landing-place, and the lovely lane leading up into the island. We went on past Vaudin's Inn and the mill, and turned down the nearest way to Tardif's. Kate says she never felt any air like the air of Sark. Well, you know that brown pool, a very brown pool, in the lane leading to the Havre Gosselin? Just there, where there are some low, weather-beaten trees meeting overhead and making a long green aisle, with the sun shining down through the knotted branches, we saw all in a moment a slim, erect, very young-looking girl coming towards us. She was carrying her bonnet in her hand, and her hair curled in short, bright curls all over her head. I knew in an instant that it was Miss Ollivier."

She paused for a minute. How plainly I could see the picture! The arching trees, and the sunbeams playing fondly with her shining golden hair! I held my breath to listen.

"What completely startled me," said Julia, "was that Kate suddenly darted forwards and ran to meet her, crying 'Olivia!'"

"How does she know her?" I exclaimed.

"Hush, Martin! Don't interrupt me. The girl went so deadly pale, I thought she was going to faint, but she did not. She stood for a minute looking at us, and then she burst into the most dreadful fit of crying!"

"I ran to her, and made her sit down on a little bank of turf close by, and gave her my smelling-bottle, and did all I could to comfort her. By-and-by, as soon as she could speak, she said to Kate, 'How did you find me out?' and Kate told her she had not the slightest idea of finding her there. 'Dr. Martin Dobrée, of Guernsey, told me you were looking for me, only yesterday,' she said.

"That took us by surprise, for Kate had not the faintest idea of seeing her. I have always thought her name was Ollivier, and so did Kate. 'For

pity's sake,' said the girl, 'if you have any pity, leave me here in peace. For God's sake do not betray me!'"

"I could hardly believe it was not a dream. There was Kate standing over us, looking very stern and severe, and the girl was clinging to me—to me, as if I were her dearest friend. Then all of a sudden up came old mother Renouf, looking half crazed, and began to harangue us for frightening *mam'zelle*. Tardif, she said, would be at hand in a minute or two, and he would take care of her from us and everybody else. 'Take me away!' cried the girl, running to her; and the old woman tucked her hand under her arm, and walked off with her in triumph, leaving us by ourselves in the lane."

"But what does it all mean?" asked my mother, whilst I paced to and fro in the dim room, scarcely able to control my impatience, yet afraid to question Julia too eagerly.

"I can tell you," said Kate Daltrey in her cold, deliberate tones; "she is the wife of my half-brother, Richard Foster, who married her more than four years ago in Melbourne; and she ran away from him last October, and has not been heard of since."

"Then you know her whole history," I said, approaching her and pausing before her. "Are you at liberty to tell it to us?"

"Certainly," she answered; "it is no secret. Her father was a wealthy colonist, and he died when she was fifteen, leaving her in the charge of her step-mother, Richard Foster's aunt. The match was one of the stepmother's making, for Olivia was little better than a child. Richard was glad enough to get her fortune, or rather the income from it, for of course she did not come into full possession of it till she was of age. One-third of it was settled upon her absolutely; the other two-thirds came to her for her to do what she pleased with it. Richard was looking forward eagerly to her being one-and-twenty, for he had made ducks and drakes of his own property, and tried to do the same with mine. He would have done so with his wife's; but a few weeks before Olivia's twenty-first birthday, she disappeared mysteriously. There her fortune lies, and Richard has no more power than I have to touch it. He cannot even claim the money lying in the Bank of Australia, which has been remitted by her trustees; nor can Olivia claim it without making herself known to him. It is accumulating there, while both of them are on the verge of poverty."

"But he must have been very cruel to her before she would run away!" said my mother in a pitiful voice. Poor mother! she had borne her own sorrows dumbly, and to leave her husband had probably never occurred to her.

"Cruel!" repeated Kate Daltrey. "Well, there are many kinds of cruelty. I do not suppose Richard would ever transgress the limits of the law.

But Olivia was one of those girls who can suffer great torture—mental torture I mean. Even I could not live in the same house with Richard, and she was a dreamy, sensitive, romantic child, with as much knowledge of the world as a baby. I was astonished to hear she had had daring enough to leave him."

"But there must be some protection for her from the law," I said, thinking of the bold coarse woman, no doubt his associate, who was in pursuit of Olivia. "She might sue for a judicial separation, at the least, if not a divorce."

"I am quite sure nothing could be brought against him in a court of law," she answered. "He is very wary and cunning, and, knows very well what he may do and what he may not do. A few months before Olivia's flight, he introduced a woman as her companion—a disreputable woman probably; but he calls her his cousin, and I do not know how Olivia could prove her an unfit person to be with her. Our suspicions may be very strong, but suspicion is not enough for an English judge and jury. Since I saw her this morning I have been thinking of her position in every light, and I really do not see anything she could have done, except running away as she did, or making up her mind to be deaf and blind and dumb."

"But could he not be induced to leave her in peace if she gave up a portion of her property?" I asked.

"Why should he?" she retorted. "If she was in his hands the whole of the property would be his. He will never release her—never. No, her only chance is to hide herself from him. The law cannot deal with wrongs like hers, because they are as light as air apparently, though they are as all-pervading as air is, and as poisonous as air can be. They are like choke-damp, only not quite fatal. He is as crafty and cunning as a serpent. He could prove himself the kindest, most considerate of husbands, and Olivia next thing to an idiot. Oh, it is ridiculous to think of pitting a girl like her against him!"

"If she had been older, or if she had had a child, she would never have left him," said my mother's gentle and sorrowful voice.

"But what can be done for her?" I asked vehemently and passionately. "My poor Olivia! what can I do to protect her?"

"Nothing!" replied Kate Daltrey, coldly. "Her only chance is concealment, and what a poor chance that is! I went over to Sark, never thinking that your Miss Ollivier whom I had heard so much of was Olivia Foster. It is an out-of-the-world place; but so much the more readily they will find her, if they once get a clue. A hare is soon caught when it cannot double; and how could Olivia escape if they only traced her to Sark?"

My dread of the woman into whose hands my

imbecile curiosity had put the clue was growing greater every minute. It seemed as if Olivia could not be safe now, day or night; yet what protection could I or Tardif give to her?

"You will not betray her?" I said to Kate Daltrey, though feeling all the time that I could not trust her in the smallest degree.

"I have promised dear Julia that," she answered.

I should fail to give you any clear idea of my state of mind should I attempt to analyse it. The most bitter thought in it was that my own imprudence had betrayed Olivia. But for me she might have remained for years, in peace and perfect seclusion, in the home to which she had drifted. Richard Foster and his accomplice must have lost all hope of finding her during the many months that had elapsed between her disappearance and my visit to their solicitors. That had put them on the track again. If the law forced her back to her husband, it was I who had helped him to find her. That was a maddening thought. My love for her was hopeless; but what then? I discovered to my own amazement that I had loved her for her sake, not my own. I had loved the woman in herself, not the woman as my wife. She could never become that, but she was dearer to me than ever. She was as far removed from me as from Tardif. Could I not serve her with as deep a devotion and as true a chivalry as his? She belonged to both of us by as unselfish and noble a bond as ever knights of old were pledged to.

It became my duty to keep a strict watch over the woman who had come to Guernsey to find Olivia. If possible I must decoy her away from the lowly nest where my helpless bird was sheltered. She had not sent for me again, but I called upon her the next morning professionally, and stayed some time talking with her. But nothing resulted from the visit beyond the assurance that she had not yet made any progress towards the discovery of my secret. I almost marvelled at this, so universal had been the gossip about my visits to Sark in connection with the breaking-off of my engagement to Julia. But that had occurred in the spring, and the nine days' wonder had ceased before my patient came to the island. Still, any accidental conversation might give her the information, and open up a favourable chance for her. I must not let her go across to Sark unknown to myself.

Neither did I feel quite safe about Kate Daltrey. She gave me the impression of being as crafty and cunning as she described her half-brother. Did she know this woman by sight? That was a question I could not answer. There was another question hanging upon it. If she saw her, would she not in some way contrive to give her a sufficient hint, without positively breaking her promise to Julia? Kate Daltrey's name did not appear in the newspapers among the list of visitors, as she was

staying in a private house; but she and this woman might meet any day in the streets or on the pier.

Then the whole story had been confided by Julia at once to Captain Carey and Johanna. That was quite natural; but it was equally natural for them to confide it again to some one or two of their intimate friends. The secret was already an open one among six persons. Could it be considered a secret any longer? The tendency of such a singular story, whispered from one to another, is to become in the long run more widely circulated than if it were openly proclaimed. I had a strong affection for my circle of cousins, which widened as the circle round a stone cast into water; but I knew I might

as well try to arrest the eddying of such waters as stop the spread of a story like Olivia's.

I had resolved, in the first access of my curiosity, to cross over to Sark the next week, alone and independent of Captain Carey. Every Monday the *Queen of the Isles* made her accustomed trip to the island, to convey visitors there for the day.

The time passed heavily, and on the following Monday I went on board the steamer. I had not been on deck two minutes when I saw my patient step on after me. The last clue was in her fingers now, that was evident.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

THE WEDDING-DRESS.



WAS a white dress—white—
White as the forehead by
sorrow scarred;
White as the crape with its
outline hard;
White as the thin transparent
hand
That shook when the dim
eyes the paper scanned.
'Twas a white dress—white—

And the order ran: "To be done to-night."

Spun glass satin, and silk, with sheen
Of an icy crag, where the morn is seen,
Iris-hued as a pearly shell,
Lustrous white, like a lily's bell,
And telling a tale that the seamstress knew,
As faster and faster her needle flew,
For it told of a wedding: 'twas virgin white,
And a widow toiled—"To be done to-night!"

"To be done to-night!" And she toiled all day
Till her weak eyes burned, and her baby lay
In her arms asleep—in her arms at play,
And the tiny hands, as the needle flew,
Caught at the thread which the mother drew,
And clutched at the silks' folds rustling, bright—
The bridal dress to be done to-night.

When weary with playing, the baby slept,
The widow stooped to the cradle crept.
There was hope for her yet, could her hands be free,
"Only to finish!" the heart-wrung plea.
Would she end in time? How the needle sped
Through the rustling silk! and a tear she shed,
To fall on the fabric glistening fair—
An omen dark; would its trace rest there?

Toil, toil all day at that white robe—white—
And now how swiftly came on the night!
She thought of her candle—how would she see?
And stitched for life on her bended knee,
The spin spread on the vacant chair,
To leave her still with a hand to spare,

When ceasing a moment the thread to strain,
She rocked the infant asleep again.

Midnight! So soon!—and the baby cried:
He was still her all—she was by his side,
Soothing, as mothers can soothe, with sighs,
Till again in sleep closed the wakeful eyes.
She would never finish—her hands were lead.
She had promised! Again how the needle sped
For the fair young bride!—who would never know
Of the widow's tear, for no stain would show.

One! The lid would fall o'er each aching eye;
She slept, then started, awoke with a cry,
And snatching one moment, in wild despair,
She knelt again by the dress-draped chair,
To urge, in a low impassioned prayer,
That He this once would the moments spare;
Would, for the sake of the little one there,
For whom she toiled—for her life—her care—
Would stay, as He stayed in the days of old,
Those precious minutes that swiftly rolled.

She rose and sighed for her mad appeal;
Clutched once more at the silk-twined reel,
And again the needle clicked and flew
The soft white satin through and through,
While danced and flickered the waning light,
As she trembling sighed, "To be done to-night!"

Striving still on her bended knee,
And Two had struck: it would soon be three;
The last scrap lit of a wretched dip,
White as the teeth she pressed on her lip—
A lip all blanched like her hollow cheek—
White as her fingers with famine weak.
But still there were hours before the light;
For the weary worker 'twas still "to-night!"

Her face more haggard, her cheek more white;
"Tis for you, my boy! to be done to-night.
Oh, sleep, for my baby this once prove true!"
And again the needle clicked and flew
The soft white fabric through and through,

While danced and flickered the waning light
 'Oh, for the strength—to be done to night!'

Her hand, half rused, now fell to her knee
 As the clock in the steeple chimed for three
 Swift in her dreaming she saw once more
 The carriage drive to the old church door,
 She lived again on her wedding-day,
 And smiled in the sun of that merry May,
 Felt the arms of him who had never gazed
 On that sleeping babe Then starting—crazed,
 With a cry she bent o'er the flickering light,
 And the needle flew 'To be done to-night!'

It was now of morn, but still darkest night,
 And lower and lower the guttering light,
 The needle glistered and flashed again
 As ever the thread reached its tensest strain
 Stout heart! brave spirit! but all in vain
 She prayed—she moaned—for her strength she
 wept,
 The candle flickered, now sank, now leapt,
 But on her fingers flew she slept—
 Slept as in darkness faded her light,
 To murmur in dreams, 'To be done to night!'

She woke The sun on that wedding-day
 Shed light and warmth where the cradle lay,
 And the baby laughed as he saw beams play
 Mid his golden hair Then a minute passed
 Ere memory came, and the mother cast
 Her red-rimmed eyes on the glistening dress,
 Then pruned, her hand to her heart to press,
 Tottered and sank to her knees once more
 Snatched the needle bright from the bare blank floor,
 And prayed, Oh! 'tis but for this I ask—
 Strength that I finish this one hard task
 'Tis for bread—for baby—Great God! hush the light
 Help for thy slave—to be done last night!

She clutched at the robe, half wild! Once more
 The needle fell to the bare blank floor,
 With a light clucking, but far clearer rang
 A cry of joy To her feet she sprang,
 For the task was done At an end the stress,
 Waiting the wearer the wedding dress,
 And the seamstress sighed as each fold she scanned,
 "That last seam—sewn by an angel hand!"

Such is the story I now unfold
 Of a widowed seamstress. The dress was white,
 And the order writ, "To be done to-night!"

A DOG'S OUTING.



TELL this story with diffidence, natural history not being my forte. I have no new and original theory about reason and instinct to offer, I have studied the inner life of animals very little; and, indeed, have not enjoyed very favourable opportunities of doing so. My geese have never troubled but swans, my parrots declined much conversation, my dogs have all been dull dogs—worthy animals in their way, but unable to learn tricks, or even to fetch and carry. Whenever I took them education in hand, they invariably turned over on their backs and shut their eyes, as much as to say, "Don't hurt me more than you can help, please." I never could get them to understand.

Perhaps it was the would-be instructor who was dull however that may be, the result was uninteresting. I certainly once possessed a terrier who had a character, but it was not a prepossessing one. He was simply the most obstinate fellow, quadruped or biped that I ever knew. For example, he had a trick of barking and biting at my mare's heels whenever I started for a ride, thereby causing her to kick, rear, or bite—three horsey gesticulations which are unpleasant for a bad rider at any time, but particularly so when he has only one foot in the stirrup, and his right leg but half over the saddle. Yet if Tartar had confined his antics to our first start from the

stable yard it would not have mattered so much, and his excitement on being first released from his kennel would have been excusable. But no matter how long a run he had had, if I happened to dismount he renewed the annoyance when I got up again. And then, when this occurred in a town, he made me look and feel ridiculous, which was very trying to the temper. Have you ever seen Billy Sutton's ride to Brentford performed at a circus? Well, it is not pleasant to find oneself providing a similar exhibition gratis.

I stopped Tartar, who howled repentance, but repeated his crime the moment after. I left him at home, whining and tearing at his chain for days together, he only barked, and jumped, and bit at Lucy's heels with accumulated vigour the first time he was released.

Having observed my inability to overcome Tartar's obstinacy, Lucy herself at length took the task in hand. It was one day when she got a stone in her foot, and I had to get off and take it out. As usual, my patting my left foot in the stirrup was the signal for Tartar to rush at the mare's heels, barking and snapping. Up they went, but this time with vengeful aim, so that up went Tartar likewise, impelled by a one on the jaw, and a two on the ribs. Having described several complete summersaults, he finally fell in the ditch, squeakless and when I went to his aid I thought he was dead.

However, presently he moved a paw; then an ear; then he whined; then he stood up on all-fours; finally he wagged his tail. On seeing this token of convalescence I prepared to get upon the mare's back again—this time in confidence of doing so unmolested; but no, just as I was half-way to the saddle I heard the accustomed "Yap! yap!" and looking down, saw Tartar in that approximation to Lucy's heels which had but a few minutes before proved so dangerous. After that, Tartar was always left at home when I went out riding; the most sanguine disciplinarian could hardly hope to subdue such obstinacy.

But the distinguishing traits of the dog, sagacity and fidelity, have never been particularly conspicuous in the individuals who have owned me as their master. They could smell me out when they wanted me, and they would come when I whistled to them, if the servant who fed them did not happen to whistle at the same time. I have been more fortunate in friendship than proprietorship, however, and have counted several dogs as my intimates who would not have disgraced the pages of the late Mr. Jesse himself. It is of one of these that I want to tell an anecdote which, though known to many living witnesses, I have never yet seen recorded, but which deserves to be included in any collection of dog stories, if only on the ground of being true.

In the days (ah, me! how fast they are receding!) when England protected the Ionian Isles, an Albanian sheep-dog lived in the citadel of Corfu. His name was Spero, short for Spiridius, the patron saint of the place (the name Spero, amongst Coriotes, answering to Jack with the British); but he was also called "The Subaltern's Companion," for there was a subaltern's guard at the citadel gate, and when the officer commanding it took over the various properties of the guard-room, Spero insisted on being taken over too. For twenty-four hours that officer was his master, and his friend; but once relieved he would barely notice him, his allegiance being transferred to the next comer. He was on good tail-wagging terms with all Englishmen, however, but hated his own countrymen like rats. If a Greek gentleman, attired in the garments common to all upper-class Europeans, entered the British quarter on a visit, Spero merely growled and retired; but when a native, clad in petticoats, greaves, and gaudy sash, presumed to come over the drawbridge, Spero rushed at him with unmistakably hostile intentions, and had to be held. As for going into the town where the objects of his enmity dwelt, he never thought of such a thing. At what period of puppydom he came into the citadel I could not learn, but there was no record of his ever having left it up to the time of his taking his two months' leave.

For one day Spero said to himself, "I am getting on in years; my faculties are all right at

present, but they cannot remain so for ever, and as I should like to see the country of my adoption before I die, I had better not lose any more time."

So when the next mail steamer was starting he went down to the landing-place, jumped into the first boat that put off for the vessel, and walked on board as coolly as if he had paid his cabin fare.

There was no fear about his reception; Jack is a wonderful fellow for pets; and as neither bird, beast, nor baby happened to be on board, Spero was master of the situation, and had a very pleasant voyage to Southampton. When the vessel was moored alongside the quay, Spero stepped on shore, and disappeared for a fortnight. There is absolutely no trace of him during that time, so that how far he extended his investigations, the data upon which he formed his judgment of England, considered as a canine residence, and what that judgment was, must ever remain a mystery. One thing I am perfectly certain of: if his impressions could be correctly interpreted, and given to the world, they would be well worth perusing; and that is more than can be said for all travellers' notes.

On the fourteenth day—I think it was the fourteenth, but in minor matters I cannot vouch for accuracy; as I write from memory of what happened sixteen or eighteen years ago—Spero reappeared at Southampton, somewhat leaner than when he landed, but in very good case, and re-embarked himself on board a Corfu-bound boat. He made his passage in safety, and turned up in his old place at the citadel-gate one morning when the guard was being mounted.

There is every reason to hope that the result of his visit was not altogether unfavourable to the English character; for he did not withdraw his friendship for the British officer, but continued to be the subaltern's companion, when that subaltern was on guard, as heretofore.

I know that this feat of Spero's is not half so strange as some that have been recorded of other dogs, but it is worth mention, as showing thought and design. What the old fellow's motive was we cannot guess, but he must have had one. What bothered me most for a long time was, how he managed to pick out the right vessel at Southampton when he wanted to return home; but it occurred to me at last that he probably recognised some sailor employed on that route, and followed him on board.

Poor old Spero! he died before his friends the English acceded to the romantic desire of the Sept-insulars, to ruin themselves for an idea, and I am sorry to say that his days were cut short by violence. Once again he quitted the citadel, and visited the landing-place—whether meditating another trip or not cannot be told—and a native policeman, a creature who carried a double-barrelled carbine instead of a truncheon, shot him. LEWIS HUGH.

that she was not in mourning, and there was an air of self-dependence, a quiet placid look that almost told what she was—a district visitor.

The man she addressed was a waggoner, who forthwith jumped down from his perilous seat on the shafts, pulled up his horses with a jerk, and with such politeness as might be expected from him, answered his interrogator with these words:—

“What d’ye say?”

“Can you tell me where Mrs. Hardy lives?” the lady repeated; and this time she tapped her foot with her umbrella a little impatiently.

“Ardy,” echoed the man, leaning on his whip with one hand, and scratching his head with the other, by way of assisting his memory. “Ardy; widow woman—longish family?”

“No,” replied Miss Forrester, “I know she is not a widow; she is ill; she has been hurt by Farmer Johnson’s cow.”

“Oh! her”—and the man grinned—“Bill Ardy’s wife, it must have been a brave beast as ‘ud moshle w’ she; ha, ha, ha!” and still chuckling, he pointed down the lane. “She do live in that there cot, the red ‘un; and fine mischief do go on there, I count;” then reseating himself, he cracked his whip and went on his way.

Miss Forrester was almost sorry she asked the question. She had rather rejoiced that suffering would be an excuse for a first visit, for however much it may be a duty, it is not always agreeable to knock promiscuously at strangers’ doors, when not by any means sure of a welcome.

It was early in November, about four o’clock in the afternoon, and the shades of evening were gathering. Nevertheless it was a pleasant time to be out; some rain had fallen, and the clouds were chasing each other quickly through the sky, driven by a soft south wind; and she was accompanied by a large mastiff of the Pyrenean breed.

“I did fly very well, but I lighted bad,” was the graphic account given by Mrs. Hardy of the accident, when questioned by her visitor; “and t’ain’t very often as I do go out nowhere, with all these tending children. Give out, Annie, coming so close to the lady, and she a stranger. The dog ‘ll bite ye sure!”

“No, he won’t, Mrs. Hardy;” and Miss Forrester laid her hand upon the huge head.

“I do like to see people as is fond of dumb creatures,” remarked the invalid, in a querulous tone, “some can’t seem to starve and ill-use ‘em; but my husband can. Now, that there cat—

and she pointed to a thin, wizened creature that was crouching under the clock, with eyes all pupils, staring at the door. “I’d turn ‘im out, bless me!”

“Hark, mother,” interrupted a tall, stout, surly-looking fellow with red hair, who had hitherto remained silent. “I can’t don’t starve and ill-use

the cat, no more than you do beat and starve me, when we’ve got a mind.”

“I can’t give ye what I haven’t got, and I’d a soon ye were out of this, earnin’ ye’re own bread, a-idling here, and sounder.”

“I don’t want to bide at home,” retorted the girl, sulkily; “and ‘tis allus father this, and father t’other, when we shouldn’t have nothin’ to eat some days if ‘tweren’t for he.”

“If ye could find a place for our Jenny, ma’am, I should be glad,” said the woman, taking no notice of her daughter’s words. “She’s just about a good ‘un to work, if she’ll keep a civil tongue in her head, where she do get her sarce from I don’t know, nor where she do larn it.”

Miss Forrester smiled. She promised to do her best, but she thought she could give a pretty shrewd guess from whom it was inherited; and quite agreed in the mother’s opinion that the girl would be better away.

She had scarcely left the cottage after paying her visit, when she encountered a big, burly man like a “navvy;” he had a scowling, dogged expression of face, small ferret-like eyes, thick lips, and whiskers and beard all in one of coarse reddish brown. He was in a dirty working dress, and had a black and white tie, loosely knotted about a thick, muscular throat. Miss Forrester was half inclined to turn back; even the trusty, well-schooled “Lion” gave a low growl, and bristled up.

The man stopped, and looking at the dog, remarked, “A run customer, that, to come across of a dark night.”

“Yes,” replied his mistress, timidly, and the thought crossed her mind, “You’re another,” but she nerved herself to the interview, and substituted “What is your name?”

“Bill Hardy, if ye do want to know,” was the reply, and the man stalked off towards his home.

His first act on entering the house was—not to inquire after his sick wife, who was huddled up in the chimney-corner, with her leg on a rickety chair, by way of a sofa—but to walk up the crazy staircase to his own bed-room, which was a low, dilapidated-looking apartment, with light peeping in through sundry crevices where it should not, and in which were three wooden bedsteads. Raising the mattress upon one of these, he drew forth a large and somewhat tattered net. “Mother!” he shouted.

“I can’t come up the stairs, I tell ye,” was the answer to the summons from below; “the pain do go right throo my leg if I do move ‘im, and I ain’t a-comin’.”

Upon which a heavy, blundering step descended the stairs, and throwing the net down, the man exclaimed, “If that lavy wench, Jenny, don’t mend they holes afore midnight, it will be the was for her;” and the speech was flavoured with an oath.

"Father, take I up," pleaded a little piping voice, while two fat, dimpled arms clasped the man's leg; "give I kiss."

The father looked down into the little chubby and not over-clean face, with its innocent blue eyes and rose-bud mouth, and softened. He lifted the little three-year old in his arms, kissed the warm cheek that hid itself in his neck, and the ferocious, hardened look on his face melted away.

A loud knocking at the door disturbed Bill Hardy in his parental demonstrations, and hastily putting down the child, he admitted a short, thick-set, jovial-looking man, who, in his own rough way, courteously acknowledged the wife's presence; and then a whispered conversation of some duration took place between the two men; they were evidently making some appointment.

"The moon won't be up afore," said the newcomer, rousing the latch as he spoke.

"All right," replied Hardy; "but stop and have a bit of supper, Jim."

"Not to-night, thank ye; the missus and the young 'uns is looking out at home," and he took his departure.

"We'll have a better supper nor this to-morrow night, please the pigs," said Hardy, taking his place at the frugal board.

A large dish of potatoes smoked in the centre; cooked as only cottagers can cook them, and from which emanated in some mysterious way a strong odour of onions.

"Hasn't much for a man to come home to, for a hard day's work—nothin' but taters; we'll better this to-morrow, mother, or any name 'ain't Bill."

"Take care what ye're at," answered his wife, testily; "ye'll get caught some of these days."

"Not without a fight for it, ye may take ye're oath of that."

"The new visitor do want these here children to go to school," said Mrs. Hardy, wisely changing the subject.

"Then the 'visitor' had better pay for 'em, and find the clothes to send 'em in; I ain't a-going to. What's the good of larning? Jack do make a few pence bird-keeping, and Molly's got enough to do to look after this 'ere chap;" and the softer look crossed the father's face once more, as he laid his hand tenderly on the curly golden head—a hand that would be raised to-morrow, should opportunity offer, for the commission of any deed of daring, or of crime. "So don't let's hear no more about schooling; there's too many on 'em to do nothing; and don't let that there spy of the parson's be hanging about here, prying her nose into what don't concern her."

Then, supper being finished, he got up from his chair, scowled lustily at a stool which crossed his passage to the door, and went out, to spend at the

public-house a good portion of the time which must yet intervene before he could commence his punishing pursuits.

Bill Hardy was always welcome at these nightly assemblies, where the affairs of the parish and the neighbourhood were discussed quite as hotly as educated men discuss the affairs of the nation. His indomitable daring and courage made him an object of admiration, added to which he had worked for many years in the neighbourhood of London, and had seen the world. Ill-natured rumour hinted that he had travelled a great deal farther than that at Her Majesty's expense.

More than a month had passed away. It was the depth of winter.

Many of the inhabitants of the village of Sefton lay wrapped in peaceful slumber; but at one cottage there was a solitary watcher.

It was at Bill Hardy's. The children had been in their beds long ago; a few melancholy embers in the fire were still lingering in the ill-kept grate. Mrs. Hardy's chair was vacant; ay, and her bed too, for the matter of that. She was in the churchyard, sleeping sounder than her little ones, even with the clanging of the bells so close to her.

Jenny, her representative in the home now, had been standing at the half-open door, on tip-toe, her fingers to her lips—listening.

"She could just distinguish, in the far distance, the well-known step she had been waiting for. It was coming so swiftly, what could have happened! Her heart beat high, and then stood still with terror, as her father, his face haggard in the moonlight, came up the garden with rapid strides, and pushed by her roughly.

"Money, Jenny! all you have, gull! I'm off to Lunnun; the Beaks'll be after me afore morning."

The girl was equal to the occasion: with trembling hands, yet without a question or a moment's delay, she took something wrapped in a bit of dirty newspaper from a tea-caddy, the receptacle for all treasures, and put it into his hand. "That's all, father," she said.

Hardy snatched it eagerly, and turned to depart; but, by an impulse stronger than even personal safety, he ran up-stairs—snatched his youngest boy in his rough arms—and, with a heavy sob, kissed and blessed him, and laid him softly down again. Then, almost in the same breath muttering a curse at his unlucky fate, he threw the money upon the coverlid, and was down-stairs again. "I couldn't take the last mouthful of bread from the young 'un," he said; "take care of him, Jenny;" and then he was gone.

The affrighted girl sank upon the floor, and hiding her face in her hands as she leant against the comfortless wooden chair, sobbed aloud. Perhaps he would come back, she thought, and face it.

She imagined she understood it all. He had been caught poaching, and he was in danger, so had fled. She would fain have followed him, for with all the devotion of her untrained heart she loved the bad, hard man—hard to all save *one*—but she did not dare. He might come back; she would wait, and watch. But she was young, had worked hard all day, and nature asserted itself. When two policemen, at five in the morning, lifted the latch of the cottage-door, Jenny was sleeping soundly.

The footsteps aroused her, and she was on her feet in a second, with the recollection of all that had happened clear before her.

"Where's your father?" said the foremost of the two men, perceptively.

"Gone to work," replied the girl, stoutly.

"No, no, my lass, none of that; we've been a-looking for him afore we came here; he's hiding somewhere—but I'll lay a guinea we'll unearth him."

"So you may, and welcome," retorted the girl, saucily; "ye may take every inch of him as ye'll find here."

The two men then proceeded to search the house and its surroundings; one going to the bed-rooms, whilst the other examined every corner and cup-

board below, as though he expected to find a mouse rather than a man concealed in them.

Jenny Hardy stood where they had left her, never moving, until a terrified scream from the children up-stairs recalled her to herself. Then like a tigress she was bounding to the rescue, but the policeman who was descending took her coaxingly by the arm, and led her down again. "Come now," he said, "don't be frightened, my dear; tell us where he's off to—we ain't going to hurt him."

"Ain't ye though?" laughed the girl, incredulously. Then suddenly she clasped her hands together tightly, and looking eagerly in the speaker's face, whispered, "What d'ye want with him? What ill has he done?"

The policeman bent his head closer to her, and lowered his voice a little, as he pronounced the one word, "Murder."

Afterwards, when Jenny went up-stairs—heavily, for years seemed to have passed over her in those few minutes—she found Joe, the father's darling, sobbing and shivering, stripped of the little ragged night-shirt she had put on him the night before; and on the pillow where the curly head had rested, was a stain that made her shudder.

END OF PART THE FIRST

WARNING LIGHT AND BEACON.

BY SIR FREDERICK ARROW.

IN TWO PARTS. PART THE FIRST.



HERE is nothing which fascinates the mind more than the grandeur of nature; and in the contemplation of the sublime scenery of the Alpine ranges, with their snow-crowned summits, the towering heights of the Himalayas, or the fiery peaks of the Andes, man feels his own littleness and recognises the hand of his Maker. But these feelings are stirred in a still greater degree by the contemplation of the sea, whether in its calm and majestic beauty, when soft undulations make the bosom of the ocean to rise and fall like the gentle heavings of a woman's breast, suggesting the repose of power; or when, lashed into fury by the howling gale, it dashes itself against a rock-bound coast, and seems as though it must sweep away everything before its awful strength. To none do these thoughts more readily occur than to our insular race, whose very existence may be said to be bound up with the sea. Other nations are affected by nature's grandeur as exemplified in many forms, but we Britons are surrounded by the sea and it is our pride that on its bosom the most glorious deeds which gild the pages of our

history have taken place. More than this, the energetic character of our people has enabled them to extend our empire to all parts of the globe, to form a greater Britain, on which the sun never sets; so that our little corner of the world is connected by ties of kinship and friendship, stretching far and wide across the seas, with many distant parts of the earth.

Our insular position undoubtedly has its advantages, which it is needless to dwell upon; but it is not without its disadvantages also—disadvantages not so much talked about, nor so correctly impressed upon the popular mind, as perhaps they ought to be. We may congratulate ourselves upon our commercial prosperity, and upon the facilities which now exist for travelling across the seas to all parts of the world; but we must not forget that sad experiences of wreck and loss of life, have taught us that those facilities are but the results of lessons impressed upon us by many disastrous occurrences; and, what is more, we should remember that the dangers which have wrought so much misfortune in earlier days are still in existence, nor have they abated one jot of their dreadful attributes. The "perils of waters, winds, and rocks" still threaten

the mariner; tempests have not lost their fury; the waves of the sea still "rage horribly;" submerged rocks still waylay the seaman, and sands and shoals still perplex him when he arrives near to "the haven where he would be."

But the fact is plain, nevertheless, that the facilities for voyaging across the seas have in these latter days vastly increased, and instead of the ocean being a dreary waste of waters "across which commerce could not penetrate, and enterprise feared to adventure," it has now become a great highway, and "the seas but join the nations they divide."

Many causes have operated to bring about this comparatively happy state of things, into the consideration of which we do not now propose to enter, but not the least among these numerous causes is the placing of guiding and warning marks, for the benefit of the mariner. These most valuable aids to navigation have no doubt been of the greatest service to the maritime community, and indeed to humanity at large; they have done much towards making sea-travelling less dangerous, and it is of them that we now propose to say a few words.

"Marks and signs of the sea" are of very ancient origin, and in the records of the earliest times we may read of flaming beacons, wood and stone pillars, and sundry other primitive devices for the warning and guidance of sea-faring men. The first beacon or lighthouse of which we have any record is the Tower of Pharos. It was built at Alexandria by Sostratus, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, one of the successors of Alexander the Great, and was finished in 283 B.C., or 2,155 years ago. Josephus tells us that it was 547 feet high, and that a fire was kept burning at night, which could be seen for thirty-four miles, and it was regarded as one of the wonders of the little world of those days. An inscription was cut into the stone, to the effect that it was built and dedicated by Sostratus "to the gods, the saviours, for the benefit of seamen." There is authentic testimony that this building existed for 1,600 years in good order, but it is supposed ultimately to have been overthrown by an earthquake. The ruins are still to be seen. About the time the Pharos Tower was built, the celebrated statue of the Colossus at Rhodes was constructed by one Chares. The figure was made of brass, and was sufficiently lofty for a ship to sail between the legs which spanned the entrance of the harbour, one foot resting on each extremity of the pier. It must be remembered, however, that the ships of those days were but small craft, and would not require any great elevation to enable them to pass under it. There is considerable doubt as to whether a light was shown by the figure, but at any rate it was serviceable as a day-mark. About eighty years after its erection, it was partially destroyed by an

earthquake, and ultimately the brass was sold by the Saracens to a Jew for a sum equal to £36,000 of our money, and it is said that it took nine hundred camels to carry the metal away.

There are traditions of light-towers having existed at Corunna, and at the entrance of the river Guadalquivir, both on the Atlantic coasts of Spain, probably the work of the Moors. The old ruin on the heights of Dover, called Caesar's Altar, is also conjectured to have been a lighthouse, and there are various rumours and suppositions concerning remains of old towers in different places, in favour of their having been beacons of some kind. At any rate, in the early days they were few and far between; but as civilisation advanced people grew more enterprising, navigation increased, and different nations became more acquainted with the value of guiding marks set up on shore. The records of mediæval times show that these marks gradually increased with the wants of the mariner. We read in olden chronicles of reverend hermits retiring to some bleak cliff, and, prompted by a pure philanthropy, exhibiting beacon-lights from their chapel-windows at night to aid the mariner; or of anxious merchants who lighted great fires adjacent to their ports, in order to guide their richly-laden argosies safely home. Coming to a later date we reach firmer ground, and find in the fourteenth century the establishment, at the mouth of the Gironde in France, of a magnificent tower for the purpose of showing light to the mariner by night. We allude to the celebrated Tour de Cordouan, which is still in existence. It was built during the troublous times of the civil wars of the League; it was twenty-six years before it was completed, and not until the reign of Henri Quatre restored peace to France, was this splendid building devoted to the purpose for which it was built. It is a most imposing edifice, and possesses accommodation not provided in modern lighthouses, such as a handsome apartment for the king's use, a chapel, and one or two other grand rooms. The light, when first shown, was obtained from burning wood; subsequently coal was used, and a rude attempt was even made to use a reflector with this coal-light, but not with much success by reason of the smoke.

Thus it will be seen that the development of commerce, the increase of communication, and the humane desire to relieve those in distress have combined to bring about a gradual amelioration in the means of marking the coasts of all countries, and the sea-shores of all civilised lands are now lighted up at night with splendid lines of variegated and brilliant lights.

We propose now to look more particularly at our English lighthouse system, and to consider such details as may be interesting to the general reader. The whole science of Pharology, as it is now called, from the Egyptian *Pharos* to which we have re-

ferred, must be essentially interesting to a maritime people like ourselves, and needs no apology for its introduction. Under the comprehensive term of pharology is included much that we have not space to consider; besides lighthouses there are light-ships, buoys, beacons, and fog signals, all of which have a similar end in view, viz., the protection and guidance of the mariner. In some future paper we may perhaps treat of the other branches of this subject, but for the present we can deal only with lighthouses.

Round the coasts of the United Kingdom are upwards of four hundred lighthouses;

Not one alone, from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge."

Each of these lighthouses has, in addition to its use as a general sea-mark, its special duty to perform, to mark the position of a rock, sand, or shoal, or to lead the way through a narrow channel into a harbour. Some small and comparatively insigni-

ficant light, guide fishermen homewards; and at times at midnight tell them of other seamen in the rough bourn; what is the state of the tide, and whether the bar of a harbour can be crossed. But the lighthouses which take most hold of the popular imagination are these grand structures which stand out of the sea, standing erect and immovable when the tempest rages, and the giant waves dash themselves in vain fury against the towers, and whose lights shine out serene and steadfast through a storm, and gladden many a sailor's heart. It is only in comparatively recent times that man has been able to build firm structures in such exposed and isolated situations. Our oldest lighthouses were built on land, on the summits of tall cliffs and in other elevated positions, from which huge flaming coal fires blazed and smoked, up to the end of the last century. But in these days high-house engineering has made vigorous progress, and by its aid we are now enabled, as it were, to wade out into the sea with our lamps, to help our friends to get safely through the dangers that encompass our shores.

END OF PART THE FIRST

STRANGERS, FROM WHENCE?

BY J. CARPENTER, F.R.A.S.



MYSTERIOUS interest has always been attached to those shapeless, dusky, half-stony, half-metallic lumps of matter carefully preserved in scientific museums under the name of *aérolites*, or meteoric stones. They are said, truly enough, to have fallen from the sky; and the celestial is so generally associated in the mind with the intangible, that

we cannot suppress a feeling akin to awe when we find ourselves confronted by these material messengers from the realms of space. They look so earthly that we would fain regard them as of the earth, and thus ease ourselves of the difficulty which we encounter in attempting to reconcile them with an extraterrestrial origin. But science gives us its assistance that they *are* foreign to our globe; it tells us that they have come from interplanetary spaces; it even hints that their primitive home was perhaps some remote sun, that cast them away in the tumults and eruptions to which our low suns are subject; or perhaps some mighty planet long ago crumbled to decay, and of its fragments the detected fragments. Have we not, at least, already suggested that the germs of life were cast into our world on a seed-bearing

meteor? This was a bold thought, but a rash one; it missed its aim of solving the mystery of life-generation by shifting the difficulty from one planetary object to another. Grant the possibility of a meteor bringing life-germs to our planet; there comes the fatal question, How came the life-germs upon the meteor? At present meteoric masses are sufficiently interesting in themselves, and apart from such speculations; their constitution, their probable source, their relation to other planetary bodies, the laws which govern their visits to the neighbourhood of our earth, these are a few points of inquiry that will engross philosophers for a long time, before they will need to create a facetious interest by associating meteors with biological speculations. But, in speaking thus lightly of a grand idea, let us pay our tribute of admiration to its deep and far-thinking originator, to whom science is indebted for advances many and varied.

The subject of *aérolites* or meteorites, and the allied phenomena of shooting or falling stars, is too vast, and ramifies into too many fields of inquiry, for us to deal with it in its generality in such an article as the present. Our object now is to inform our readers of the discovery of certain masses of meteoric iron, which surpass in magnitude anything of the kind previously heard of, and which, apart from their surpassing dimensions, have several points of interest connected with their location at the time of their discovery, and also with the means

by which they have been brought from their lurking place, where they were lost to intelligent sight, and deposited where they can be leisurely studied, and where their deeply interesting history can perhaps be unfolded by scrutiny and analysis.

In the year 1870, a Swedish expedition, which had been engaged in Arctic exploration about the coast of Greenland, brought home the intelligence that there were upon that coast, lying in fact upon the sea-shore, several stupendous masses of stony matter, foreign in nature to the soil they were deposited upon, and which one of the *savans* of the exploring party had declared to be of meteoric origin. The masses were too large to be embarked and brought away by the expeditionists on that occasion; but as it was all-important that they should be preserved and made accessible for study, an application was made by the Swedish Government to that of Denmark, upon whose territory the aerolites were lying, for permission to remove them, upon condition that one-third of the entire find

should be handed over to Danish museums, and the remainder become the property of the Swedes, who were to bear all cost and risk of their recovery. This arrangement was consented to, and last year two Swedish vessels, a steam war-sloop and a brig, set forth like the argonauts of mythology to fetch the treasure home to their learned countrymen. They found the spoil, and, by efforts that must have been as nearly superhuman as those which carried the stone blocks to the top of Cheops' pyramid, they got the masses on board. For conception their size and weight! The three largest weighed respectively twenty-one English tons, nine tons, and four and a half tons, while the former of them had in one place a sectional area of about forty-two square feet. Those who know the difficulties and anxieties attending the shipment of such great weights, even where landing-stages, cranes, and all other aids are at hand, will appreciate the labours of the Swedish argonauts in loading these gigantic stones from off a desolate Arctic shore.

Besides these major masses there were picked up twenty-two minor fragments, weighing in gross from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred pounds. All were safely secured, and upon the return voyage, in September last, the middle-sized mass, that weighing nine tons, and about one-third by weight of the smaller pieces, were landed at Copenhagen for deposit in the museum there. The others, giants and dwarfs, were borne to Stockholm, and placed in the national museum in that city. And by the fact that the British Museum possesses a specimen we may infer that the Swedes have, as we should expect, distributed a portion of their fragments among foreign scientific institutions.

History fails to furnish us with any record of

meteorites so colossal as these, especially the greatest of them. Upon the exact dimensions of the famous one which Plutarch tells us fell at Egos Patamos in B.C. 465 we are in doubt, for we are vaguely told that it was "as large as a wagon" about as definite a standard of reference as that adopted by the youth of story who, questioned upon the dimensions of an object, declared it to be "about the size of a piece of chalk." We have a few authenticated instances of aerolites of a ton weight; many of several hundred pounds; and multitudes whose pounds are counted by the tens. But all such are pigmies compared to those under notice. There is, however, nothing to limit the size of a meteorite that we know of; and it is just possible that our earth may, at some time, encounter a mass greater even than that twenty-ton one, so much greater indeed that the latter should be reduced to a pigmy's rank of size. Possibly, too, we may have encountered such already. Who knows what the sedimentary deposits of the earth cover and hide from us? Gigantic aerolitic blocks may have fallen while yet the foundations of our globe were exposed, and before the formation of its secondary and tertiary coverings. And who knows what meteoric masses may be gathered to the treasures of the deep? Aerolites do fall. On the 20th of June, 1809, one fell on the deck of a ship in the North Atlantic. It weighed but six ounces—fortunately perhaps, as the consequences of a heavy mass descending with the great velocity at which these objects move might have been serious to the vessel. The sea doubtless receives more aerolites than the land, just in proportion as the watery area is greater than the land area of the terraqueous globe.

The monster meteorites under discussion were found on the sea-shore, actually between high and low water marks; had they fallen a few yards more to seaward they would not have been known to us, except by some such accident as an earthquake on the spot, or some other terrestrial convulsion which might perchance have cast them into view.

There is another curious circumstance in connection with the precise locality of these masses. The large ones were found loose upon the shore, but resting immediately upon basaltic rocks, in which they appeared to have been originally imbedded. It would seem as if they had been wholly or in part buried in the basalt, and had been laid bare by the constant wash of the tide during long ages. Some of the fragments were encountered actually in the basalt; the rock itself was found to contain minute particles of the meteoric matter, identical in chemical constitution with the large masses; and the latter were found to enclose fragments of basalt. This points pretty obviously to the conclusion that the meteorites descended upon the basalt when it was

in a plastic state. And basalt is an igneous rock, which has been ejected from the earth's interior, and has overspread many large tracts of its surface, at an epoch which, although comparatively recent geologically speaking, must date backwards through countless ages. The meteoric masses presumably descended when what we call Greenland, and what is now a region of ice and snow, was the scene of great volcanic convulsions and fiery eruptions. Upon the evidence that offered itself to Professor Nordenskjöld, who saw the masses *in situ*, he concluded that they had come to earth, perhaps as portions of an extensive meteoric shower, and buried themselves in the molten basalt during an eruption in what Sir Charles Lyell has called the Miocene age, or that which formed a middle epoch between the oldest and the newer geological periods.

But basalt itself contains iron, and the question has not unnaturally occurred to critical minds whether, after all, the masses may not be of terrestrial origin. This suggestion is, however, met by close chemical analysis, which shows the composition of the great blocks to be quite different from any terrestrial substance, and perfectly identical with that of matter known to be meteoric. The masses are ferruginous like authenticated aerolites; like many of these they contain nickel and carbon, and when polished and etched by acids, they exhibit "the peculiar figures or markings usually considered characteristic of iron of meteoric origin." There can scarcely be a doubt as to their celestial or cosmical character. Still the philosophers, so incapable of tolerating a doubt that they will not allow "a peg to hang a doubt on," have hinted at the desirability of examining the basalt rock at considerable distances from the former site of the aerolitic masses, to ascertain whether iron exists elsewhere than in what was their immediate vicinity; which suggestion we mention rather to exemplify philosophic caution, than as doubting the true meteoric character of the objects, upon which point we take the analytical evidence to be tolerably conclusive.

What a story could these missives from the sky relate, had they the power of speech! If we adopt one meteoric theory, we may suppose them to have been hurled from some remote sun by the stupendous ejective forces of which, as we know from study of our sun, these orbs are the scenes. If we adopt another theory, we may regard them as the *disjecta membra* of some ancient planet long since crumbled to decay. And with regard to this theory we remark, that one careful student of the minute characteristics of meteorites has traced variations in the nature of different bodies of this

class, which have led him to the conclusion that the different orders of them may be accepted as representing different portions of the same planetary body. He has found that some are of the densely compact metallic nature which would presumably belong to the central portions of such a body: that others are less dense, as though they had come from parts nearer its surface: that others again are of lighter stony constitution, and therefore pertained to still more nearly superficial strata of the demolished globe; and M. Mounier, the meteoric-analyst alluded to, has hypothetically reconstructed the body, and considered at length the position in space which it occupied, and the causes which led to its disruption. Imagine one of our newly acquired fragments forming at one time a part of such a globe (and the imagination may be quite legitimately employed upon such a subject), and what a history must it carry in its stony breast! What scenes did it behold upon its own world? what did it witness while it was a homeless wanderer through space? what was the condition of our planet when it dashed into, and splashed about, that sea of molten rock upon whose consolidated bosom it has since reposed? and what were the changes that passed around it in the long ages that have rolled away during the interval between its arrival on our globe and its disturbance by human hands? Would that we could extract from these stones their sermons. Something doubtless in the department of cosmical history they will reveal, by the careful study that will be bestowed upon them; and let us remember that in most departments of science there occur problems, more or less satisfactorily solvable, which are akin to that performed by the palaeontologist who constructs an entire being from a single member. Such a problem was that attacked by M. Mounier in his researches above alluded to. What the stones will eventually teach us, it would obviously be premature to speculate upon.

In conclusion, we remark that the monster meteorites have shown great dislike to being disturbed from their long repose. They have manifested a strong tendency to fret away their substance. In other words, and laying metaphor aside, they have begun to perish rapidly in the atmosphere of the Stockholm museum by breaking up and crumbling to a fine powder. This is very curious, considering what weather-beating they must have withstood on the Greenland seashore. But it is evident that their destruction is imminent if the decay cannot be arrested. Attempts have been made to stay it by coating the meteorites with varnishes; but these have hitherto proved ineffectual, and it is actually proposed to preserve them in a gigantic tank of spirits of wine. Poor meteorites! once kee of the universe, now to be confined in a pickle-tub.

* We have quoted Mr. David Forth, who has inspected the meteoric masses, and has observed several other interesting facts concerning them, in the preceding article.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

FINAL ARRANGEMENTS.

IT WAS a splendid opening, without question. Dr. Senker had been in good practice for more than thirty years, and he had quietly introduced Jack to the position he was about to resign. Yet I

few persons urged me to stay and live down my chagrin and grief, but most of my friends congratulated me on the change in my prospects, and bade me God-speed. Julia could not conceal her regret, but I left her in the charge of Captain Carey and Johanna. She promised to be my faithful correspondent, and I engaged to write to her



"TEASING AND TORMENTING."

pondered over the proposal for a whole week before agreeing to it. I knew Jack well enough to be sure he would never regret his generosity; but if I went I would go as junior partner, and with a much smaller proportion of the profits than that offered by Jack. Finally I resolved to accept, and wrote to him as to the terms upon which alone I would join him.

I did not wait for my father to commit the irreparable folly of his second marriage. Guernsey had become hateful to me. In spite of my exceeding love for my native island, more beautiful in the eyes of its people than any other spot on earth, I could no longer be happy or at peace there. A

regularly. There existed between us the half-betrothal to which we had pledged ourselves at my mother's urgent request. She would wait for the time when Olivia was no longer the first in my heart; then she would be willing to become my wife. But if ever that day came she would require me to give up my position in England, and settle down for life in Guernsey.

Fairly, then, I was launched upon the career of a physician in the great City. The completeness of the change suited me. Nothing here, in scenery, atmosphere, or society, could remind me of the fretted past. The troubled waters subsided into a dull calm, as far as emotional life went. Intellectual

life, on the contrary, was quickened in its current, and day after day drifted me further away from painful memories. To be sure, the idea crossed me often that Olivia might be in London—even in the same street with me. I never caught sight of a faded green dress but my steps were hurried, and I followed till I was sure that the wearer was not Olivia. But I was aware that the chances of our meeting were so small that I could not count upon them. Even if I found her, what then? She was as far away from me as though the Atlantic rolled between us. If I only knew that she was safe, and as happy as her sad destiny could let her be, I would be content. For this assurance I looked forward through the long months that must intervene before her promised communication would come to Tardif.

Thus I was thrown entirely upon my profession for interest and occupation. I gave myself up to it with an energy that amazed Jack, and sometimes surprised myself. Dr. Senior, who as an old veteran loved it with ardour for its own sake, was delighted with my enthusiasm. He prophesied great things for me.

So passed my first winter in London.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

THE JARVIS TURNED.

A DREARY season was that first winter in London.

It happened quite naturally that here, as in Guernsey, my share of the practice fell among the lower and least important class of patients. Jack Senior had been on the field some years sooner, and he was London-bred and London-bred. All the surroundings of his life fitted him without a wrinkle. He was at home everywhere, and would have counted the pulse of a duchess with as little emotion as that of a dairy-maid. On the other hand, I could not accommodate myself altogether to haughty and aristocratic strangers—though I am somewhat ante-dating later experiences, for during the winter our fashionable clients were all out of town, and our time comparatively unoccupied. To be at ease anywhere it was, at that time, essential to me to know something of the people with whom I was associating—an insular trait, common to all those who are brought up in a contracted and isolated circle.

Besides this rustic embarrassment which hung like a clog about the out of doors, within doors I missed woefully the dainty feminine ways to which I had been used. There was a trusty female servant, half cook, half housekeeper, who lived in the front kitchen and superintended our household; but she was not at all the maid in the house whom I needed. It was a well-appointed, handsome dwelling, but it was terribly phony. The heavy, substantial furniture and pictures remained undisturbed in level

rows against the wall, and the crimson cloth upon the table was as bare as a billiard board. A tumble lying upon it, or fallen on the carpet and almost crushed by my careless tread, would have been as welcome a sight to me as a blade of grass or a spring of water in some sandy desert. The sound of a light foot and rustling dress, and low, soft voice, would have been the sweetest music in my ears. If a young fellow of eight-and-twenty, with an excellent appetite and in good health, could be said to pine, I was pining for the pretty, fondling woman's ways which had quite vanished out of my life.

At times my thoughts dwelt upon my semi-engagement to Julia. As soon as I could detract the image of Olivia from its pre-eminence in my heart, she was willing to welcome me back again—a prodigal suitor, who had spent all his living in a far country. We corresponded regularly and frequently, and Julia's letters were always good, sensible, and affectionate. If our marriage, and all the sequel to it, could have been conducted by epistles, nothing could have been more satisfactory. But I felt a little doubtful about the termination of this Platonic friendship, with its half-betrothal. It did not appear to me that Olivia's image was fading in the slightest degree; no, though I knew her to be married, though I was ignorant where she was, though there was not the faintest hope within me that she would ever become mine.

During the quiet, solitary evenings, whilst Jack was away at some ball or concert, to which I had no heart to go, my thoughts were pretty equally divided between my lost mother and my lost Olivia—lost in such different ways! It would have grieved Julia in her, very soon if she could have known how rarely, in comparison, I thought of her.

Yet, on the whole, there was a certain sweetness in feeling myself not altogether cut off from womanly love and sympathy. There was a home always open to me—a home, and a wife devotedly attached to me, whenever I chose to claim them. That was not unpleasant as a prospect. As soon as this low fever of the spirit was over, there was a convalescent hospital to go to, where it might recover its original tone and vigour. At present the fever had too firm and strong a hold for me to pronounce myself convalescent; but if I were to believe all that sages had said, there would come a time when I should rejoice over my own recovery.

Early in the spring I received a letter from Julia, desiring me to look out for apartments, somewhere in my neighbourhood, for herself and Johanna and Captain Carey. They were coming to London to spend two or three months of the season. I had not had any task so agreeable since I left Guernsey. Jack was hospitably anxious for them to come to our own house, but I knew they would not listen to such a proposal. I found some suitable rooms for

them, however, in Hanover Street, where I could be with them at any time in five minutes.

On the appointed day I met them at Waterloo Station, and installed them in their new apartments.

It struck me that, notwithstanding the fatigue of the journey, Julia was looking better and happier than I had seen her look for a long time. Her black dress suited her, and gave her a style which she never had in colours. Her complexion looked dark, but not sallow; and her brown hair was certainly more becomingly arranged. Her appearance was that of a well-bred, cultivated, almost elegant woman, of whom no man need be ashamed. Johanna was simply herself, without the least perceptible change. But Captain Carey again looked ten years younger, and was evidently taking pains with his appearance. That suit of his had never been made in Guernsey; it must have come out of a London establishment. His hair was not so grey, and his face was less hypochondriac. He assured me that his health had been wonderfully good all the winter. I was more than satisfied, I was proud of all my friends.

"We want you to come and have a long talk with us to-morrow," said Johanna; "it is too late to-night. We shall be busy shopping in the morning, but can you come in the evening?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "I am at leisure most evenings, and I count upon spending them with you. I can escort you to as many places of amusement as you wish to visit."

"To-morrow, then," she said, "we shall take tea at eight o'clock."

I bade them good-night with a lighter heart than I had felt for a long while. I held Julia's hand the longest, looking into her face earnestly, till it flushed and glowed a little under my scrutiny.

"True heart!" I said to myself, "true and constant! and I have nothing, and shall have nothing, to offer it but the ashes of a dead passion. Would to Heaven," I thought as I paced along Brook Street, "I had never been fated to see Olivia!"

I was punctual to my time the next day. The dull, stiff drawing-room was already invested with those tokens of feminine occupancy which I missed so greatly in our much handsomer house. There were flowers blooming in the centre of the tea-table, and little knick-knacks lay strewn about. Julia's work-basket stood on a little stand near the window. There was the rustle and movement of their dresses, the noiseless footsteps, the subdued voices caressing my ear. I sat among them quiet and silent, but revelling in this partial return of olden times. When Julia poured out my tea, and passed it to me with her white hand, I felt inclined to kiss her jewelled fingers. If Captain Carey had not been present I think I should have done so.

We lingered over the pleasant meal as it time were made expressly for that purpose, instead of hurrying over it, as Jack and I were wont to do. At the close Captain Carey announced that he was about to leave us alone together for an hour or two. I went down to the door with him, for he had made me a mysterious signal to follow him. In the hall he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and whispered a few incomprehensible sentences into my ear.

"Don't think anything of me, my boy. Don't sacrifice yourself for me. I'm an old fellow compared to you, though I'm not fifty yet; everybody in Guernsey knows that. So put me out of the question, Martin. 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.' That I know quite well, my dear fellow."

He was gone before I could ask for an explanation, and I saw him tearing off towards Regent Street. I returned to the drawing-room, pondering over his words. Johanna and Julia were sitting side by side on a sofa, in the darkest corner of the room—though the light was by no means brilliant anywhere, for the three gas-jets were set in such a manner as not to turn on much gas.

"Come here, Martin," said Johanna; "we wish to consult you on a subject of great importance to us all."

I drew up a chair opposite to them, and sat down, much as if it was about to be a medical consultation. I felt almost as if I must feel a pulse, or look at somebody's tongue.

"It is nearly eight months since your poor dear mother died," remarked Johanna.

"Eight months! Yes; and no one knew what those eight months had been to me—how desolate! how empty!"

"You recollect," continued Johanna, "how her heart was set on your marriage with Julia, and the promise you both made to her on her death-bed?"

"Yes," I answered, bending forward and pressing Julia's hand, "I remember every word."

There was a minute's silence after this; and I waited in some wonder as to what this prelude was leading to.

"Martin," asked Johanna, in a solemn tone, "are you forgetting Olivia?"

"No," I said, dropping Julia's hand as the image of Olivia flashed across me reproachfully, "not at all. What would you have me say? She is as dear to me at this moment as she ever was."

"I thought you would say so," she replied; "I did not think yours was a love that would quickly pass away, if it ever does. There are men who can love with the constancy of a woman. Do you know anything of her?"

"Nothing!" I said despondently; "I have no clue as to where she may be now."

"Nor has Tardif," she continued; "my brother and I went across to Sark last week to ask him."

"That was very good of you," I interrupted.

"It was partly for our own sakes," she said, blushing faintly. "Martin, Tardif says that if you have once loved Olivia, it is once for all. You would never conquer it. Do you think that this is true? I'm candid with us."

"Yes," I answered, "it is true. I could never love again as I love Olivia."

"Then, my dear Martin," said Johanna, very softly, "do you wish to keep Julia to her promise?"

I started violently. What! did Julia wish to be released from that semi-engagement, and be free? Was it possible that any one else coveted my place in her affections, and in the new house which we had fitted up for ourselves? I felt like the dog in the manger. It seemed an unheard-of encroachment for any person to come between my cousin Julia and me.

"Do you ask me to set you free from your promise, Julia?" I asked, somewhat sternly.

"Why, Martin," she said, averting her face from me, "you know I should never consent to marry you, with the idea of your caring most for that girl. No, I could never do that. If I believed you would ever think of me as you used to do before you saw her, well, I would keep true to you. But is there any hope of that?"

"Let us be frank with one another," I answered; "tell me, is there any one else whom you would marry if I release you from this promise, which was only given, perhaps, to soothe my mother's last hours?"

Julia hung her head, and did not speak. Her lips trembled. I saw her take Johanna's hand and squeeze it, as if to urge her to answer the question.

"Martin," said Johanna, "your happiness is dear to every one of us. If we had believed there was any hope of your learning to love Julia as she deserves, and as a man ought to love his wife, not a word of this would have been spoken. But we all feel there is no such hope. Only say there is, and we will not utter another word."

"No," I said "you must tell me all now. I cannot let the question rest here. Is there any one else whom Julia would marry if she felt quite free?"

"Yes," answered Johanna, whilst Julia hid her face in her hands, "she would marry my brother."

Captain Carey! I fairly gasped for breath. Such an idea had never once occurred to me, though I knew she had been spending most of her time with the Careys at the Vale. Captain Carey to marry! and to marry Julia! To go and live in our house! I was struck dumb, and fancied that I had heard wrongly. All the pleasant, distant vision of a possible marriage with Julia, when my passion had died out, and I could be content in my affection and esteem to her, all this vanished away, and left me whole before a block. If Julia wished for revenge, and when is not revenge sweet to a jilted

woman!—she had it now. I was as crestfallen, as amazed, almost as miserable as she had been. Yet I had no one to blame as she had. How could I blame her for preferring Captain Carey's love to my *richer* affections?

"Julia," I said, after a long silence, and speaking as calmly as I could, "do you love Captain Carey?"

"That is not a fair question to ask," answered Johanna. "We have not been treacherous to you. I scarcely know how it has all come about. But my brother has never asked Julia if she loves him; for we wished to see you first, and hear how you felt about Olivia. You say you shall never love again as you love her. Set Julia free then, quite free, to accept my brother or reject him. Be generous, be yourself, Martin."

"I will," I said; "my dear Julia, you are as free as air from all obligation to me. You have been very good and very true to me. If Captain Carey is as good and true to you, as I believe he will be, you will be a very happy woman—happier than you would ever be with me."

"And you will not make yourself unhappy about it?" asked Julia, looking up.

"No," I answered cheerfully; "I shall be a merry old bachelor, and visit you and Captain Carey, when we are all old folks. Never mind me, Julia; I never was good enough for you. I shall be very glad to know that you are happy."

Yet when I found myself in the street—for I made my escape as soon as I could get away from them—I felt as if everything worth living for were slipping away from me. My mother and Olivia were gone, and here was Julia forsaking me. I did not grudge her the new happiness. There was neither jealousy nor envy in my feelings towards my supplanter. But in some way I felt that I had lost a great deal since I entered their drawing-room two hours ago.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH. OLIVIA'S HUSBAND.

I DID not go straight home to our dull, gloomy bachelor dwelling-place; for I was not in the mood for an hour's soliloquy. Jack and I had undertaken between us the charge of the patients belonging to a friend of ours, who had been called out of town for a few days. I was passing by the house, chewing the bitter cud of my reflections, and recalling this, I turned in to see if any messages were waiting there for us. Lowry's footman told me a person had been with an urgent request that he would go as soon as possible to No. 19, Bellringer Street. I did not know the street, or what sort of a locality it was in.

"What kind of a person called?" I asked.

"A woman, sir; not a lady. On foot—poorly dressed. She's been here before, and Dr. Lowry has visited the case twice. No. 19, Bellringer Street. Perhaps you will find him in the case-book, sir."

I went in to consult the case-book. Half a dozen words contained the diagnosis. It was the same disease, in an incipient form, of which my poor mother died. I resolved to go.

"Did the person expect some one to go to-night?" I asked, as I passed through the hall.

"I couldn't promise her that, sir," was the answer. "I did say I'd send on the message to you, and I was just coming with it, sir. She said she'd sit up till twelve o'clock."

"Very good," I said.

Upon inquiry I found that the place was two miles away; and as our old friend Simmons was still on the cab-stand, I jumped into his cab, and bade him drive me as fast as he could to No. 19, Bellringer Street. I wanted a sense of motion, and a change of scene. If I had been in Guernsey I should have mounted Madam, and had another midnight ride round the island. This was a poor substitute for that; but the visit would serve to turn my thoughts from Julia. If any one in London could do good, I believed it was I; for I had studied the malady with my soul thrown into it.

We turned at last into a shabby street, recognisable even in the twilight of the scattered lamps as being a place for cheap lodging-houses. There was a light burning in the second-floor windows of No. 19; but all the rest of the front was in darkness. I paid Simmons and dismissed him, saying I would walk home. By the time I turned to knock at the door, it was opened quietly from within. A woman stood in the doorway; I could not see her face, for the candle she had brought with her was on the table behind her; neither was there light enough for her to distinguish mine.

"Are you come from Dr. Lowry's?" she asked.

The voice sounded a familiar one, but I could not for the life of me recall whose it was.

"Yes," I answered, "but I do not know the name of my patient here."

"Dr. Martin Dobrée!" she exclaimed.

I recollected her then as the person who had been in search of Olivia. She had fallen back a few paces, and I could now see her face. It was doubtful, as if she hesitated to admit me. Was it possible I had come to attend Olivia's husband?

"I don't know whatever to do!" she ejaculated; "he is very ill to-night, but I don't think he ought to see you. I don't think he would."

"Listen to me," I said: "I don't think there is a man in London as well qualified to do him good."

"Why?" she asked eagerly.

"Because I have made this disease my special study," I answered. "Mind, I am not anxious to attend him. I came here simply because my friend is out of town. If he wishes to see me I will see him, and do my best. It rests entirely with himself."

"Will you wait here a few minutes," she asked, "while I see what he will do?"

She left me in the dimly-lighted hall, pervaded by a musty smell of unventilated rooms, and a damp, dirty underground floor. The place was altogether sordid, and dingy, and miserable. At last I heard her step coming down the two flights of stairs, and I went to meet her.

"He will see you," she said, eyeing me herself with a steady gaze of curiosity.

Her curiosity was not greater than mine. I was anxious to see Olivia's husband, partly from the intense aversion I felt instinctively towards him. He was lying back in an old, worn-out easy-chair, with a woman's shawl thrown across his shoulder, for the night was chilly. His face had the most sickly hue and emaciation of the disease, and was probably refined by it. It was a handsome, regular, well-cut face, narrow across the brows, with thin firm lips, and eyes perfect in shape, but cold and glittering as steel. I knew afterwards that he was fifteen years older than Olivia. Across his knees lay a shaggy, starved-looking cat, which he held fast, and entertained himself by teasing and tormenting it. He scrutinised me as keenly as I did him.

"I believe we are in some sort connected," Dr. Martin Dobrée, he said; "my half-sister, Kate Daltrey, is married to your father, Dr. Dobrée."

"Yes," I answered shortly. The subject was eminently disagreeable to me, and I had no wish to pursue it with him.

"Ay! she will make him a happy man," he continued mockingly; "you are not yourself married, I believe, Dr. Martin Dobrée?"

I took no notice whatever of his question, of the preceding remark, but passed on to formal inquiries concerning his health. My close study of his malady helped me here. I could assist him to describe and localise his symptoms, and I soon found that the disease was in a very early stage.

"You have a better grip of it than Lowry," he said. "I feel as if I were made of glass, and you could look through me. Can you cure me?"

"I will do my best," I answered.

"So you all say," he muttered, "and the best is generally good for nothing. You see I care less about getting over it than my wife does. She is very anxious for my recovery."

"Your wife!" I repeated in utter surprise, "you are Richard Foster, I believe?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Does your wife know of your present illness?" I inquired.

"To be sure," he answered; "let me introduce you to Mrs. Richard Foster."

The woman looked at me with flashing eyes and a mocking smile, while Mr. Foster indulged himself with extorting a long and plaintive mew from the poor cat on his knees.

"I cannot understand," I said. I did not know how to continue my speech. Though they might

choose to pass as husband and wife among strangers, they could hardly expect to impose upon me.

"Ah! I see you do not," said Mr. Foster, with a visible sneer. "Olivia is dead."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

"THE LITTLE STRANGER."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," "NIVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

BOTH brothers gazed on her without speaking. There was something so intelligible in the glance with which she accompanied this speech, something so significantly hostile and venomous, that Ned felt himself awed and even cowed. He had been signally worsted in that vain attempt at rescue, and had to depart to his regiment powerless, and perhaps with a loss of dignity. This interference, however, had made no change in his brother's feelings towards him, and as years rolled on his wife began to urge very earnestly that it was folly to keep up an old quarrel, and Quixotic to let it interfere with the prospects of their many children.

Gradually Ned came to take this view, especially as his brother's affection for him seemed to increase every day; but Mrs. Burton always maintained a cold and distant attitude, wishing it to be understood that she still reserved to herself a sort of duty of never forgetting the insult she had received. Thus gradually the whole family came to accept the situation. Mr. Burton with a sigh—that "Ned and Lydia" would never be on cordial terms.

She said she was fond of seeing the world, and adored travelling; so after about a year and a half's residence at Abbeylands, she determined they should go abroad to see the world. The gossips of the place set this down to quite another motive than a mere taste for travelling. The story of the governess, with whispers of that second little history, which Ned Burton had discovered, was known, and the squires and neighbours kept aloof. The few who thought that old Burton had made a fool of himself, but could not bring themselves to give up his acquaintance, were repelled by her abrupt, suspicious manner, and very soon gave up visiting at the house. She therefore found this place dull, and unsuited to her tastes—she did not care for gardens, flowers, drives. She was delighted to leave the place.

The rest of the story was familiar to Ned Burton's family. How Mr. Burton's health had become so uncertain, how he had been ordered, or was said to be ordered to stay abroad for its benefit, how he had long hoped for an heir, and had at last given up the idea. With these absences growing longer and longer, the length of their visits to Abbeylands had increased, and they were finally installed

there; living prosperously, and in a steadily growing dream of happiness, which was so rudely dissolved by the piece of news that had just arrived.

"Now," said Ned Burton, vehemently, "do you still say I have done that woman injustice?"

"But, dearest Ned," said his wife, soothingly, "it is all so long ago. It is only by supposing her to be a demon that she could have kept up all that animosity."

Tom had not said a word during the progress of his father's narrative. His face had grown thoughtful and graver.

"It begins to look very like what Ned says. I feel a sort of instinct that she has never forgotten or forgiven, and if so—"

"And if so," said Ned, gloomily, "she will destroy us root and branch; and her choicest bit of revenge will be, to see us poor relations and hangers-on, dependent on her for little dols of money, and food and clothes."

"No!" said Tom, jumping up with sudden animation. "If so, we must only face her boldly, hunt her down instead of letting her hunt us down. And if she were to think of such devilish vengeance as to be serving us scraps, and alms of meat and money, why, she ought to be treated as one would a wild cat, with its savage teeth and claws, which we pursue and shoot!"

His mother looked at him with alarm and reproach. "Dear Tom, what are you saying? She is your uncle's wife, recollect."

"We can do nothing," said his father, yet more gloomily; "and, oh!" he added, "as it is, look at the mortification—to be dependent on their good-nature to 'poor Ned' for paying my debts!"

"But we have no debts, dearest—except the regular household expenses."

"I have been extravagant—very extravagant. God knows what I owe. I am sure I never thought of what I was spending, and why should I? Did they not lead me to believe that all was coming to us? How can I tell what I owe? There is the old loan to pay for the majority, which stands over, and the horses, and the new carriage, and the thousand to Poynter, and the diamonds for Lucy."

"Never mind," said Tom, "it is only fair that they should look after them, as they are taking the estate

from us. As for the jewels, as Lucy is now to be a poor man's wife, she can very well spare them, and the tradesman will take them back."

"Oh! what a humiliation! It only wanted that."

"It would be much more humiliating to give a present for which the tradesman was not likely to be paid, or be paid by some one else. No, Ned. The first thing must be to see how we stand, and then boldly face the situation. I shall make a beginning, and go off straight to Mrs. Forager to tell her the whole."

There had come a very curious change in Tom. He had grown, from being a light, laughing, careless boy, into a serious, reflecting, and determined man, and his parents looked after him with wonder, as he left the room with a firm and decided step.

Ned was at prey to the heaviest dejection and despair; his wife was agitated and alarmed; but his son Tom seemed the only one of the party who was confident and assured. It was remarked at his school that Tom, generally indifferent to success, and languid enough when there was something pleasant at hand, became cheerful and "comfortable" when there was "a fight" or an examination, where he was certain to fail, or some scrape before him. Further, this tone of mind, it was noticed, generally brought him safely and with credit through all these difficulties.

He walked thus composedly along the little friendly path which had been contrived purposely to favour the affectionate intercourse of the families, and which Mrs. Forager had often pronounced one of the most delicate instances of attention on record.

He found that lady in the little stunted and stunted dressing-room which she had christened her "Boudoir," engaged in communing with a vast number of noble and titled personages, tracking their august steps from Mayfair, or Grosvenor Gardens, till she had landed them at a particular Park, where a distinguished party were being entertained by the noble owner—in other words, reading the Court newspaper. She welcomed her future son-in-law with a hearty bluntness, which she thought was the best approach to the familiarity that should guide the new relationship.

"Sit down, my dear Tom, and tell me the news. You have not come to see an old woman like me, I know. Oh, no compliments, don't put yourself to that trouble, I don't expect 'em at my time of life."

"I did indeed come to see you, Mrs. Forager, and am glad Lucy is out—for a few minutes, at least. I have something very serious to tell you."

The change in Mrs. Forager's face was very remarkable. The expression that suddenly drove out that of maternal indulgence was one of doubt, disappointment, and hostility.

"Why, what can you mean?" she said. "I can't suppose for a moment that because we are two

women here, and Lucy without a father to see to her rights—What do you mean?"

"I can tell you in a sentence. My uncle has just got a son."

"And her!" added Mrs. Forager, mechanically. "Got a son! what d'ye mean? How dare you? Do you suppose, Mr. Burton, we are to submit to this treatment? Well, I never, never, in the whole course of my life, heard of such a thing!" And not knowing what to say or do, she got up and walked about.

"We are the sufferers. It is not my father's fault, you may be sure."

"But it is, sir. It's an unworthy trick. I see how it is. He thought he would have it all settled, and over, before this bit of news came——"

"Mrs. Forager!"

"Oh, don't talk to me, sir. It is too bad putting us in such a position. We have been treated fairly among you all. And the years we have wasted in this wretched place!"

"It is unfortunate; but we will make any amends in our power; whatever course Lucy desires us to pursue, we will adopt."

"Ah! that is good. A pretty match you would be now for her! a little raw school-boy. Now, don't—don't get up any standing on dignity, or being offended. I've no patience or time to put up with that. You won't offend me, nor put me down either, you nor your father. Such a miserable, ridiculous situation to be brought into!"

She walked up and down fretting, and dreadfully "put out." At last she stopped abruptly.

"As for Lucy, she must be put out of the question. If you and your family have a spark of generosity you will see the thing is not to be thought of. I won't have my child sacrificed. Two paupers going through the world with nothing but some rags of romance to cover them. Now, to whom am I to look to compensate me and mine for all the mischief done? What is this uncle of yours?—and his wife? Will they do anything?"

"Do you mean, *pay* you, Mrs. Forager?"

"Oh, come! no sneering at me, sir. That's an unbecoming return for all the time wasted, and the money too. It's unbearable!"

The young man was amazed, and yet even a little amused, at the extraordinary reception of his news, wondering how, during their long acquaintance, Mrs. Forager had never revealed herself in this coarse and repelling shape.

"I rely on you," she went on, "that nothing be put upon Lucy in this matter. She is a foolish and excitable girl, and she will be getting up romance; so it lies on your honour, for her own sake, to put the thing out of her head. It's all nonsense, sheer nonsense, and couldn't be thought of——"

"Where is she now? I am content that she should decide."

"But she shan't, and I'll take care you don't see her. Have you no honour or decency?"

"I shall not ask to see her to-day, but it is a matter that neither you nor I can decide; it is all for her, and for her alone. This is not a thing to be settled off-hand, as you would dismiss a servant. Mrs. Forager, I must say you have received my news in a delicate and sympathising way that I could not have anticipated. Good-bye."

Mrs. Forager was so amazed at this ironical tone, to say nothing of the decided remarks coming from this "mere chit of a boy," that she could find nothing ready for an answer, either coarse, refined, or of a neutral sort. She, too, had noticed the change in his nature, and the more decided and manly tone that he had assumed. That remark as to "dismissing a servant" had rather taken her back, and she felt herself a little awkward in presence of this raw lad, as she thought him. But her rage and annoyance at the news was uncontrollable. It was too bad. Here she had reckoned on a perfect establishment; on being supported in affluence for her life entire; having even a grand idea of installing herself in Abbotslands. This seemed an easy task, for she had a thorough contempt for the good souls who directed there, notwithstanding all their kindness—a contempt which had now become unmitigated.

After a while she began to see some symptoms of promise, and to discover that the page was not so desperate after all. There was the other family, who would probably take the place of the "idiots" who did not know how, and consequently did not deserve, to keep them. Something was surely to be done in that direction by a woman of position and intelligence such as she was. In the ordinary course of things, if resentment was to have been entertained at all, it ought to have been against persons who had so effectually destroyed all her plans; but, by a curious perversion, she felt only respect and an interest in them, while towards the victims of the situation she had a feeling of positive spite.

Here was her daughter Lucy, entering from a walk; a perfect Watteau figure, Dolly Varden hat, and little cape. "Tom was here, was he not? how unfortunate I was to have missed him!"

"Unfortunate! nonsense! A fine way they have treated us. They now turn out to be all paupers."

"Paupers, mamma!"

"Yes, cut out; disinherited! A boy, it seems, has turned up, and your friend Mr. Tom, who has been stunting about in his gold lace, won't have a thing. It's monstrous—disgraceful, to have devoted to take us in, in this way!"

Lucy was overwhelmed. "Oh, how unfortunate! how wretched!" she exclaimed. "Poor, poor Tom! I must not think of once."

"Now, of the lost man! How dare you?"

what folly has got into your head? The thing is at an end."

"What! has Tom given me up for that? Oh, mamma!"

Mrs. Forager was beside herself at this. She felt, what she had often felt before, that she never *could* make anything of this girl, in whom even proper instincts were so lamentably wanting.

"You will always be a fool, Lucy," she said. "These people have treated us infamously, scandalously. As for the thing going on, it is simply laughable."

"Why not, mamma?" she asked gravely. "Tom and I are engaged to each other in the most solemn way, and he would never think of letting a change of this kind interfere. He is too honourable for that."

"Fiddle-dee!" exclaimed her mother; "that's not the way to look at it. Give you up, indeed! of course they would be only too glad—that is, if they have any wit or sense left, which I doubt. I am not going to have a race of paupers brought into the world."

"Tom will work for us all," answered Lucy; "he has often said he would like nothing better."

"Go away—go to your room. Don't talk to me any more about it. I haven't patience to listen to such rubbish."

She said no more; besides, she wanted leisure to think out some of the schemes which were already crowding on her well-worn old brain. These "new people," which was the only name they appeared to her by, offered all sorts of opportunities. There was that brother of the "new wife," of whom she had often heard the fallen family speak. The very thing for Lucy! As for the ridiculous engagement between the young people, it would take very little finesse or "management" to throw that into confusion.

Poor Ned Barton in his study, his head between his hands, was finding a dismal occupation in calculating those liabilities of his own, whose existence had been a surprise for his family. There was that old loan for "the majority," left out at interest, but now certain to be called in—the new carriages—the horses—the jewellery—some sporting debts, which friends who liked Ned said "would do at any time," wine bills, milliners' ditto, and a vast number of others of tolerable amount; for the family had been living handsomely, and in a style suited to the income which they fondly believed was theirs. These debts would, of course, be paid "somehow;" but the mortification of having to see them discharged in this eleemosynary style was what weighed on honest Ned's heart. "What *would* become of him—of them all?" was the phrase, the frequent repetition of which was the only solution that came to him.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S LOVE.



N pensive thought she passed the church,
And up the sunny woodland came,
Until she found the silver birch—
Where long ago he carved her name.

And "Oh!" she sighed, as soft she kissed
With loving lips that gentle tree,
"Alone, alone I keep the tryst—
O love, my love, return to me!"

RELICS



THEY FOLD IT

SHUT the door closely, let no passer-by
Our task o'erlook, 'tis only you and I
Who care with reverent hands to lay aside
These simple relics of the child that died

Within this basket lay them one by one,
Nor let us weeping linger when 'tis done
Such tears might breed repining 'tis not ours
To, rugged the Lord the gath'ring of His flowers

They were all here the toys that she loved best,
The little pill that her soft cheek pressed
Her pictured books, defaced with frequent touch
Of tiny hands that prized them over much,

A tattered leaf, with verses of a hymn—
None did she fold it, for my sight grows dim
It is but now she spelt it at my knee,
‘Nearer to God,’ and asked how that could be

I see again the look that shone in the skies
The earnest wonder in the pure blue eyes,
As the rapt ear my meaning faintly caught,
Though scarcely comprehending all I taught

She hath these mysteries solved in soaring there
And we, too, have drawn nearer than we were
Strengthened by faith that needs not let nor stay
Since those child-footsteps tread the narrow way

LOUISA CROW

STAR-SUNS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, F.R.S., A.S., F.R.A.S., ASTRONOMER OF “THE STARS.”



HEM we gaze up at the
heavens on a clear
night,
“when all the deep suspended
stars
shine forth in all their
glory,”

the mind is impressed with
the feeling that an intense
and solemn calm pervades
amid “the celestial depths.”
Nor are other thoughts sug-
gested, when we consider
the daily and yearly motions of
the great star-systems; for we
know that these motions are not

apparent. The “mythic dance” remains immovably fixed, while the small orb in which we live is a small globe revolving within it, bringing fresh stars into view. Nay, year passes after year, and century after century, yet to ordinary vision the heavens remain unchanged in aspect, so that to the astronomer, as well as to the star-gazer, the stars present the aptest emblems of unity and immutability.

But when we substitute for what is seen by the bodily eye the lessons conveyed by the mental vision, the stars heavens are recognised as the scene of the most stupendous activity, and the mightiest energy, accompanied by the most marvellous character of mutability. We have at once the evidence of intense vitality and of perpetual decay.

Every star is a sun. These may not, indeed, be stars which, in the quiet counterpane of the night, rule our day and govern our fate, so the source alike of all the light and heat and life in this earth, and of all the forms of force throughout the planetary scheme. Many stars are hotter than our sun, many may give out as much light and heat, and many may rule over lesser star-systems. But every star is a self-luminous body, alike with our sun in energy, and still more far larger than he is, and many are surrounded by dependent orbs, and the source of future representatives of light and heat than

those which can now distribute to the worlds which circle around him. Taking one star with another, it may be truly said that the stars are on the average at least as important as the orb which we call “our sun.”

But remembering all the wonders recently revealed respecting the sun—the mighty outbursts by which luminous matter is flung a hundred thousand miles from his surface, the tornadoes which rage in his atmosphere, carrying vast vaporous masses of thousands of miles in every second of time, and the vast openings called spots, within which a hundred times the size of our earth could be contained, the wonderful becomes the thought that each one of the stars seen on the darkest night is the scene of similar displays! The minutest star we can discern possesses, in the merest fraction of its action, a supply of power competent in a single instant to destroy a thousand such worlds as ours. Yet even this is nothing by comparison with the lesson taught us by the telescope. The stars we see in myriads by the thousand, nor does the mind live when gazed upon so keen that he could in the whole heavens count ten thousand stars. But with a small telescope, such as we may see in half the optician’s shops in London, stars are brought into view which (in the whole heavens) must be counted by hundreds of thousands. Already with such a telescope more than three hundred thousand stars have been not merely counted, but mapped and catalogued in the northern hemisphere, and it is believed that the southern hemisphere is far richer. All these are merely as those which deck our heavens, are stars like our own. Yet even these are but few compared with those which can be seen with large telescopes. The eighteen-inch workman telescopes of the Herschels would show over the whole heavens many millions of stars, the great four foot telescope of the elder Herschel, many times more, the great Rosse six foot mirror more than a thousand millions of stars, each instinct with such energy as makes our sun a fitting ruler of the worlds which circle round him.

Again, the stars seem fixed on the celestial con-

cave. A thousand years ago the constellations were as they now are, and a thousand years hence they will be unchanged, save to the scrutinizing eye of the astronomer. Yet in reality every one of the orbs we see, all the hundreds of thousands of stars revealed by small telescopes, all the millions on millions brought into view by the lenses of the Herschels, are urging their way through space with a velocity so enormous that all ordinary forms of motion seem absolute rest by comparison. Taking one star with another, it may be stated that on the average the stars are rushing through space at a rate of at least three miles a second of time. At such a rate our earth, with its family of planets, is speeding through space, as our star-sun, as it travels with its planets on its appointed course, carries its family of planets. It may be well assured, that the stars are rushing worlds. The mind is lost in the contemplation of myriads of millions of stars, rushing through space, and the moons circling around them, all being carried with inconceivable velocity in the same

But if the influence of energy, and as a consequence vitality, throughout the universe is not an unchangeable, not less significant and not less constant mutability. There appears to me no reason why it should no longer shine with the light which it has received. The star Alpha of the Dragon constellation (which implies) the brightest star in the constellation (itself) notably one of the brightest stars in the northern heavens, is now a faint star, scarcely visible in orb. So also the star Delta of the Great Bear constellation, the middle star of the set of seven stars which form the "W" has faded from a brightness which it once possessed to that of the remaining stars of the constellation in the condition of a fourth magnitude star. These changes belong to the star world as much as the changes which have occurred within the last few years in our solar system. Both these stars gave out at times light as bright (at least) as our own sun only that it is not so long as now their lustre has been reduced to less than one-fourth of its former amount. We cannot but dwell upon the thought of the possibility of these changes which doubtless direct toward some final end. How would it be with us if our sun were to give out less than a quarter of the amount of light which it now sends from him? Or if the sun should change its temperature during the next six or seven years, so that it would make now existing bodies here unable to endure the change? There are several known instances also when stars have suddenly waxed in lustre, or have shown a gradual increased brightness, for several years in succession. Setting aside the steadily variable stars, we may cite as a remarkable instance the star Betelgeuse in Orion, the Alpha of that constellation. This star has shown some remarkable and most perplexing changes of brightness. In the years 1836-40 its variations "were most striking and conspicuous."

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stars, even among the nearest, are of different size, for instance, or at different distances, or they give out, or they absorb, different amounts of light, each other, and thus, however bright a splendid star Sirius is at present, it is not so bright as our sun, if the light has traveled the same intrinsic brightness of their emitted by the sun. This, at any rate, is certain, that our sun, placed where Sirius would be, hardly visible from our present standpoint. We know this because the distance of Sirius has been determined, and our sun's lustre has been compared with that of this star. But it is known that Aldebaran and Capella, Vega, Castor, Pollux, and Procyon, all the brightest stars in our northern skies are far larger than our sun,

though these stars are so far that astronomers have been unable to determine their true distance. They are certainly so far away, *at least*, that our sun, placed where any one of these stars is now situated, would be barely visible to the naked eye from the earth's present position. But, on the other hand, we have excellent reasons for believing that many stars are smaller than our sun. A star in the constellation of the Swan, one of the few stars whose distance is known, has been shown to be not only smaller than the sun, but less massive. Though the nearest star in the northern heavens (so far as present observations extend), this orb shines only as a sixth magnitude star—that is, it is barely visible to the naked eye. Our sun, placed at the same distance, would shine as a third magnitude star. It is worthy of notice, however, that among all the thousands of isolated stars, there are probably not any which are very much smaller than the sun, while by far the greater number appear to exceed him several hundreds of times in bulk. It would seem, then, that our sun is not by any means a distinguished orb in the stellar system—nay, that he is so inferior to the greater number of known stars, that he must be regarded as scarcely to be ranked in the same class with them.

Equally remarkable are the varieties of structure observable among the stars. That wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, has enabled astronomers to tell what many of the stars are made of, and in what condition they exist. Thus it has been found that all the stars owe their lustre to intensity of heat, a fact which Dr. Whewell questioned in his "Plurality of Worlds." The spectroscope resolves the light of a star into that white rainbow-tinted streak of light observed when the light of a body at a white heat is applied with the same instrument. Moreover, this rainbow-tinted streak is crossed by dark lines, the recognised indication of the existence of certain vapours absorbing light of particular tints. And just as the dark lines in the solar spectrum have been shown by incontrovertible evidence to be caused by the vapours of many familiar elements, so the dark lines in the stellar spectra are shown by their position to be due to similar elements. Thus, it has been demonstrated that in the atmosphere of the star Aldebaran the glowing vapour of iron is present in enormous quantities. So also strontium, antimony, mercury, calcium, magnesium, sodium, and lastly the familiar gas hydrogen, exist in the atmosphere of Aldebaran; and these and other elements have been shown to exist in like manner in the atmosphere of other stars. It is worthy of particular notice that sodium, calcium, and hydrogen, which are among the most important constituents of animal and vegetable structures, are present in nearly all the stars. If the orbs circling around each star contain the same elements

which are present in their ruling sun, as our earth contains the same elements which exist in its sun, then in the worlds circulating around Aldebaran and Sirius, Capella and Vega, Arcturus, Betelgeux, and Dubhe, there are not only the chief elements of such animal and vegetable structures as exist upon the earth, but also the chief elements which are employed, in manufactures and otherwise, to subserve the wants of mankind.

Among the star-depths, however, we recognise many varieties of structure which have no counterpart within the domain of the sun. Our sun is a single orb, or if some orb amid the host around us is near enough to form with him a binary system, astronomers have as yet obtained no evidence of the fact. But among the stars we recognise pairs of suns circling around each other, in periods which are in some instances of no great duration. How strange the condition of dependent orbs must be, when the sun to which they belong circles around another sun in sixty or seventy years! How perplexing to astronomers in those worlds, the relations presented by a pair of suns, each capable of dispelling the shades of night, though the daylight produced by one may be far inferior, as well as different in character, to the daylight produced by the other! But even these varieties of arrangement seem unimportant in comparison with the effects produced by combinations of coloured suns; for among the double stars the most charming combinations of colour have been observed. Passing over pairs of white, orange, red, and yellow stars, there are such contrasted colours as red and green, yellow and purple, orange and blue, especially in cases where the components of double stars are unequal. In these cases the larger star is always either white, orange, yellow, or red, but the smaller is often of a deep blue, green, or purple colour. It has been remarked by Sir John Herschel, "What charming contrasts and grateful vicissitudes, a red and a green day, for instance, alternating with a white day" (when both stars are together above the horizon), "and with darkness" (when both stars are below the horizon), "must result from the presence or absence of one or both from the heavens!"

But we may also extend our consideration to other peculiarities which must exist among systems of worlds circling around these double coloured suns. For among these systems there must often be presented the phenomena of coloured eclipses, when a blue, green, or purple sun hides from for awhile a red, orange, or yellow sun, or *vice versa*. Then satellites in such systems cannot resemble the pale-faced moon, but must show parti-coloured phases, different moons in different parts of the sky showing different aspects. Then it must be no uncommon circumstance for daylight, of one sort or another, to continue for years at a stretch—nay, daylight may last so long that creatures no

longer-lived than man may continue from the cradle to the grave unconscious of the existence of any of the stars which deck our own nocturnal skies.

If we were to pass to the consideration of triple and quadruple suns, of multiple suns, and clusters of suns, we should find the combinations which might be conceived (to say nothing of myriads which doubtless exist) even more bewildering. But space would wholly fail us here to describe the varieties of star-systems revealed to view by the telescope. If it be simply noted that thousands of star-groups of various orders have been observed, while it is known that only a small proportion of those actually existing have been observed and recorded, it will be seen how wonderful is the wealth of variety existing in the universe of suns.

It must be mentioned in conclusion that astronomers are beginning to entertain grave doubts whether, as had been supposed, the real limits of

the sidereal system have been ascertained. It was, of course, not conceived that the limits of stellar creation had been reached even by the great Rosse telescope; for each extension of telescopic power had revealed stars which had been unseen before. But astronomers had learned to regard the particular scheme or system of suns to which our sun belongs as gauged throughout its extent. Recently, however, it has been suspected that all the star-systems which had been supposed to lie outside our galaxy, and to be wholly unconnected with it, form part of its extent, and indicate at once its vastness and the infinite complexity of its structure. Should this be demonstrated, the universe of suns will have been shown to be even more stupendous a scheme than it had appeared as presented in the noble theories of the Herschels. It would indeed be presented to us as *practically infinite*, not only in extent, but in variety of structure, and the intensity of energy pervading its every portion.

WINDOW-GARDENING.



REALISM in the Dutch-picture manner is now the predominating characteristic of the modern art of word-painting. Whether it is a merit or a blot, whether it be that highest touch of art which conceals

art, or mere mechanism presumptuously claiming to be art, whether it be the simplest natural yet "graphic" thing, which its admirers believe it to be, or the mere cataloguing that adverse critics denounce it as being—whether it be this or that, is an open question, which need not be discussed here.

But this much may be said with certainty, that dealing so largely in details, the realistic school of word-painting becomes a risky one, when—as is often the case—the impliedly matter-of-fact picture is "evolved from an inner consciousness." For instance, now, no class of picture has been more run upon by the artists of this school than London-working-class neighbourhoods and "interiors." The dirtiness, squalor, and generally poverty-stricken air of the districts; the smallness, tumble-downness, and "plentiful lack" of sanitary appliances of the houses; the households with their family perambulator, and in which,

"Packed in one reeking chamber,
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lie."

the curious in-door trades carried on; the scantiness, and ricketiness of the furniture—all this has been very forcibly shown. And so also has the one little thing most frequently employed to give the touch of relief and brightness, artistically

necessary to save the pictures from being wholly sombre—the sickly, stunted, smoke-browned, pot-grown flower, that seems to share the blight which lies so heavily upon the lives of those who tend it.

It is a pretty little touch, and would at a first glance seem to be an harmonious one, the sickliness and stuntedness of the plant appearing to be in keeping with, and indeed a necessary result of, the general surroundings. In short, the little faded flower is a detail that can easily be imagined, and to that circumstance must be attributed the frequency of its appearance in word-paintings of poor interiors.

For be it known, that the faded flower, as the representative example of the indoor floriculture of the poor, is a mistake, far as to fact, less telling than the reality, particularly: Flower-pot and window-sill gardening, in the one fine art of the London poor. They cultivate it assiduously and *con amore*, and they have not cultivated it vainly as the faded flower feature of the imagination-evolved word-paintings would imply. As a rule the household flowers of the poor are of the choicer classes of their kind, and are noticeably fine specimens of their class. They are such flowers as would do no discredit to a gentleman's conservatory, and they are tended with a care such as, we fancy, rarely falls to the lot of conservatory plants—a care so constant, watchful, and loving, that it overcomes the natural disadvantages against which the flowers have to contend. It is their brightness and fragrance that are prized; their contrast to, not harmony with, the squalid accessories amid which they are placed, that gives them the charm they have for the town-bred poor. They are pathetic in their lonely love-

liness, and stand out as a living and loving embodiment of an ennobling sentiment. They mean a love of the beautiful in nature, upon the part of those who cultivate them, an appreciation of what constitutes the truly beautiful, and of the grand lesson of the words, "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." They are as bright oases in the brick-and-mortar deserts of alleys, courts, and by-roads. They stand a meek, mute expression, and yet an expression stronger than any language could frame, of that longing

"to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above their heads,
And the grass beneath their feet."

which the town-bound poor feel—a longing which, it is worth while to note, often becomes a "ruling passion, strong in death." Any one who has had much practical experience among the very poor, who has had opportunities of seeing not only how they live, but how they die, can scarcely have failed to notice that when they lie, a-dying, and in the shadow of the impending change, have ceased to feel or be conscious of the cankering miseries of their immediate surroundings, they will "babble of green fields"—of the green fields in which they may have wandered ere they came to the "city of extremities" to seek the fortune they have never found, or the fields that they have only dreamt of, as then they dream of these once more, with that intense power of imaginative realisation which comes to men when on the verge of the spirit-land.

The exhibitions of window-flower gardening that have been held in various parts of London, ought to have dispelled the stock notion of the one sickly household plant; but it does not seem to have done so, for—to use a term of expression which is perhaps a bull—the faded flower is still to be found blooming in word-pictures of poor interiors. A single strol through the poor and densely populated parts of such neighbourhoods as Westminster, Poplar, Deptford, or a dozen others that could be named, would conclusively show the falsity of the notion. Hundreds of houses would be found without any sign of a flower about them, and here and there would perhaps be seen some solitary plant that, having had the misfortune to fall into unappreciative, lazy, or ignorant hands, is thrown away, not in sympathy with the poverty of the neighbourhood and its inhabitants, but from neglect or wrong treatment. But as a rule, where there are flowers at all—and the windows displaying them are numerous—they are to be seen literally "all a-growing and a-blowing," large in petal, bright in colour, fresh in bloom, and having altogether a refreshing and refining effect upon the beholder. Some of the windows have the appearance of veritable little bowers, the plants being trained over arched ladders to a considerable height,

The pot-flowers that seem to be most in vogue are fuchsias, calceolarias, and variegated geraniums, but in the sill-boxes there is a greater variety of seasonable dwarf flowers—snowdrops, cowslips, violets, daisies, and the like—while little pots of musk, mignonette, and other plants chiefly valued for their perfume, are used for filling up the odd corners of what in many instances it is scarcely a figure of speech to call the window-garden.

Tennyson says that any man

"In land, or blade, or bloom may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind."

but surely there is one meaning of this window-flower gardening which must strike the minds of all men who consider the subject—a meaning, namely, to the effect that, consciously or unconsciously, and under all roughness of exterior, and squalor of daily life, there must be the germ of much that is good and refined in the nature of those who, from a love of the beautiful flowers, bestow upon their cultivation the amount of labour and care which it is evident must be expended upon these window-flowers, to bring them to the state of perfection to which they are brought, in despite of London smoke, and the many other drawbacks under which they labour. To encourage this humble species of floriculture has a tendency to develop the better part of man, and therefore the institution of the prize exhibitions for window-flower gardening was more than a merely pretty, it was grand idea. It has undoubtedly given an impetus to such flower-growing, and in the case of prize-takers in a certain sense and degree rewarded it. But the idea that some people have, that it is solely, or at any rate chiefly, in the hope of gaining prizes, or in a mere spirit of rivalry, that flowers are grown for these competitive exhibitions, is a mistaken one. There is a desire to shine and surpass, but the primary inducing motive to the rearing of the flowers is love of them for their own sweet sakes—a motive that was operative before the exhibitions were held, and that would still remain operative were they unfortunately to cease.

On this point it is well worth while to quote the words of a representative man—a middle-aged dock labourer who has been a window-gardener from his youth upwards, a frequent exhibitor and an occasional prize-taker. "Going in for another prize, then, Bill?" we said to him, pointing as we spoke to a magnificent fuchsia that almost filled his window.

"I is," he answered complacently, "and I fancy I shan't be far off getting one with that beauty; not however as I should break my heart over it if I didn't; it ain't just for the chance of prizes I rears 'em. Like 'em! I more than like 'em, I loves 'em. Ay, I may say like children almost, and as far as that goes, I cares for 'em more than plenty of children are cared for. I knows every individual leaf and flower

of 'em. I never go to my work in the morning, or to my bed at night, without attending to 'em, and if I only sees so much as the shadder of pining about 'em, I nusses 'em night and day till they shakes it off. If it came to a question of money, a price of a pound or thirty shillings wouldn't pay me for my actual labours, and I have to give a good deal of labour for a pound too. Not but what I bears the prizes in mind, and am mighty pleased when I get one. I can find plenty of uses for the money; and I likes the honour, for I am proud of my flowers; but independent of all that they pay me—in their own way. What could be prettier to look at? And then see how they brighten and sweeten the place, not to speak of how pleasant it is to watch 'em a-growing, and a-budding and blooming; coming on from a tiny slip no bigger than your finger to a fine plant, as half or more than half fills your window. I've seen—from the outside, you know—the sort of artificial ornaments that are put in gentlemen's windows, and I dare say they cost a lot of money, and perhaps I ain't a good judge of 'em; but to my eye I never saw one that, for real beauty, was fit to compare with that fuchsia that took your notice just now. Besides"—and here there was a lowering of the voice and a softening of the manner—"when you've been a-growing 'em from ever since you've had a bit of a place of your own to grow 'em in, they sometimes come to mean more to you than just a flower, however pretty they may be. There is that little geranium there, for instance; you only see a flower in it, I see a face as well—the face of my dead-and-gone little Jenny.

"Among us flower-growers it's a regular thing

to give each of your children a plant that they call theirs, and look after themselves. Well, although she was only between four and five, she must have one like the rest. 'Tan't I have a flower for mine own self, dad?' she says to me, and as we all made a pet of her on account of her being delicate, I answers, 'Of course you can, Tiny; take whichever one you like,' and she picked that. In a few months after she was fading away herself. On the day she died her mother said to her, "You know you are going to leave us, Jenny, to be an angel." She smiled and then whispered—for her voice was all but gone—"Oodkins my flower, dad?" I couldn't speak, but I nodded yes, and she understood, and was pleased; and from that hour, I've never looked at that plant or give it a drop of water, that I haven't seen her pretty face before me."

The instances in which the window-flowers of the poor serve as such sweet remembrancers are by no means solitary ones. The practice of allotting plants to the children of the family is a common one, and frequently you will be shown some flower which is especially treasured as having belonged to some little one who has "gone before." Altogether the influence of flowers among the poor is as pure and natural as themselves. The ardent love of them is, if rightly considered, a grand, a hopeful sign. It is not going too far to associate such appreciation of the beautiful with a receptive capacity of education, and those who aim at effecting the moral as well as the social elevation of the people will be acting wisely in, among other things, making a point of fostering and spreading the love of the beautiful in flowers.

AFTER DARK DAYS.



THE dark earth seemed a melancholy thing
When furies wrestled in the winter air;
There was no more delight in anything
Fresh forest flowerings, fanciful and fair,
Followed the month and all its withering,
Dead as December, with black boughs
and bare.
Men fell from life in heavy-hearted sigh-
ing,
Full of the universal sense of dying.

Now let the dreary season of our care

Be like a time of life that is forgot—

What need to sing of sadness and despair,

When that which made us sorrowful is not?

A soothing essence swells the tepid air,

And lawns are lit with many a golden spot;

The autumn, and the winter that came after,

Are gone away, and woods are loud with laughter.

Now happy are the sounds along the lanes;

We do not hear the wind upon the moor;

The woody halls are sweet in scented strains,

And there are many flowers on the floor

That, having sucked in gentle morning rains,

Are rich in hue and perfumed to the core.

The mossy dells are freshled through and through

With petals pink and white and violet-blue.

And at the dewy, dreamy shut of day,

When sleepy clouds are split with golden streaks,

And cuckoos hoot along the leafy way,

And daisies kiss their own empurpled cheeks,

Then village children by the river play,

And ardent lover, ardent lover seeks.

Love, sweet at all time, is most sweet in spring—

Love with a moon, and nightingales to sing!

GUY ROSLYN.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

MARTIN DOBRÉE'S PLEDGE.

I FOLLOWED Simmons' cab up Bellinger Street, and watched Johanna alight and enter the house. The door was scarcely closed upon her when I rang, and asked the slatternly drudge of a servant if I could see Mr. Foster. She asked me to go up to the parlour on the second floor, and I went alone, with little expectation of finding Mrs. Foster there, unless Johanna was there also, in which case I was to appear as a stranger to her.

The parlour looked poorer and shabbier by daylight than at night. There was not a single element of comfort in it. The curtains hung in rags about a window begrimed with soot and smoke. The only easy chair was the one occupied by Foster, who himself looked as shabby and worn as the room. The cuffs and collar of his shirt were yellow and tattered; his hair hung long and lank; and his cheeks had a sallow, unwholesome tint. The diamond ring upon his finger was altogether out of keeping with his thread-bare coat, buttoned up to the chin. One of them wore no waistcoat beneath it. From head to foot he looked a broken-down, seedy fellow, yet still preserving some lingering traces of a gentleman.

This was Olivia's husband!

A good deal to my surprise I saw Mrs. Foster seated quietly at a table drawn close to the window, very busily writing—engrossing, as I could see, for some miserable pittance a page. She must have had some considerable practice in the work, for it was done well, and her pen ran quickly over the paper. A second chair left empty opposite to her showed that Foster had been engaged at the same task, before he heard my step on the stairs. He looked weary, and I could not help feeling something akin to pity for him. I did not know that they had come down as low as that.

"I did not expect you to come before night," he said testily. "I like to have some idea when my medical attendant is coming."

"I was obliged to come now," I answered, offering no other apology. The man irritated me more than any other person that had ever come across me. There was something perverse and splenetic in every word he uttered, and every expression upon his face.

"I do not like your partner," he said; "don't send him again. He knows nothing about his business."

He spoke with all the haughtiness of a millionaire, and I could hardly refrain

from smiling as I thought of Jack's disgust and indignation.

"As for that," I replied, "most probably neither of us will visit you again. Dr. Lowry will return to-morrow, and you will be in his hands once more."

"No!" he cried, with a passionate urgency in his tone. "no, Martin Dobrée; you said if any man in London could cure me, it was yourself. I cannot leave myself in any other hands. I demand from you the fulfilment of your words. If what you said is true, you can no more leave me to the care of another physician, than you could leave a fellow-creature to drown without doing your utmost to save him. I refuse to be given up to Dr. Lowry."

"But it is by no means a parallel case," I argued; "you were under his treatment before, and I have no reason whatever to doubt his skill. Why should you feel safer in my hands than in his?"

"Well!" he said, with a sneer, "if Olivia were alive I dare scarcely have trusted you, could I. But you have nothing to gain by my death, you know; and I have so much faith in you, in your skill, and your honour, and your conscientiousness—if there be any such qualities in the world—that I place myself unfalteringly under your professional care. Shake hands upon it, Martin Dobrée."

In spite of my repugnance I could not resist taking his offered hand. His eyes were fastened upon me with something of the fabled fascination of a serpent's. I knew instinctively that he would have the power, and use it, of probing every wound he might suspect in me to the quick. Yet he interested me; and there was something about him not entirely repellent to me. Above all, for Olivia's sake, should we find her still living, I was anxious to study his character. It might happen, as it does sometimes, that my honour and straight-forwardness would prove a match for his crafty shrewdness and cunning.

"There," he said exultantly, "Martin Dobrée pledges himself to cure me. Carry, you are the witness of it. If I die, he has been my assassin as surely as if he had plunged a stiletto into me."

"Nonsense!" I answered, "it is not in my power to heal or destroy. I simply pledge myself to use every means I know of for your recovery."

"Which comes to the same thing," he replied, "for, mark you, I will be the most careful patient you ever had. There should be no chance for you even if Olivia were alive."

Always harping on that one string! Was it nothing more than a love of torturing some one that made him reiterate those words? Or did he

wish to drive home more deeply the conviction that she was indeed dead?

"Have you communicated the intelligence of her death to her trustee in Australia?" I asked.

"No; why should I?" he said, "no good would come of it to me. Why should I trouble myself about it?"

"Nor to your step-sister?" I added.

"To Mrs. Dobrec?" he rejoined; "no, it does not signify a straw to her either. She holds herself aloof from me now, confound her! You

those papers you showed to me the last time I was here."

She was away for a few minutes, and I heard the cab drive off before she returned. That was the chief point gained. When the papers were in my hand I just glanced at them, and that was all.

"Have you any idea where they came from?" I asked.

"There is the London post-mark on the envelope," answered Foster. "Show it to him, Carry. There is nothing to be learned from that."



"SITTING BESIDE THE DRIVER."

are not on very good terms with her yourself, I believe?"

The cab was still standing at the door, and I could not leave before it drove away, or I should have made my visit a short one. Mrs. Foster was glancing through the window from time to time, evidently on the watch to see the visitor depart. Would she recognise Johanna? She had stayed some weeks in Guernsey; and Johanna was a fine, stately-looking woman, noticeable among strangers. I must do something to get her away from her post of observation.

"Mrs. Foster," I said, and her eyes sparkled at the sound of her name. "I should be exceedingly obliged to you if you will give me another sight of

"No," I said, comparing the hand-writing on the envelope with that of the letter, and finding them the same. "Well, good-bye! I cannot often pay you as long a visit as this."

I hurried off quickly to the corner of Dawson Street, where Johanna was waiting for me. She looked exceedingly contented when I took my seat beside her in the cab.

"Well, Martin," she said, "you need suffer no more anxiety. Olivia has gone as English teacher in an excellent French school, where the lady is thoroughly acquainted with English ways and comforts. This is the prospectus of the establishment. You see there are 'extensive grounds for recreation, and the comforts of a cheerfully

happy home, the domestic arrangements being on a thoroughly liberal scale.' Here is also a photographic view of the place: a charming villa, you see, in the best French style. The lady's husband is an avocat; and everything is taught by professors—coronography and pedagogy, and other studies of which we never heard when I was a girl. Olivia is to stay there twelve months, and in return for her services will take lessons from any professors attending the establishment. Your mind may be quite at ease now."

"But where is the place?" I inquired.

"Oh! it is in Normandy—Noireau," she said—"quite out of the range of railways and tourists. There will be no danger of any one finding her out there; and you know she has changed her name altogether this time."

"Did you discover that Olivia and Ellen Martineau are the same persons?" I asked.

An expression of bewilderment and consternation came across her contented face.

"No, I did not," she answered; "I thought you were sure of that."

But I was not sure of it; neither could Jack be sure. He puzzled himself in trying to give a satisfactory description of his Ellen Martineau; but every answer he gave to my eager questions plunged us into greater uncertainty. He was not sure of the colour either of her hair or eyes, and made blundering guesses at her height. The chief proof we had of Olivia's identity was the drunken claim made upon Ellen Martineau by Foster, a month after he had received convincing proof that she was dead.

What was I to believe?

It was running too great a risk to make any further inquiries at No. 19, Bellringer Street. Mrs. Wilkinson was the landlady of the lodging-house, and she had told Johanna that Madame Perrier boarded with her when she was in London. But she might begin to talk to her other lodgers, if her own curiosity were excited; and once more my desire to fathom the mystery hanging about Olivia might plunge her into fresh difficulties, should it reach the ears of Foster or his wife.

"I must satisfy myself about her safety now," I said. "Only put yourself in my place, Jack. How can I rest till I know more about Olivia?"

"I do put myself in your place," he answered.

"What do you say to having a run down to this place in Basse Normandy, and seeing for yourself whether M^{rs} Ellen Martineau is your Olivia?"

"How can I?" I asked, attempting to hang back from the suggestion. "It was a busy time with us. The season was in full roll, and our most aristocratic patients were in town. The easterly winds were bringing in their usual harvest of bronchitis and diphtheria. If I went Jack's hands would be

more than full. Had these things come to perplex us only two months earlier, I could have taken a holiday with a clear conscience.

"Dad will jump at the chance of coming back for a week," replied Jack; "he is bored to death down at Fulham. Go you must, for my sake, old fellow. You are good for nothing as long as you're so down in the mouth. I shall be glad to be rid of you."

We shook hands upon that, as warmly as if he had paid me the most flattering compliments.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

NOIREAU.

IN this way it came to pass that two evenings later I was crossing the Channel to Havre, and found myself about five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day at Falaise. It was the terminus of the railway in that direction; and a very ancient conveyance, bearing the name of La Petite Vitesse, was in waiting to carry on any travellers who were venturesome enough to explore the regions beyond.

There was space inside for six passengers, but it smelt too musty and was too full of the fumes of bad tobacco for me; and I very much preferred sitting beside the driver, a red-faced, smooth-checked Norman, habited in a blue blouse, who could crack his long whip with almost the skill of a Parisian omnibus-driver. We were friends in a trice, for my patois was almost identical with his own, and he could not believe his own ears that he was talking with an Englishman.

"La Petite Vitesse" bore out its name admirably, if it were meant to indicate exceeding slowness. We never advanced beyond a slow trot, and at the slightest hint of rising ground the trot slackened into a walk, and eventually subsided into a crawl. By these means the distance we traversed was made to seem tremendous, and the drowsy jingle of the collar-bells, intimating that progress was being accomplished, added to the delusion. But the fresh, sweet air, blowing over leagues of fields and meadows, untainted with a breath of smoke, gave me a delicious tingling in the veins. I had not felt such a glow of exhilaration since that bright morning when I had crossed the channel to Sark, to ask Olivia to become mine.

The sun sank below the distant horizon, with the trees showing clearly against it, for the atmosphere was as transparent as crystal; and the light of the stars that came out one by one almost cast a defined shadow upon our path, from the poplar-trees standing in long straight rows in the hedges. If I found Olivia at the end of that star-lit path my gladness in it would be completed. Yet if I found her, what then? I should see her for a few minutes in the dull *salon* of a school, perhaps with some watchful, spying Frenchwoman present. I should simply satisfy myself that she was living.

There could be nothing more between us. I dared not tell her how dear she was to me, or ask her if she ever thought of me in her loneliness and friendlessness.

I began about this time to wish that I had brought Johanna with me, who could have taken her in her arms, and kissed and comforted her. Why had I not thought of that before?

As we proceeded at our delusive pace along the last stage of our journey, I began to sound the driver, cautiously wheeling about the object of my excursion into those remote regions. I had tramped through Normandy and Brittany three or four times, but there had been no inducement to visit Noireau, which resembled a Lancashire cotton-town, and I had never been there.

"There are not many English at Noireau?" I remarked suggestively.

"Not one," he replied—"not one at this moment. There was one little English *mam'zelle*—*peste à*—a very pretty little English girl, who was voyaging precisely like you, *m'sieur*, some months ago. There was a little child with her, and the two were quite alone. They are very intrepid, are the English *mam'zelles*. She did not know a word of our language. But that was droll, *m'sieur*! A French *demoiselle* would never voyage like that."

The little child puzzled me. Yet I could not help fancying that this young Englishwoman travelling alone, with no knowledge of French, must be my Olivia. At any rate it could be no other than Miss Ellen Martineau.

"Where was she going to?" I asked.

"She came to Noireau to be an instructress in an establishment," answered the driver, in a tone of great enjoyment—"an establishment founded by the wife of Monsieur Emile Perrier, the *avocat*! *Hé! hé! hé!* Mon Dieu! how droll that was, *m'sieur*! An *avocat*! So they believed that in England? Bah! Emile Perrier an *avocat*—mon Dieu!"

"But what is there to laugh at?" I asked, as the man's laughter rang through the quiet night.

"Am I an *avocat*?" he inquired derisively, "am I a proprietor? am I even a *curé*? Pardon, *m'sieur*, but I am just as much *avocat*, proprietor, *curé*, as Emile Perrier. He was an impostor. He became bankrupt; he and his wife ran away to save themselves; the establishment was broken up. It was a bubble, *m'sieur*, and it burst *comme ça*."

My driver clapped his hands together lightly, as though Monsieur Perrier's bubble needed very little pressure to disperse it.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "but what became of Oli—the young English lady, and the child?"

"Ah, *m'sieur*!" he said, "I do not know. I do not live in Noireau, but I pass to and fro from Falaise in la Petite Vitesse. She has not returned

in my omnibus, that is all I know. But she could go to Granville, or to Caen. There are other omnibuses, you see. Somebody will tell you down there."

For three or four miles before us there lay a road as straight as a rule, ending in a small cluster of lights glimmering in the bottom of a valley, into which we were descending with great precaution on the part of the driver and his team. That was Noireau. But already my exhilaration was exchanged for profound anxiety. I extorted from the Norman all the information he possessed concerning the bankrupt; it was not much, and it only served to heighten my solicitude.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before we entered the town; but I learned a few more particulars from the middle-aged woman in the omnibus bureau. She recollected the name of Miss Ellen Martineau, and her arrival; and she described her with the accuracy and faithfulness of a woman. If she were not Olivia herself she must be her very counterpart.

But who was the child, a girl of nine or ten years of age, who had accompanied her? It was too late to learn any more about them. The landlady of the hotel confirmed all I had heard, and added several items of information. Monsieur Perrier and his wife had imposed upon several English families, and had succeeded in getting dozens of English pupils, so she assured me, who had been scattered over the country, Heaven only knew where, when the school was broken up, about a month ago.

I started out early the next morning to find the Rue de Grâce, where the inscription on my photographic view of the premises represented them as situated. The town was in the condition of a provincial town in England about a century ago. The streets were as dirty as the total absence of drains and scavengers could make them, and the cleanest path was up the kennel in the centre. The filth of the houses was washed down into them by pipes, with little cisterns at each storey, and under almost every window.

There were, here and there, many improprieties, and some indecencies, shocking to English sensibilities. In the Rue de Grâce I saw two nuns, in their hoods and veils, unloading a cart full of manure. A ladies' school for English people in a town like this seemed ridiculous.

There was no difficulty in finding the houses in my photographic view. There were two of them, one standing in the street, the other lying back beyond a very pleasant garden. A Frenchman was pacing up and down the broad gravel path which connected them, smoking a cigar, and examining critically the vines growing against the walls. Two little children were gambolling about in close white caps, and with frocks down to their heels. Upon

seeing me he took his cigar from his lips with two fingers of one hand, and lifted his hat with the other. I returned the salutation with a politeness as ceremonious as his own.

"Monsieur is an Englishman?" he said in a doubtful tone.

"From the Channel Islands," I replied.

"Ah! you belong to us," he said, "but you are hybrid, half-English, half-French; a fine race. I also have English blood in my veins."

I paid monsieur a compliment upon the result of the admixture of blood in his countenance, and then proceeded to unfold my subject in some vague terms.

"Ah!" he said, "yes, yes, yes. Perrier was an impostor. These houses are mine, monsieur. I live in the front row; my daughter and son-in-law occupy the other. We had the photograph taken for our own pleasure, but Perrier must have bought them from the artist, no doubt. I have a small cottage at the back of my house; you'll, monsieur! there it is. Perrier rented it from me for two hundred francs a year. I permitted him to pass along this walk, and through our coach-house into a passage which leads to the street where madame had her school. Permit me, and I will show it to you."

He led me through a shed, and along a dirty, vaulted passage, into a mean street at the back. A small, miserable-looking house stood in it, shut up, with broken persimmons covering the windows. My heart sank at the idea of Olivia living here, in such discomfort, and neglect, and poverty.

"Did you ever see a young English lady here, monsieur?" I asked. "She arrived about the beginning of last November."

"But yes, certainly, monsieur," he replied, "a charming English demoiselle! She must have been blind not to observe her. A fine woman and *gracieuse*, with hair of gold, but a little more sombre. Yes, yes! The ladies might not admire her, but we others—"

He laughed, and shrugged his shoulders in a detestable manner.

"What height was she, monsieur?" I inquired.

"A just height," he answered, "not tall like a camel, nor too short like a monkey. She would stand an inch or two above your shoulder, monsieur."

It could be no other than my Olivia. She had been living here then, in this miserable place, only a month ago; but where could she be now? How was I to find any trace of her?

"I will make some inquiries from my daughter," said the Frenchman; "when the establishment was broken up I was ill with the fever, monsieur. We have never often here. But she will know—I will ask her."

He returned to me after some time, with the in-

formation that the English demoiselle had been seen in the house of a woman who sold milk, Mademoiselle Rosalie by name; and he volunteered to accompany me to her dwelling.

It was a poor-looking house, of one room only, in the same street as the school; but we found no one there except an old woman, exceedingly deaf, who told us, after much difficulty in making her understand our object, that Mademoiselle Rosalie was gone somewhere to nurse a relative, who was dangerously ill. She had not had any cows of her own, and she had easily disposed of her small business to this old woman and her daughter. Did the *messieurs* want any milk for their families? No. Well, then, she could not tell us anything more about Mademoiselle Rosalie; and she knew nothing of an Englishwoman and a little girl.

I turned away baffled and discouraged; but my new friend was not so quickly depressed. It was impossible, he maintained, that the English girl and the child could have left the town unnoticed. He went with me to all the omnibus bureaux, where we made urgent inquiries concerning the passengers who had quitted Nuremberg during the last month. No places had been taken for Miss Ellen Martineau and the child, for there was no such name in any of the books. But at each bureau I was recommended to see the drivers upon their return in the evening; and I was compelled to give up the pursuit for that day.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

A SECOND PURSUEE.

No wonder there was fever in the town, I thought, as I walked any way amongst the heaps of garbage and refuse lying out in the streets. The most hideous old women I ever saw, wrinkled over every inch of their skin, bear-eyed, and with eyelids reddened by smoke, met me at each turn. Yellow weavers, in white rags, gazed out at me from their looms in almost every house. There was scarcely a child to be seen about. The whole district, undrained and unhealthy, bears the name of the "Manufactory of Little Angels," from the number of children who die there.

And this was the place where Olivia had been spending a very hard and severe winter!

There was going to be a large cattle fair the next day, and all the town was alive. Every inn in the place was crowded to overflowing. As I sat at the window of my table, watching the picturesque groups which formed in the street outside, I heard a vehement altercation going on in the archway, under which was the entrance to my hotel.

"Grands Dieux!" cried the already familiar voice of my landlady, shrill as the cackling of a hen, "Grands Dieux! not a single soul from Ville-en-bois can rest here, neither man nor woman! They have the fever like a pest there. No, no, m'sieur,

that is impossible; go away, you and your beast. There is room at the Lion d'or. But the gens-d'armes should not let you enter the town. We have fever enough of our own."

"But my farm is a league from Ville-en-bois," was the answer, in the slow, rugged accents of a Norman peasant.

"But I tell you it is impossible," she retorted; "I have an Englishman here, very rich, a milord, and he will not hear of any person from Ville-en-bois resting in the house. Go away to the Lion d'or, my good friend, where there are no English. They are as afraid of the fever as of the devil."

I laughed to myself at my landlady's excuses; but after this the conversation fell into a lower key, and I heard no more of it.

I went out late in the evening to question each of the omnibus-drivers, but in vain. Whether they were too busy to give me proper attention, or too anxious to join the stir and mirth of the townspeople, they all declared they knew nothing of any Englishwoman. As I returned dejectedly to my inn, I heard a lamentable voice, evidently English, bemoaning in doubtful French. The confidant from Falaise had just come in, and under the lamp in the entrance of the archway stood a lady before my hostess, who was volubly asserting that there was no room left in her house. I hastened to the assistance of my country-woman, and the light of the lamp falling full upon her face revealed to me who she was.

"Mrs. Foster!" I exclaimed, almost shouting her name in my astonishment. She looked ready to faint with fatigue and dismay, and she laid her hand heavily on my arm, as if to save herself from sinking to the ground.

"Have you found her?" she asked involuntarily.

"Not a trace of her," I answered.

Mrs. Foster broke into an hysterical laugh, which was very quickly followed by sobs. I had no great difficulty in persuading the landlady to find some accommodation for her, and then I retired to my own room to smoke in peace, and turn over the extraordinary meeting which had been the last incident of the day.

It required very little keenness to come to the conclusion that the Fosters had obtained their information concerning Miss Ellen Martineau, when we had got ours, from Mrs. Wilkinson; also that Mrs. Foster had lost no time in following up the clue, for she was only twenty-four hours before me. She had looked thoroughly astonished and dismayed when she saw me there; so she had had no idea that I was on the same track. But nothing could be more convincing than this journey of hers that neither she nor Foster really believed in Olivia's death. That was as clear as day. But what explanation could I give to myself of those letters, of Olivia's above all? Was it possible that

she had caused them to be written, and sent to her husband? I could not even admit such a question, without a sharp sense of disappointment in her.

I saw Mrs. Foster early in the morning, somewhat as a truce-bearer may meet another on neutral ground. She was grateful to me for my interposition in her behalf the night before; and as I knew Ellen Martineau to be safely out of the way, I was inclined to be tolerant towards her. I assured her, upon my honour, that I had failed in discovering any trace of Olivia in Noireau, and I told her all I had learned about the bankruptcy of Monsieur Martineau, the manager of the school.

"But you would you undertake such a chase?" I asked. If you and Foster are satisfied that Olivia is dead, why should you be running after Ellen Martineau? You show me the papers which seem to prove her death, and now I find you in this remote part of Normandy, evidently in pursuit of her. What does this mean?"

"You are doing the same thing yourself," she answered.

"Yes," I replied, "because I am not satisfied. But you have proved your conviction by becoming Richard Foster's second wife."

"That is the very point," she said, shedding a few tears; "as soon as ever Mrs. Wilkinson described Ellen Martineau to me, when she was talking about her visitor who had come to inquire after her, in that cab which was standing at the door the last time you visited Mr. Foster—and I had no suspicion of it—I grew quite frightened lest he should ever be charged with marrying me whilst she was alive. So I persuaded him to let me come here and make sure of it, though the journey costs a great deal, and we have very little money to spare. We did not know what tricks Olivia might do, and it made me very miserable to think she might be still alive, and in her place."

I could not but acknowledge to myself that there was some reason in Mrs. Foster's statement of the case.

"There is not the slightest chance of your finding her," I remarked.

"Isn't there?" she asked, with an evil gleam in her eyes, which I just caught before she hid her face again in her handkerchief.

"At any rate," I said, "you would have no power over her if you found her. You could not take her back with you by force. I do not know how the French laws would regard Foster's authority, but you can have none whatever, and he is quite unfit to take this long journey to claim her. Really I do not see what you can do; and I should think your wisest plan would be to go back and take care of him, leaving her alone. I am here to protect her, and I shall stay until I see you fairly out of the place."

"THE LITTLE STRANGER."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

WITH the next morning a sort of steady routine set in. It seemed as though the new mistress had graciously given it to be understood that on the first evening anything in the shape of practical things or business was to be put aside; but with the next day she assumed a quiet air of authority. Ned, gloomy and dispirited, thought it was now time to come to some explanation as to his affairs, supposing it best to have it over quickly. But John Burton put the subject aside hastily, begging it would not be mentioned as yet, as Lydia wished all business to be postponed until her brother should arrive, which would be that evening. This seemed odd, not to say ominous to Ned.

That evening, as he was going to dress for dinner, he met on the stairs a gentleman, with fair hair and showy dress, a gaudy tie, velvet collar, and sealman waistcoat, with handsome massive gold chain and rings. At first Ned took him for a young man of four or five-and-twenty, his air was so gay and his complexion so fair and open. But when he accosted Ned, in a smiling and cordial tone, the latter saw that he was ten years older.

"I am Ralph Irving," he said. "I know you perfectly. Delighted to see you! I walked from the station. I have been all over the place already, but of course waited on the baby the first thing."

Ned received these hearty civilities with a sort of bewilderment. Somehow it appeared to him that he was being welcomed to some one else's house.

At the dinner-table the newcomers were now in strong force. The timorous and as it were awed family felt themselves outnumbered. Mr. Irving, whose wonderful hair seemed under the lamp-like masses of silky tow, "rattled" on, told stories of his travels, and was loud in his praises of the place. "But," he added, "there are wonderful openings. Not half enough has been done with it. Don't think I am reflecting on its previous administration, he added, smiling. "What I mean is, there is a good outlay of capital required, which I always said, John, was necessary. There was a gardening man in the last century whom they used to call 'Capability Brown,' because his opinion on every place that he was shown always took this shape—'It has great capabilities.' Lydia, I am going to be the 'Capability Irving' of this place."

Tom was listening to these remarks, measuring the speaker with his eye; then he spoke:

"No one ever said here before that Abbeylands wanted any thing in the way of improvement."

"No reason, that," said the other, smiling; "they might not have liked to remark it to you. I hear

there never were such liberal hosts. You have all won golden opinions."

"Well," said Tom, "so much the better. Uncle here would wish, I know, that the credit of his name should be well kept up in his absence, and I am sure he will find the benefit of it now that he has arrived."

"No doubt. Quite right, Tom," said Mr. Burton.

"No doubt, and quite right too," said Ralph; "and it is all a matter for business, and not while we are eating this good dinner. Mr. Edward Burton will show us all that in black and white."

Again followed a strained, awkward evening, during which everybody seemed to be acting. As a choice exhibition and treat, our little stranger, the infant "Algy," was brought down to be exhibited.

When the evening had come to an end, and the visitors had gone up-stairs, Ned said to his wife, "Something will come to-morrow, you will see. This man who arrived to-day is connected with it."

Mrs. Ned thought so too. So did Tom.

"He can't do us any harm," he said; "at least. I will try and prevent him."

But on the following morning, just as breakfast was finished, Mr. Burton said, a little nervously, "I think it is time that all this was put on a business footing, so suppose we make a regular morning's work of it in the study. Ralph here knows all about figures, and you can explain to him."

Ned looked bewildered.

"Explain what?" he said.

"Well, I mean," said his brother, "the general explanation of the affairs."

"Surely," said Mrs. Burton, impatiently, "you must see that it will be more satisfactory to all parties that everything is done regularly. My brother Ralph is to be our agent, and he must see how your accounts stand."

"My father has no accounts," said Tom, "to render to any one. He was not here as agent, or anything of the kind. My uncle was generous enough to let us have the place, and lay out his rents to the best advantage on it."

"Oh, of course," she said with a frown. "we understand all that. The books must be shown; there is a way of doing all this, and Ralph must go into it regularly."

"I have fortunately kept the letters from uncle," said Tom, coolly, "which will show that what I say is correct."

"Well, we shall go into all that," said Ralph, smiling; "the court will receive such documentary evidence."

"I don't understand you, sir," said Ned, excitedly,

"and I do not intend going before you as court, or in any way of the kind."

"And further," added Tom, "so far from being accountable, my father has lived in the style in which you, sir—forgive me saying so—encouraged him to do, taking your place here, and has incurred serious debts, both for me and others. This is only natural, in the situation. We are all rejoiced, of course, that you have been made so happy; but it alters, seriously alters, as you know, our situation, and we shall suffer greatly by this change. That is enough, without talking of bringing us to account. We have no money, and owe a good deal, fairly spent in keeping up the position of the family."

"This is quite a new tone," said Mrs. John Burton. "Perhaps you will be bringing us to account, and making out that we owe you money for your services. We can't admit your views at all. Everything must be explained, and accounted for."

"Footed up, as the Americans say," added Ralph, smiling.

"Well, I do think," said Mr. Burton, "what Ned owes us to the debts—"

"Ned—oh, your brother."

"You should remember my name, madam," said Ned, bitterly.

"I have not forgotten it, I assure you, only we hear so many Toms and Neds and other names, that it is confusing. You had better adjourn to the study, as Ralph says, and get the papers and figures." She then left the room.

As soon as she was gone, her brother said in a serious tone, "Lydia is right, we must go into the thing regularly. Just give me a general sketch of what has been laid out, and then we can see how we stand."

He led the way into the study, seated himself at the table, opened a despatch-box, from which he took small ledgers, rentals, etc., and said—

"I thought it would save time if I went over all these matters first, so I have a pretty general idea of how things stand. I thought it would save time, and clear the ground."

Ned seemed awestricken by the coolness of this young man of business. Ned's candid and honest nature came to his aid, and he said, "My dear brother, I speak to you, and I presume that you would not wish any one to come between—"

"No, no, God forbid!"

"Well, the truth, and the whole truth, is this. I counted on all this continuing, as you bade me, and I have got largely into debt. I feel no shyness or shame in telling you, for it is no fault of mine if they have not been paid. But I think we have a sort of claim on you, brother, and you said you would take care of us, and —"

"Of course, of course, my dear Ned. Don't say a word. I would do anything for you that I *could* do; and don't let the debts disturb you."

"He's always generous," said Mr. Ralph; "too much so sometimes. I think all this is very proper between two brothers, but I frankly remind you, John, that there's a difficulty—Mrs. John—"

"I thought so," said Ned, bitterly, "I said so. To think, after so many years—"

"You see, at this time she has a notion that every shilling unaccounted for is taken away from the child. It has really become a morbid feeling. Then again, you know, I tell you frankly, her feelings are not of the warmest towards you."

"Oh, that's all past and gone," said Mr. Burton. "No, don't distress yourself, Ned, we'll settle it all straight off. Come out now, and let us have a walk together, and talk over old times."

But when they came in from a stroll that was delightful for both, where Ned had opened his heart, they found Mrs. Burton in the drawing-room.

"I have heard," she said in her coldest way, "of what passed this morning. Not much business, it seems, was got through. To-morrow it must be different. Look here, Major Burton: I have always been candid, whatever my enemies may choose to say of me. I tell you plainly, you shall have no compliment from us, and I am surprised that you should expect it."

Ned looked at this deadly woman with anger in his eye. "You are unchanged, I see; well, I can tell you this, that I am not one bit sorry, and you dislike, which you have kept up for so many years, only proves that I was right in my judgment of you."

She turned to her husband.

"Do you allow your brother to address me in this strain?"

"Don't be afraid; I shall not forget myself; only take care, I warn you. A downfall often comes as great as the rise, and where there is pride it comes very soon."

"Now, Ned, stop this, I must beg," said his brother; "really, it is not—becoming."

"To hear your wife threatened, certainly not becoming. Major Burton has forgotten himself, in speaking to me in this style; you should not stand by and allow it."

"Ned meant nothing, I know. But it had better stop there. It is so worrying, all this family dissension," he added pettishly. "You know, Ned, it is your interest to be on terms with us, and really, considering Lydia's state of health, it's not fair, not fair of you at all."

"You must make allowance," said Tom to her, gravely. "At my father's age, with an ejection over his head, and having to begin the world again, when he might have looked forward to repose, is a serious matter. As for the money, you will see, I am sure, on reflection, it is not to be thought of. I will show Mr. Irving in a few minutes that the matter cannot be seriously entertained."

The two passed again into the study. Tom bluntly explained that the affair should be either a legal one or a friendly one. If the former, there was the discredit and scandal of going to law with a brother, and they had besides abundance of proof, letters, etc., to show the nature of the arrangement. If friendly, everything might be settled in some fashion. He would, at all events, stand between his father and anything like persecution. Whatever it was that he said, and whatever was the tone he took, there was a decided effect produced on Mr. Irving, the new agent, who smiled, and said it was hard to understand ladies; but he said—

"I think you are indiscreet to mix yourself up in this matter. Mr. Burton likes you, as I dare say you have found out; and this is all between my lady sister and your father."

"I shall stand by my father in any case. He requires some one to aid him, especially when he is unjustly treated."

"All right," said the other; "just as you please."

The news of the arrival of the family had soon spread. The first to come and pay homage were the Charles Hunters, who knew how to eliminate awkwardness from the world in the most graceful way. The "strange device" on their banner might be "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," and they might have proclaimed a sort of Bourbon speech. "There is nothing changed in the family; only a host and hostess more to entertain their friends." Mr. and Mrs. Hunter sat for half an hour,

and made a delightful impression on the new Mr. and Mrs. Burton. The "outgoing family," as they called him, experienced no neglect. Mr. Hunter was kindly, and maintained in fact the old demeanour; but there was an indefinable tone about him which conveyed that the superior Hunter manner and bearing was at the service of the superior people. The lady of the house was so pleased, that orders were sent to bring down "Master Algy" for exhibition.

It was not so fine a child as it seemed to the fond imagination of its parents; but it cried, and got into a rage, and tossed its little arms. Mr. Charles Hunter, however, won fresh golden opinions by his behaviour, soothing and petting with great success. What could be done to propitiate it? What spell could charm? Why, Mrs. Charles Hunter should sing for it. "Yes, dear, do go to the piano. Mrs. Burton will excuse me. It will divert our little stranger." Accordingly, out came the "boody," really once more to plead for assignations and kisses, provided they were duly performed when "coming through the rye." Only the little stranger was held by Mr. Hunter—he implored this privilege—over the piano like a tray, while the singer, turning her face three-quarters round, nodded and glided archly; and made a droll and eloquent face as she said slowly, "need a

boody—ry?" The incantation, it must be said, had no effect, rather the young heir, when the question as to the propriety of tears was put, answered it by a burst of squalls and beating of its tiny hands, and had to be taken away. But Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter lost nothing by the failure, and were at once placed, as it were, "at the head of the poll."

They must stay for lunch, when Mr. Ralph presented himself. He had been out over the place. Mr. Hunter "took to him" very much, and thought him a most intelligent, agreeable, well-informed person. Mr. Ralph, by a similar instinct, took to him, and began to tell a little adventure he had met with.

"What do you say to youth and beauty wandering in the groves? I assure you we shall find this place very tolerable. A charming little bit of Chelsea. A shepherdess, in a Dolly Varden hat, straying by herself and pulling buttercup."

"'Tis on my word," said Mr. Hunter, "it's won't do. 'Tis not fair, men of the world coming down to distract our rustic beauties. Who was she?"

"Well, I couldn't make out. I thought she had lost her way, and offered to show her, of course introducing myself as in office at Abbeylands. A fair, piquant little thing in a blue cloak, and oh, so pensive! She couldn't be the parson's daughter. I had a mind to track her."

"I am glad you did not," said Tom, fiercely. "You showed your good sense. That music-hall style of address would not have at all recommended you. Miss Forager is not the sort of person."

"Oh, it was Miss Forager, was it? My dear son, if I had known that I would have followed. How stupid of me!"

"No doubt," said Tom, "it was stupid, and I think you see now that your description was slightly stupid also."

Mr. Ralph did not relish being "put down."

"It doesn't follow at all—oh dear, no. It seems our good friend here would constitute himself the local policeman."

"No matter about that," said Tom, "I don't like the subject. Please let us hear no more of it."

"Don't like the subject," laughed Mr. Ralph. "Oh, I see. But I really beg pardon. Something wrong there. Well, you can't expect me to be posted up in all the ups and downs of these local matters. However, we shall say no more about it as the subject is disagreeable."

Mr. Hunter here struck in, with his usual "tact," to change the subject. But Mrs. John Burton looked at Tom with a darkling glance of hostility. Soon after, the guests rose and departed, having spent a most "delightful morning," and promising to come again.

THE ENGAGED RING.



"G. P. P. P."

AND so they say that I shall be
Belle of the coming ball,
Where all are bright and fair to see —
The loveliest of all.

For this they loop my costly diamonds,
And bid me deck my hair;
Bright flowers in the service press,
And jewels rich and rare.

Mary will turn when I appear.
The vision fair to see—
Low praise be whispered in my ear,
Warm glances thrown at me

Yet memory with a sudden pain
Comes, better thoughts to bring;
I need to look at thee again,
Thou simple little thing.

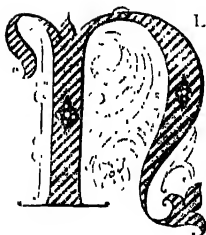
Ah! little hoop of gold and blue,
Given by Frank to me,
Meet emblem of that heart so true,
Now far beyond the sea.

And in the deep depths of my heart
Aasket sure shall be,
Where gems he'll prize are kept apart—
Love, Faith, and Constancy.

E. CLANTON.

THE "ALABAMA"

BY W. H. WHITT, FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.



THE "MERRIMACK" in England and America is the name of this famous vessel likely to be soon forgotten, and scarcely any person can be found, however unfamiliar with naval affairs, who is unacquainted with her history. Who has not heard over and over again, how on a summer day in 1862 the *Alabama* left the Mersey on what was termed "a trial trip," returned and in some respects incomplete; how the gay party of visitors on board were transferred to the accompanying tug boat, to be taken back to Liverpool; and how the "trial trip" was extended to a voyage to the Western Islands, where the ship was armed and equipped as a cruiser, and commissioned by Captain Semmes? Who cannot remember the time, during her two years' cruise, when little interest was taken in the scraps of news which now and again told of her doings in the West Indies, the South Atlantic, the Indian Ocean, and the other waters on which she sailed, than was taken in the intelligence from the seat of war in the United States? And who can have forgotten the eagerness with which the result of her fight with the *Kearsage* was waited for, or the general expression of regret with which the news of her defeat and destruction was received in this country? Widely different opinions were, and are, entertained respecting her character. Some call her a privateer, others a pirate, and others again a legitimately commissioned war-ship. No less disagreement exists on the further point of the action taken by our Government in connection with her destruction and escape from Liverpool, as well as on the reception afterwards in our British ports. But amidst this conflict of opinion one fact appears certain, the *Alabama* and her consorts were a blow at the American mercantile marine from which it has

scarcely yet recovered, and the effect of which it is difficult not to consider to be apparent.

Our concern, however, is not with any of these great questions; and our aim is simply to describe what the *Alabama* really was, and why her career was so successful. The statement may seem strange, but it is true nevertheless, that in spite of the widespread knowledge of her doings, this vessel appears to be rapidly assuming a mythical character. She is usually described as a wonderfully swift ship, capable of overthrowing any quarry, or "showing her heels" to too formidable a foe; appearing and disappearing in the most startling manner, and in the most unexpected places, and traversing long distances in wonderfully short times. In fact, as a sort of modern edition of *Pearl and the Coral Waterfall*. The truth is far otherwise.

The *Alabama* was really no more remarkable than one of the many small vessels of our navy termed sloops or corvettes. She had no such "turn of speed" as is commonly attributed to her, but on the contrary was slower under steam than many of the ocean-going merchant steamers which may be seen in our docks, and than most of the war-ships of our navy. She was only an unarmoured wooden steamer of comparatively small size, of moderate speed, armed with a few guns, capable of sailing well, and carrying a good supply of coal. These prosaic statements may disappoint many readers, but they are correct, as any one may see who cares to look through Captain Semmes' interesting book on the cruises of the *Sunder* and *Alabama*.

What made such a vessel so successful? it may be asked. The answer is not far to seek. Her success was mainly due to the fact that the Federal fleet was so fully occupied with the blockade of the Confederate coast, as to leave only a few vessels available for the protection of their commerce. Both sides felt this question of the blockade to be a vital one, and, holding their grip firm under continued attacks from the Southern forces, the Federals had to submit for a time to the loss in-

flicted upon their merchants and shipowners by the *Alabama* and her consorts, until the exigencies of the blockade became less pressing, and they were freer to undertake the pursuit of those vessels. It is a noteworthy fact that the *Alabama* only fought two actions during her career, and that in both cases the fight might have been avoided had her commander so chosen. The first was with the *Hatteras*, a Federal gun-vessel which was no match for her, and was not at all suited for warlike purposes, having been pressed into service in default of a better, like so many other ships then included in the blockading fleet. The second time was with the *Kearsage*, a vessel not much larger than the *Alabama*, but in better condition and built as a war-ship; and the result is too well known to need comment. It is true that besides these two engagements the *Alabama* had several narrow escapes from Federal cruisers, but these were comparatively few and far between, and ordinarily she was unchecked in her career of destruction.

Another chief cause of her success is thus described by Captain Semmes: "The *Alabama* was the first steam-ship in the history of the world, the defective little *Sunolt* excepted, that was let loose against the commerce of a great commercial people," and he might have added that her victims were almost without exception sailing vessels. At the time when the *Alabama* was busy burning and running down unarmed merchant vessels, sailing vessels were almost exclusively employed on distant voyages, and although great strides have since been made in ocean steam-navigation, sailing ships still outnumbered the going steamers. The *Alabama* therefore was almost always in pursuit of ships possessing only sail-power. Being a remarkably good sailor herself, she could overhaul most of them without using steam; but when she found herself outslated she could have recourse to steam, and so render the capture certain. Doubtless it was this fact that helped to give her that reputation for wonderful speed which she has, but which she does not deserve.

Captain Semmes is not likely to depreciate his own ship, and he gives ten knots per hour as her full speed under steam. Mail steamers, as is well known, steam thirteen or fourteen knots per hour, and all except our smallest classes of war-ships have a higher speed than the *Alabama* had, many of them attaining thirteen or fourteen knots. Had the *Alabama* encountered one of the latter vessels, her career would have been soon ended.

Her excellent performance under sail was of the utmost value to the *Alabama*. It was essential that she should be capable of keeping the sea for long periods, and yet retain coal to raise steam when required; this could only be done by using sail under ordinary circumstances. Any one acquainted with the history of any or all of these cruisers, will

know how great were the difficulties frequently resulting from the consumption of the coal carried, and the dangers attending the search for a fresh supply. The *Sumter*, for example, which was not a good sailer, and so used proportionately more coal, was more than once placed in dangerous circumstances by the necessity for entering ports and re-coaling, and at last had to be "lud-up" at Gibraltar, after no more than seven months' service, because her boilers were worn out by constant steaming, and because of the watch kept upon her movements by a Federal man-of-war. This experience doubtless had its effect upon Captain Semmes, and in the *Alabama* many of the *Sumter's* faults were remedied. On her first cruise, the *Alabama* kept the sea for no less than seventy days—probably three or four times as long as she would have been able to remain, had she not possessed such good sail-power. She then put into Martinique, and almost immediately was blockaded there by the Federal ship *San Jacinto*. Later on, however, these dangers of entering ports were done away with partially by appointing a rendezvous with an attendant collier, and taking over from her, at some distant or uninhabited place, the all-important supplies. By this means, too, a greater air of mystery was made to surround her movements, and the chances of being pursued by any of the few Federal cruisers were reduced. Yet even with her good sail-power, the wear and tear of the machinery in the *Alabama* was so great, that at the end of two years she reached Cherbourg in a very bad state of repair; and went out to fight the *Kearsage*, with her boilers in such a weak condition that her enemy could steam round her, although the full speed of the *Kearsage* was said to be no more than ten knots.

These, we conceive, were the principal causes of the *Alabama's* success—the comparatively free field of operations, and the combination in her construction of full steaming powers with very excellent sailing capabilities. Her work was essentially that of a privateer, whatever name she may be called by; and privateering, or the destruction of an enemy's merchant shipping, is, we need scarcely say, no novelty. But as a *steam* privateer she was a novelty, and her success has strongly impressed upon naval men, both in this country and abroad, the importance attaching to swift cruisers in future naval wars. Already steps have been taken in America, France, and this country to construct such ships, which shall outpace all non-clad vessels, and be capable of destroying an enemy's commerce, or protecting the merchant ships sailing under their own flag. Space forbids any attempt at description of these "*Alabamas* of the future" here, but our readers will be glad to know that in this branch of naval construction we have a long lead of all foreign powers.

A Wild Flower.

Written by FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Composed by FRANK BRAINE.

Allegretto moderato

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto moderato* and *mf*. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

p

She's se - ven - teen, she tells me; Yes, se - ven - teen to -

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The tempo is *p* (piano). The lyrics are "She's se - ven - teen, she tells me; Yes, se - ven - teen to -".

cres.

- day A bon - ny wood - land flow'r - et. Just op'-ning out in

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The tempo is *cres.* (crescendo). The lyrics are "- day A bon - ny wood - land flow'r - et. Just op'-ning out in".

piu lento. con espressione.

May. Just op'-ning out in May; As fra - grant as a

The third line of the song features a slower tempo, marked *piu lento. con espressione.* The lyrics are "May. Just op'-ning out in May; As fra - grant as a".

piu lento.

ritard. *tempo 1mo.*

vio - let, As mod - est in her mien, And

crescendo ed accelerando.

se - ven - teen her sum - mers, And se - ven - teen her

tempo 1mo. *crescendo ed accelerando.*

ritard.

sum - mers - I'm fond of se - ven -

tempo 1mo. *p* *ritard.*

teen.

mf *a tempo.*

A WILD FLOWER.



IT'S seventeen, she tells me;
Yes, seventeen to-day;
A bonny woodland flow'ret,
Just op'ning out in May,
As fragrant as a violet,
As modest in her mien,
And seventeen her summers—
I'm fond of seventeen.

Her eyes are softest hazel,
So simple and sincere
That every thought and feeling
In them is written clear;
And lovely is the spirit
That there reflected lies,
In those soft eyes of hazel
I'm fond of hazel eyes.

Her sheeny chestnut tresses,
By net nor ribbon bound,
Overflow her dainty shoulders,
And twine her neck around;
They flutter on her bosom,
Or warmly nestle there;
Oh, happy chestnut tresses!—
I'm fond of chestnut hair.

Her name is Mary— Mary;
To those who know her, May—
A name that breathes of country,
And wild flowers by the way;
A name as sweet and winning
As human lips can say;
I love the name—why, yes, then,
I love the owner, May.

FREDERICK LANGRIDGE.

A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER TWENTY YEARS AGO.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.



IT seems only yesterday that I, a raw boy of fifteen, put my hot thumbs nervously, in a certain lawyer's office in Bristol, on a small red wafer, and thereby certifying a neatly-written document to be my "act and deed," became articled apprentice to the editor and printer of a well-known Bristol journal, in which Chatterton had once written. I remember that my hurt pride, on becoming bound to a trade, was soothed by a vague impression that I was now a "prentice bold, such as you read of in the "Fortunes of Nigel," who was entitled to run away with his master's daughter, and who, at the cry of "Clubs," was warranted to spring over any counter, and join in a street fray.

The editor was a dull, portly, indolent man, who wore a plum coloured tail-coat, and had the air of a well-to-do tradesman. He was the slowest man with a pen, and the adroitest man with scissors. I think I ever knew. I never saw any one whip out half a column of foreign news with greater dexterity, and his deftness with the paste-brush was equally admirable. His mode of writing leaders was peculiar to himself. We published on Friday night, but he never began his leaders till about a o'clock on that evening.

"I never write as well," he used to say complacently, "as when I am driven."

His first proceeding was to shout up the pipe that communicated with the upper office, for the errand-boy. On the appearance of that chubby

and grimy Ganyমেদে, he dispatched him sternly for a pint of Barton, and filling a long churchwarden pipe, awaited his return with thoughtful calmness. He then filled his glass, placed it on the left-hand side of his desk, and buckled to at the leader, taking a puff of his pipe at the end of every line. When the first slip was written in his bold, clear, tradesman's hand, he would rise and shout up the pipe to the foreman in the office above—

"Send down for copy."

This request was instantly followed by the bang of a swing-door as a boy precipitated himself downstairs, and in a moment after appeared like one of Aladdin's slaves of the lamp, only considerably blacker, at the side of the editorial desk.

"Bourgeois loaded," was the brief mandate, and the boy, grasping the sacred manuscript, the special treasure of the week, darted back to the compositors. Woe to the clerk who intruded at that solemn hour!—no entangled account, no angry letter, no stop-my-paper threat, no, not even a request for abatement of terms for an advertisement to run twelve times would then be attended to. Angriily sipping his beer and fiercely blowing his pipe into a flame, our editor used to growl—

"Can't you see I'm writing my leader?—the men are waiting—don't bother me—call again—come up presently—shut the door!"

Woe to me, too, if I either slammed a desk, dropped a book, threw open a window, or scuffled with the papers! I also was snubbed, and denounced, and frowned and puffed at, till I relapsed into grave contemplation of that pleasant work,

the Ready Reckoner. Woe that day to the habitual torment of country editors, the man with an invention, if he was unlucky enough to call! In vain would he produce, from bag or pocket, the small tin chimneys, and the brushes that screwed together and formed the royal "Prince Albert's Improved Kamoneur." To one and all our editor returned the same reply, "Call again to-morrow, sir; don't you see I'm busy with my leaders?"

I am bound to say that the leader, when it did appear, had a slight flavour of ale and smoke. Its Toryism was muddy as the ale, its arguments were vapoury as the smoke. At the end of about the fourth slip, the foreman used to appear on the scene—a snuffy, grisly old man, fussy, confused, and all over apron.

"Any copy ready, sir? The men are all standing still. Want two more columns, sir."

Then the editor would go to his reserve drawer, and stay the foreman's clamours with half a column of railway meeting, and call to me for a murder in Staffordshire, or some such make-up bit. Then with another sip and puff, back to his work again. But, either from real humility, or natural indolence, or haste, my editor's leader would gradually assume a different form; you would presently see him carving with his scissors at a long slip from the *Morning Herald*, and using the paste-brush much oftener than the pen. The leader would then read thus:—

"But we are weary of any further exposing the machinations and underhand meanness of the Radical party. We cannot do better than quote the eloquent and singularly just remarks of a London contemporary, who says, Sir Robert Peel and his myrmidons," etc.

This helped out very nicely, and did quite as well as original writings. Then would follow a few lines of commentary, often concluding in this way: "But we have hardly done justice to the *Herald's* masterly analysis of Wednesday's lamentable debate. Our contemporary says with fearful truth," etc. So that at the end of about ten minutes more the mandate would go forth, to my great relief—

"Call up the pipe and tell them to send down directly for the end of the leader; and tell Mr. Davis we are ready for more revises, and a first proof or two."

The leader done, our editor would rise, tap the ashes out of his pipe upon the hob, mop his forehead, and finish his beer gratefully and complacently, with all the air of a man who had just completed the Pandects of Justinian. Ah! the editing of a weekly paper was easy, sleepy work in those quiet days of twenty years ago. It would sometimes happen that late on the evening of Friday, especially near the election time, when all the city was in a Blue and Yellow fermentation, and mires and countermines were being sunk every moment, some mysterious civil dignitary, fat, pompous,

jocular, or patronising, or cajoling, according to the nature of the work he wanted done, would call on the editor and request a small leader on some political rumour or scandal of the day. The puff, the snub, the indirect puff, the suppressed snub, was required to cheer the Blue or check the Yellow. Then the small local leader had to be written by aid of more smoke and ale. This article had generally a facetious heading suggested by some secret cabal, engendered in the office of the Blue lawyer. Sometimes it was colloquial, as "At it Again!" or emphatic, as "Yellow Humbug!" or savage, as "War to the Knife!" or melodramatic, as "Leaving the Sinking Ship!" or allegorical, as "Excelsior!" This article was always full of mysterious innuendoes, as, for instance, "The Yellow election agents are singularly quiet just now, considering how obtrusive and intriguing they were only a month ago. Yet it is singular that the Yellow meetings at the White Lion are still held regularly, and that the Yellow gentlemen who stagger home nightly from that resort are generally overheard discussing the merits of a certain low demagogue, whose third-rate goods are advertised freely on our walls." It was rumoured in our office that these sort of leaders were sometimes paid for by the party.

As the elections drew nearer, there came mysterious lampoons, squibs, and songs supplied by some eminent hand in London, and long letters from Junius, the Ghost of Burdett, Philo-Britannicus, or Fiat Justitia. These productions made one blush to be a Yellow, and glory in being a Blue.

But let me describe our office in its several storeys. It was neither picturesque nor in any way remarkable, but it will give the reader a notion of a country newspaper office twenty years ago. On the ground-floor was the counting-house, with ground-glass windows, and a box at one of them to receive contributions. In a sort of stable, railed in, sat our old clerk (who, if he had a holiday, took home the ledgers to amuse himself with an evening), and our second clerk (who devoted his leisure moments to directing the newspaper wrappers). On a desk by the window stood our file for the year, for the use of advertisers. A flight of stairs led from the counting-house to the editor's sanctum, a room chiefly remarkable for a nest of pigeon-holes for sorting copy, two rows of old dusty *Monthly Reviews*, and a row of bound volumes of the paper. On one side of the room stood a long desk, generally covered with proofs, with the copy screwed up in rolls, waiting to be read. At the side of the desk hung the files to contain the births, deaths, marriages, advertisements, and miscellaneous copy to be kept for reference in case of errors or complaints. A flight of stairs higher, and you came to a little sort of temporary room, like a Canadian settler's hut, the raw planks not being even papered. This was the sub-editor's room, where he read and

wrote on publishing days. A flight higher brought you to the job printing room, where there were two hand presses for printing bill-heads, circulars, and posting-bills. Probably two men would be there at work, the one at the ink-table preparing the glutinous ink, or dabbing the type on the press with the aid of a leather ball used for the purpose. Down folded the iron frame that gripped the paper, a turn of the handle, a pressure, another turn, and out came a printed page, to be added to the damp heap already printed. To-morrow those pages would be hanging to dry like so much linen in a drying-ground, across strings strained high up from wall to wall. Another story, and a swinging door took one into the compositors' room, a large dingy chamber full of cases of type. The great stone table in the

centre of a printing office is a sort of altar, sacred in the eyes of Caxton's children, for it is where they hold, what they call in their Freemason's language, their "chapel." There they decide on strikes, inflict or remit fines, and lay down laws for the admittance or rejection of apprentices. There they arrange their annual "way-gooze" dinners, the great revelry and holiday of the printer's year, when lavender comes into bloom and work declines. On this great stone slab the massy square pages of set type are what they call "imposed;" that is, put together column by column, and enclosed and "locked up" in the iron frames or "chases," which enable them to be lifted and carried about as a solid block.

END OF PART THE III.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE FORTYSIXTH. FURTHER AFIELD.

MRS. FOSTER did not speak again for some minutes, but she was evidently reflecting upon what I had said.

"But what are we to live on?" she asked at last; "there is her money lying in the bank, and neither she nor Richard can touch it. It must be paid to her personally or to her order; and she cannot prove her identity herself without the papers Richard holds. It is aggravating. I am at my wit's end about it."

"Listen to me," I said. "Why cannot we come to some arrangement, supposing Ellen Martineau proves to be Olivia? It would be better for you all to make some division of her property by mutual agreement. You know best whether Olivia could insist upon a judicial separation, but in any other case why should not Foster agree to receive half her income, and leave her free, as free as she can be, with the other half? Surely some mutual agreement could be made."

"He would never do it!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands round her knees, and swaying to and fro passionately; "he never loses any power. She belongs to him, and he never gives up anything. He would torment her almost to death, but he would never let her go free. No, no. You do not know him, Dr. Martin."

"Then we will try to get a divorce," I said, looking at her steadily.

"On what grounds?" she asked, looking at me as steadily.

"I could not and would not enter into the question."

"There has been no personal cruelty on Richard's part towards her," she resumed with a half-smile.

"It's true I locked her up for a few days once, but he was in Paris and had nothing to do with it. You could not prove a single act of cruelty."

Still I did not answer, though she paused and regarded me keenly.

"We were not married till we had reason to believe her dead," she continued; "there is no harm in that. If she has forged those papers, she is to blame. We were married openly, in our parish church; what could be said against that?"

"Let us return to what I told you at first," I said; "if you find Olivia, you have no more authority over her than I have. You will be obliged to return to England alone; and I shall place her in some safe custody. I shall ascertain precisely how the law stands, both here and in England. Now I advise you, for Foster's sake, make as much haste home as you can; for he will be left without nurse or doctor whilst we two are away."

She sat gnawing her under-lip for some minutes, and looking as vicious as Madam was wont to do in her worst tempers.

"You will let me make some inquiries to satisfy myself?" she said.

"Certainly," I replied; "you will only discover, as I have, that the school was broken up a month ago, and Ellen Martineau has disappeared."

I kept no very strict watch over her during the day, for I felt sure she would find no trace of Olivia in Noireau. At night I saw her again. She was worn-out and despondent, and declared herself quite ready to return to Falaise by the omnibus at five o'clock in the morning. I saw her off, and gave the driver a fee, to bring me word for what town she took her ticket at the railway station. When he returned in the evening he told me he had himself

bought her one for Honfleur, and started her fairly on her way home.

As for myself, I had spent the day in making inquiries at the offices of the octrois—those local custom-houses which stand at every entrance into a town or village in France, for the gathering of trifling, vexatious taxes upon articles of food and merchandise. At one of these I had learned that, three or four weeks ago, a young Englishwoman with a little girl had passed by on foot, each carrying a small bundle, which had not been

couraging no. At one point of our journey we passed a dilapidated sign-post, with a rude black figure of the Virgin hanging below it. I could just decipher upon the post, in half-obliterated letters, "Ville-en-bois." It recurred to me that this was the place where fever was raging like the pest.

"It is a poor place," said the driver, disparagingly, "there is nothing there but the fever, and a good angel of a curé, who is the only doctor into the bargain. It is two leagues and a kilomètre, and it is on the road to nowhere."



"I BURNED IT"

examined. It was the octroi on the road to Granville, which was between thirty and forty miles away. From Granville was the nearest route to the Channel Islands. Was it not possible that Olivia had resolved to seek refuge there again? Perhaps to seek me! My heart, bowed down by the sad picture of her and the little child leaving the town on foot, beat high again at the thought of Olivia in Guernsey.

I set off for Granville by the omnibus next morning, and made further inquiries at every village we passed through, whether anything had been seen of a young Englishwoman and a little girl. At first the answer was yes; then it became a matter of doubt; at last everywhere they replied by a dis-

I could not stop in my quest to turn aside and visit this village smitten with fever, though I felt a strong inclination to do so. At Granville I learned that a young lady, and a child had made the voyage to Jersey a short time before, and I went on with stronger hope. But in Jersey I could obtain no further information about her; nor in Guernsey, whither I felt sure Olivia would certainly have proceeded. I took one day more to cross over to Sark, and consult Tardif; but he knew no more than I did. He absolutely refused to believe that Olivia was dead.

"In August," he said, "I shall hear from her. Take courage and comfort. She promised it, and she will keep her promise. If she had known her-

self to be dying she would certainly have sent me word."

"It is a long time to wait," I said, with an utter sinking of spirit.

"It is a long time to wait!" he echoed, lifting up his hands, and letting them fall again with a gesture of weariness; "but we must wait and hope."

To wait in impatience, and to hope at times, and despair at times, I returned to London.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.

ONE of my first proceedings, after my return, was to ascertain how the English law stood with regard to Olivia's position. Fortunately for me, one of Dr. Senior's oldest friends was a lawyer of great repute, and he discussed the question with me after a dinner at his house at Fulham.

"There seems to be no proof of any kind against the husband," he said, after I had told him

"Why!" I exclaimed, "here you have a girl, brought up in luxury and wealth, willing to brave any poverty rather than continue to live with him."

"A girl's whim," he said; "mañana, perhaps. Is there insanity in her family?"

"She is as sane as I am," I answered. "Is there no law to protect a wife against the companionship of such a woman as this second Mrs. Foster?"

"The husband introduces her as his cousin," he rejoined, "and places her in some little authority on the plea that his wife is too young to be left alone safely in Continental hotels. There is no reasonable objection to be taken to that."

"Then Foster could compel her to return to him?" I said.

"As far as I see into the case, he certainly could," was the answer, which drove me frantic.

"But there is this second marriage," I objected.

"There lies the kernel of the case," he said, faintly peeling his walnuts. "You tell me there are papers, which you believe to be forgeries, purporting to be the medical certificate with corroborative proof of her death. Now, if the wife be guilty of framing these, the husband will bring them against her as the grounds on which he felt free to contract his second marriage. She has done a very foolish and a very wicked thing there."

"You think she did it?" I asked.

He smiled significantly, but without saying anything.

"I cannot!" I cried.

"Ah! you are blind," he replied, with the same maddening smile; "but let me return. On the other hand, if the husband has forged these papers, it would go far with me as strong presumptive evidence against him, upon which we might go in for a divorce, not a separation merely. If the young lady had remained with him till she had collected proof

of his unfaithfulness to her, this, with his subsequent marriage to the same person during her life-time, would probably have set her absolutely free."

"Divorced from him?" I said.

"Divorced," he repeated.

"But what can be done now?" I asked.

"All you can do," he answered, "is to establish your influence over this fellow, and go cautiously to work with him. As long as the lady is in France, if she be alive, and he is too ill to go after her, she is safe. You may convince him by degrees that it is to his interest to come to some terms with her. A formal deed of separation might be agreed upon, and drawn up; but even that will not perfectly secure her in the future."

I was compelled to remain satisfied with this opinion. Yet how could I be satisfied, whilst Olivia, if she was still living, was wandering about homeless, and, as I feared, destitute, in a foreign country?

I made my first call upon Foster the next evening. Mrs. Foster had been to Brook Street every day since her return, to inquire for me, and to leave an urgent message that I should go to Bellinger Street as soon as I was again in town. The lodging-house looked almost as wretched as the forsaken dwelling down at Noireau, where Olivia had always been living; and the stifling, musty air inside it almost made me gasp for breath.

"So you are come back!" was Foster's greeting, as I entered the dingy room.

"Yes," I replied.

"I need not ask what success you've had," he said, sneering, "'Why so pale and wan, fond lover?' Your trip has not agreed with you, that is plain enough. It did not agree with Carry, either, for she came back swearing she would never go on such a wild-goose chase again. You know I was quite opposed to her going?"

"No," I said incredulously. The diamond ring had disappeared from his finger, and it was easy to guess how the funds had been raised for the journey.

"Altogether opposed," he repeated. "I believe Olivia is dead. I am quite sure she has never been under this roof with me, as Miss Ellen Martineau has been. I should have known it as surely as ever a tiger scented its prey. Do you suppose I have no sense keen enough to tell me she was in the very house where I was?"

"Nonsense!" I answered. His eyes glistened cruelly, and made me almost ready to spring upon him. I could have seized him by the throat and shaken him to death, in my sudden passion of bathing against him; but I sat quiet, and ejaculated "Nonsense!" Such power has the spirit of the nineteenth century among civilised classes.

"Olivia is dead," he said, in a solemn tone. "I am convinced of that from another reason; through all the misery of our marriage, I never knew her

guilty of an untruth, not the smallest. She was as true as the Gospel. Do you think you or Carry could make me believe that she would trifle with such an awful subject as her own death? No. I would take my oath that Olivia would never have had that letter sent, or written to me those few lines of farewell, but to let me know that she was dead.

His voice faltered a little, as though even he were moved by the thought of her early death. Mrs. Foster glanced at him jealously, and he looked back at her with a provoking curve about his lips. For the moment there was more hatred than love in the regards exchanged between them. I saw it was useless to pursue the subject.

"Well," I said, "I came to arrange a time for Dr. Lowry to visit you with me, for the purpose of a thorough examination. It is possible that Dr. Senior may be induced to join us, though he has retired from practice. I am anxious for his opinion as well as Lowry's."

"You really wish to cure me?" he answered, raising his eyebrows.

"To be sure," I replied. "I can have no other object in undertaking your case. Do you imagine it is a pleasure to me? It is possible that your death would be a greater benefit to the world than your life, but that is no question for me to decide. Neither is it for me to consider whether you are my friend or my enemy. There is simply a life to be saved if possible; where, is not my business. Do you understand me?"

"I think so," he said. "I am nothing except material for you to exercise your craft upon."

"Precisely," I answered; "that and nothing more. As some writer says, 'it is a mere matter of instinct with me. I attend you just as a Newfoundland dog saves a drowning man.'"

I went from him to Hanover Street, where I found Captain Carey, who met me with the embarrassment and shamefacedness of a young girl. I had not yet seen them since my return from Normandy. There was much to tell them, though they already knew that my expedition had failed, and that it was still doubtful whether Ellen Martineau and Olivia were the same person.

Captain Carey walked along the street with me towards home. He had taken my arm in his most confidential manner, but he did not open his lips till we reached Brook Street.

"Martin," he said, "I've turned it over in my own mind, and I agree with Tardif. Olivia is no more dead than you or me. We shall find out all about it in August, if not before. Cheer up, my boy! I tell you what: Julia and I will wait till we are sure about Olivia."

"No, no," I interrupted; "you and Julia have nothing to do with it. When is your wedding?"

"If you have no objection," he answered—"Have you the least shadow of an objection?"

"Not a shadow of a shadow," I said.

"Well, then," he resumed bashfully, "what do you think of August? It is a pleasant month, and would give us time for that trip to Switzerland, you know. Not any sooner, because of your poor mother; and later, if you like that better."

"Not a day later," I said; "my father has been married again these four months."

Yet I felt a little sore for my mother's memory. How quickly it was fading away from every heart but mine! If I could but go to her now, and pour out all my troubled thoughts into her listening, indulgent ear! Not even Olivia herself, who could never be to me more than she was at this moment, could fill her place.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

FULFILLING THE PLEDGE.

WE—that is, Dr. Senior, Lowry, and I—made our examination of Foster, and held our consultation, three days from that time.

There was no doubt whatever that he was suffering from the same disease as that which had been the death of my mother—a disease almost invariably fatal, sooner or later. A few cases of cure, under most favourable circumstances, had been reported during the last half-century; but the chances were dead against Foster's recovery. In all probability, a long and painful illness, terminating in inevitable death, lay before him. In the opinion of my two senior physicians, all that I could do would be to alleviate the worst pangs of it.

His case haunted me day and night. In that deep under-current of consciousness which lurks beneath our surface sensations and impressions, there was always present the image of Foster, with his pale, cynical face, and pitiless eyes. With this was the perpetual remembrance that a subtle malady, beyond the reach of our skill, was slowly eating away his life. The man I abhorred; but the sufferer, mysteriously linked with the memories which clung about my mother, aroused my most urgent, instinctive compassion. Only once before had I watched the conflict between disease and its remedy with so intense an interest.

It was a day or two after our consultation that I came accidentally upon the little note-book which I had kept in Guernsey—a private note-book, accessible only to myself. It was night; Jack, as usual, was gone out, and I was alone. I turned over the leaves merely for listless want of occupation. All at once I came upon an entry, made in connection with my mother's illness, which recalled to me the discovery I believed I had made of a remedy for her disease, had it only been applied in its earlier stages. It had slipped out of my mind, but now my memory leaped upon it with irresistible force.

I must tell the whole truth, however terrible and humiliating it may be. Whether I had been true or false to myself up to that moment I cannot say. I had taken upon myself the care and, if possible, the cure of this man, who was my enemy, if I had an enemy in the world. His life and mine could not run parallel without great grief and hurt to me, and to one dearer than myself. Now that a better chance was thrust upon me in his favour, I shrank from seizing it with unutterable reluctance. I turned heart-sick at the thought of it. I tried my utmost to shake off the grip of my memory. Was it possible that, in the core of my heart, I wished this man to die?

Yes, I wished him to die. Conscience flashed the answer across the inner depths of my soul, as a glare of lightning over the sharp crags and cruel waves of our island in a midnight storm. I saw with terrible distinctness that there had been lurking within a sure sense of satisfaction in the certainty that he must die. I had suspected nothing of it till that moment. When I told him it was the instinct of a physician to save his patient, I spoke the truth. But I found something within me deeper than instinct, that was waiting and watching for the fatal issue of his malady, with a tranquil security so profound, that it had never stirred the surface of my consciousness, or lifted up its ghostly face to the light of conscience.

I took up my note-book, and went away to my room, lest Jack should come in suddenly, and read my secret on my face. I thrust the book into a drawer in my desk, and locked it away, out of my sight. What need had I to trouble myself with it or its contents? I found a book, one of Charles Dickens' most amusing stories, and set myself resolutely to read it; laughing aloud at its drolleries, and reading faster and faster; whilst all the time thoughts came crowding into my mind of my mother's pale, worn face, and the pains she suffered, and the remedy found out too late. These images grew so strong, at last that my eyes ran over the sentences mechanically, but my brain refused to take in the meaning of them. I threw the book from me, and leaning my head on my hands, I let all the waves of that memory flow over me.

How strong they were! how persistent! I could hear the tones of her languid voice, and see the light lingering to the last in her dim eyes, whenever they met mine. A shudder crept through me as I recollected how she travelled that dolorous road, slowly, day by day, down to the grave. Other feet were beginning to tread the same painful journey; but there was yet time to stay them, and the power to do it was entrusted to me. What was I to do with my power?

It seemed cruel that this power should come to me from my mother's death. If she were living still, or if she had died from any other cause, the

discovery of this remedy would never have been made by me. And I was to take it as a sort of miraculous gift, purchased by her pangs, and bestow it upon the only man I hated. For I hated him; I said so to myself.

What was the value of his life, that I should ransom it by such a sacrifice? A mean, selfish, dissipated life; a life that would be Olivia's curse as long as it lasted. For an instant a vision stood out clear before me, and made my heart beat fast, of Olivia free, as she must be in the space of a few months.

That seemed to settle the question. I would carefully follow all Dr. Senior's suggestions. He was an experienced and very skilful physician; I could not do better than submit my judgment to his.

Besides, how did I know that this fancied discovery of mine was of the least value? I had never had a chance of making experiment of it, and no doubt it was an idle chumera of my brain, when it was over-wrought by anxiety for my mother's sake. I had not hitherto thought enough of it to ask the opinion of any of my medical friends and colleagues. Why should I attach any importance to it now? Let it rest. Not a soul knew of it but myself. I had a perfect right to keep or destroy my own notes. Suppose I destroyed that one at once?

I unlocked the desk, and took out my book again. The leaf on which these special notes were written was already loose, and might have been easily lost at any time, I thought. I burned it by the flame of the gas, and threw the brown ashes into the grate. Before long the tormenting question came up again. The notes were not lost. They seemed now to be burned in upon my brain.

'The power has been put into your hands to save life, save my conscience, and you are resolving to let it perish. What have you to do with the fact that the nature is mean, selfish, cruel? It is the physical life simply that you have to deal with. What is beyond that rests in the hands of God. What He is about to do with this soul is no question for you. Your office pledges you to cure him if you can, and the fulfilment of this duty is required of you. If you let this man die you are a murderer.'

But, I said in answer to myself, consider what trivial chances the whole thing has hung upon. Besides the accident that this was my mother's malady, there was the chance of Lowry not being called from home. The man was his patient, not mine. After that there was the chance of Jack going to see him, instead of me; or of him refusing my attendance. If the chain had broken at any one of these links, no responsibility could have fallen upon me. He would have died, and all the good results of his death would have followed naturally. Let it rest at that.

But it could not rest at that. I fought a battle

with myself all through the quiet night, motionless and in silence, lest Jack should become aware that I was not sleeping. How should I ever face him, or grasp his hearty hand again, with such a secret weight upon my soul? Yet how could I resolve to save Foster at the cost of dooming Olivia to a life-long bondage should he discover where she was, or to life-long poverty should she remain concealed? If I were only sure that she was alive! It was for her sake merely that I hesitated.

For her sake, but for my own as well, said my conscience; for the subtle hope had taken deeper root day by day, that by-and-by the only obstacle between us would be removed. Suppose then that he was dead, and Olivia was free to love me, to become my wife. Would not her very closeness to me be a reproving presence for ever at my side? Could I ever recall the days before our marriage, as men recall them when they are growing grey and wrinkled, as a happy golden time? Would there not always be a haunting sense of perfidy, and disloyalty to duty, standing between me and her clear truth and singleness of heart? There could be no happiness for me, even with Olivia my cherished and honoured wife, if I had this weight and cloud resting upon my conscience.

The morning dawned before I could decide. The decision, when made, brought no feeling of relief or triumph to me. As soon as it was probable that

Dr. Senior could see me, I was at his house at Fulham; and in rapid, almost incoherent words laid what I believed to be my important discovery before him. He sat thinking for some time, running over in his own mind such cases as had come under his own observation. After a while a gleam of pleasure passed over his face, and his eyes brightened as he looked at me.

"I congratulate you, Martin," he said, "though I wish Jack had hit upon this. I believe it will prove a real benefit to our science. Let me turn it over a little longer, and consult some of my colleagues about it. But I think you are right. You are about to try it on poor Foster?"

"Yes," I answered, with a chilly sensation in my veins, the natural re-action upon the excitement of the past night.

"It can do him no harm," he said, "and in my opinion it will prolong his life to old age, if he is careful of himself. I will write a paper on the subject for the *Lancet*, if you will allow me."

"With all my heart," I said sadly.

The old physician regarded me for a minute with his keen eyes, which had looked through the window of disease into many a human soul. I shrank from the scrutiny, but I need not have done so. He grasped my hand firmly and closely.

"God bless you, Martin!" he said, "God bless you!"

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

'THE LITTLE STRANGER.'

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND MRS. HILLOISON," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

A SHORT time afterwards arrived another visitor—Mrs. Forager—who, as we have seen, was gifted with a happy indifference to delicacy or sensitiveness in situations that would have been awkward for other persons. She introduced herself with a sort of motherly friendliness which so happily dispensed with ceremony. In a few moments she was describing herself as "an old woman" that spoke her mind, and "my dearing" them all round. But with Mr. Ralph she was most affectionate; Lucy had told her of the romantic meeting in the green lanes, and of his kind "attentions, and all that;" and really she must say it was not fair for town men to be coming down there, and turning the heads of rustic young things with compliments. At first she could not make out, from Lucy's description of the gallant knight, who on earth it could be; but she soon guessed. Mr. Ralph received these compliments with much satisfaction, though the account differed altogether from the one which Lucy, much flushed and agitated, had

brought home. Then Mrs. Forager, in her favourite confidential way, proceeded—

"You know what was going on between my Lucy and the young man here has come to an end. I really felt it my duty to interfere, and I have told the family here that I could not hear of it. It was really no more than a childish flirtation, and both of them will thank me for it one day. I am a plain woman of the world, and I say candidly, I disapprove of these pauper marriages. Besides, we were not fairly treated in the matter."

"How?" asked Mrs. Burton, with some eagerness.

"Oh, we were led to believe that everything was theirs—that they could do what they pleased with it—settle, sell, make ducks and drakes of the whole. It now turns out that the real owners must be consulted—and very properly too. If there was merely some alteration in their condition, one might not be so surprised; but really—I can hardly believe it—to turn out to be worth nothing at all—I don't know in what words to describe it!"

"You may assume that you have been correctly informed," said Mrs. Burton; "and further, I can tell you that Major Burton has to account with us for various large sums, which I fear it will be difficult to recover."

Mrs. Forager was astonished at this, with many a "now did Mrs. Burton tell her so?"—"who would have believed it?" and the like. It was incomprehensible how people could behave in such a way. Then she was dying to see the dear baby; and again the unconscious cause of all this confusion and growing misery was brought down and presented, and admired—a compliment it did not seem at all to relish—tossing its arms and struggling with its nurse, as if eager to jump from her grasp. Certainly a strong child for its age, and a violent one.

When she was leaving, Mr. Ralph said he would go with her part of the way. He attended her the whole way instead, and when he returned at about four o'clock, announced in the drawing-room that he was going over to dine with Mrs. Forager. And at seven o'clock he came down dressed, and set off with jewellery, to which he seemed very partial.

At dinner-time Tom asked carelessly where he was, and was told by Mrs. Burton where her brother had gone. He gave a sort of start, while Mrs. Burton observed with a smile, "Ralph has the most extraordinary art of making friends. He will not be in this place a week before he will know everybody, and make himself liked by everybody. Depend upon it, to-morrow those Foragers will swear by him."

"I hope not—I think not," said Ned Burton, in a voice that trembled a little. "I don't think it likely."

"Why not, pray?" she answered coldly. "You can know very little of my brother."

"That is quite true, but I should say he was not likely to be popular in that quarter."

"Oh, I understand. It is a pity," said the lady, "that you talk of these matters. You ought to have a little more pride and dignity. I can assure you that Mrs. Forager does not hold your views. She spoke very plainly. I wish you had heard her."

Ned was trembling with agitation, and would have answered her; but Tom interposed. "My dear father, don't talk any more about it. Mrs. Burton is quite right in what she says of Mrs. Forager. We all know her pretty well."

Mr. John Burton nervously struck in and changed the conversation. After dinner the little stranger was brought down, and dandled, and addresses were made to it, and it was assured that it was "the loveliest, duckiest, dotiest creature" in the whole universe. The nurse who had it in charge was a tall, honest Irishwoman, named Mrs. Donovan, very good-natured, and having a sort of authoritative manner, which had influence even with Mrs. Burton.

"Ah, it's the finest child that ever came into this world. Why, the weight of it alone! Feel it, sir,"

she said to Ned Burton, to whose good-natured face she had taken a great liking. "Don't be afraid of it, sir. It'll be good friends with you."

"Why not, nurse?" said Ned; "I have never done it any harm, though it has unconsciously—" (he stopped himself here). "I can say this, nurse, heartily: God bless, preserve, and prosper it!"

"So He will," said the nurse; "and He will prosper you too, sir. Never fear. What's one creature's meat in this world isn't always another creature's poison.—Come, my sweet; it's time for you to be in your little roost.—Now, ma'am, I must take Master Algy off. You can come and look at him again when he's asleep."

The fortunate infant was attended up-stairs with rapturous delight. It is a pity that mankind can never receive such adoration save at a time when it is unconscious of it. The father and son were alone.

"Tom," said Ned Burton, "this can't go on longer. I would sooner beg, or take the shilling again. You see how that woman delights in torturing me. What are we to do?"

"Just wait for one week more. For Heaven's sake think of mother and the children! Leave all to me, and restrain yourself."

As Tom spoke they heard a closing door, and in a moment Mr. Ralph had entered, smiling maliciously. He was full of his evening. "Such a pleasant little party as it had been. The Hunters were there, and above all, that little choice daisy of a girl; the daintiest little snowdrop that ever bloomed in a garden of weeds!"

Mr. Ralph was a little flushed. (Mrs. Forager did not disdain accepting a present of old wine from her rich friends.)

"You seem satisfied with your evening," said Tom, "which you appear to have spent in a botanical sort of way."

"How do you mean? and what do you mean?"

"From your talking of daisies and snowdrops."

"Oh, wit, I see—country wit. But you know pretty well what I mean all the time—none better. And for all this wit," added Mr. Ralph, whose dislike to Tom seemed to have suddenly manifested itself, "you wouldn't have relished looking on."

"Perhaps not," said Tom, in a tone that seemed somehow to reflect on Mr. Ralph. "Well, I am glad you enjoyed yourself. Good night."

Tom took his candle and went to bed.

"I don't like the subject," said Ralph, "and no wonder. It's a complete case of throw over. Ah! there's my sister. Have you put the precious to bed, eh, Lydia?"

"Yes," said that lady, in her dryest tones; "and I think it is time for every one to go. I wish this to be a regular house, and some rule to be kept up, so long as people do us the honour to stay with us. Had you a pleasant party?"

"Delightful; I don't say on account of the old

lady at the head of the establishment, though she was devouring me, but on account of that little choice morsel, Lucy, her daughter."

Ned was standing with his candle in his hand. He was determined to follow his son's advice, and get away; but at this he could not restrain himself.

"You speak in a very coarse style of the young lady," he said; "I am glad Tom isn't here."

"Why so, pray? What on earth has he to do with it? He has got his dismissal, as plain as words can give it. They talked of it at the Foragers' this evening. I wish you had heard her on the way she has been treated; and as for Lucy——"

"I hope you have not been paying attentions to the girl. They'd be very glad to get you if they could," said Mrs. Burton.

"Well, I must say the little lady made up to me, but I had my wits about me."

Ned, his candle in his hand, was taking a step towards the door, and stopping again. Some fascination held him to the place.

"I am glad," he said again, "that Tom has gone. You dare not speak in this light way before him of the girl he loves, or that I love like my daughter."

Mr. Ralph jumped up.

"Daren't, sir! This is very strange language in this house, and before my sister."

"The girl he loves!" said the lady, scornfully: "a little scheming, adventuress."

Ned turned on her sharply. Alas! he forgot all the wise counsels of his son.

"Adventuress! Come, this is too much. It's a foul slander! That word comes well from *you*."

Mrs. Burton looked at him without the least anger. There was rather satisfaction in her face.

"You heard him, Ralph. After such an insult I am not obliged to put up with this family any more; I have borne too much already."

"I don't care," said Ned, "let the consequences be what they may. I am sick of this degrading position. Do your worst. I defy and despise you."

"Good," said Mrs. Burton. "You are showing yourself in your true colours. I only wish your brother was here to listen to you."

"I wish the whole town was here to listen to me. Don't think you can deceive me, or that I don't know that you have done this on purpose—led me on by your taunts, you and your jackal there. I have seen it from the first hour you came."

"Hush now," said Ralph, smiling; "you had better stop there; you'll be sorry for it in the morning. Go to bed now."

"Sorry for it! Not I. I would sooner beg in the streets than owe another hour's shelter to you. This is your poor miserable revenge, because I exposed you, because I knew what you are; and you have been meanly treasuring up this grudge!"

"Now, we can have no more of this," said Mr.

Ralph, quietly. "See, here is your son even coming back for you. You have come too late—your father has forgotten himself and insulted my sister grossly."

"It is all at an end, Tom," said his father, excitedly. "They called your Lucy an adventuress, and I spoke out my opinion as to who was the real adventuress. No matter, we leave this place."

"I suppose you goaded him into saying something," said Tom. "Not very generous, I must say; but it would have come to it very soon."

"Then, after this," said Mrs. Burton, "expect no indulgence or quarter of any kind; you shall reckon with us to the last farthing. You shall pay dearly not only for this, but for that other long account which I have to settle with you."

"And you take care," said Ned Burton, "take care that you are not overtaken by the judgment. It may be nearer than you think. God is too just not to visit such an oppression. *Even my weak hand may be strong enough to punish you.*"

With these words he left the room.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE following morning it was known in the house that the Ned Burtons were going away.

Mr. Burton was seriously distressed at the whole business. But it had been shown to him that his wife had been insulted, and his brother did not attempt to deny it. The head of the house therefore felt it due to his own dignity to support an offended air. In fact it was felt that it was better for all parties that the family should go, and go speedily. The poor mother and her children were busy with their little packing, and literally did not know where they were to lay their heads that night. After what had passed the night before, nothing could be done, and every one felt that all this had best end at once.

Tom had gone over to see Lucy, but Mrs. Forager, spreading out her wings as a hen would do before her chicken, confronted him with hostility and positively declined to send for her.

"I told you that the thing must end. It is not to be heard of in any shape, and must be dismissed for ever."

"You refuse to let me see Lucy," he said. "If it be her wish, I am content. Then let her see me to tell me so."

"There is no need for anything of the kind; she might tell you so, as far as I am concerned, but it would make no difference. Come now," she added in a favourite wheedling tone; "you are a young man of sense, and good-natured enough too. You wouldn't like to ruin a family, and make us all beggars. I tell you frankly, I love Lucy better than you, or any one in the world; and it is for her good that she should put you altogether out of her head. There's a young fellow indeed from the Abbey, who is quite struck with her, and who, I understand, will

be right well off, and I believe in time Lucy could be got to think of him."

"Why," said Tom, hardly able to contain his indignation, "you speak of your child's affections as if they were goods you had ordered from a shop, which you could return or exchange as you like. After this, I shall say no more to you. It would be useless appealing to you, except on your own principles, and so I shall take my own course, independently of you altogether."

With this he departed. Poor little Lucy had been sent out specially to the parson's wife, with an affectionate message, in anticipation of some such call. Tom felt rather reassured than otherwise by his visit; for such a worldling, who did not even take the trouble of trimming her sails, but "went about" with the most public noise and clatter, would be very easy to deal with.

The family were to depart by the four o'clock train. No one had seen Mr. Ralph or his sister that morning, the former being shut up in the study, a room that was at the back. Behind the house was a small court-yard.

"I suppose," said Ned, bitterly, "he is making out a bill as the inn-keepers do, when the travellers are going away. Let him. I am glad it has come to open war. I'll fight them to the death, and when I get to town I'll have the best advice. I'll show them I have friends, and I'll expose her before the world."

It was now about twelve o'clock, and the excited major had put his slender property by in his well-worn black portmanteau. There were handsome guns and gun-cases, with other valuable things, which he had determined to leave behind. He would take nothing but his clothes, which were always, as we have seen, of the shabbiest kind. He then strode over to the French window, which he threw open, and gazed down into the courtyard with its cheerful fountain, and large spreading lime-tree, whence he and his friends had started on many a bright morning for their shooting parties. Even now the horses were being put to the handsome carriage, which had arrived only yesterday, and which she had ordered out. She, that cruel hateful woman, was to sit in it, which had been intended for his poor crushed wife.

It was a sultry day, and the sun was shining brightly. He left his windows open, and to shut out the glare, as also the sympathising glances of some of the honest retainers below, drew close the outside *jalousies* or shutters. The room being then dark and sombre, he sat down at his table, and covering his face with his hands, said softly—

"The poor old place! the poor old place!"

After a few moments the door was opened, and Mrs. Donovan entered softly. She carried the treasure of the house in her arms. She had a mysterious air of sympathy.

"What is it, Mrs. Donovan? Do you want any-

thing? Not indeed that I have the power of doing anything for you."

"Ah! it's very hard on you all, major," she answered, "and indeed my heart bleeds for you. She's gone out in the carriage, and left me and the child. Well, he's innocent at all events. Look, sir, how he stretches his little arms towards you."

Ned rose, noticing this little gesture. He was always affectionate and good-natured, and it struck him how strange was the situation, that this little unconscious being should have the power of ejecting him from his happy home. Yet he felt not the least feeling of hostility to the little stranger. For this reason, he almost looked on it with a strange interest and affection.

"The poor little innocent!" he said; "I hope it will be happy."

"It's the finest child in the world!" said Mrs. Donovan. "You're a real nobleman, major! I declare the little fellow is able to walk before his time. Just see, major; hold him up while he tries. Ah, how he takes to you! Never mind, major. All this will pass, and when this youngster grows up he'll do you justice, never fear."

Ned Burton was fitful in his ways, and in a moment had the little stranger in his arms, looking at it with an interest and affection that had no thought of the trouble which it had brought him. He "dahdled" it on his knee with the most delighted interest; invited it to "crow"; talked to it; crowded himself; set it down on the floor, where it rolled and plunged as if it had fallen into the sea.

The nurse looked on with delight.

"It might be his own child, for all the world, and not the little creature that has put him out."

Some one called at the end of the corridor—

"Mrs. Donovan!"

She was still watching—we had nearly written "my Uncle Toby."

"It's a cruel pity!" she said to herself. "Things couldn't go on like that if there was any one else but her."

The caller was impatient, and coming down the corridor.

"Mrs. Donovan! Just a moment."

"Ah! What's the matter?" said that lady, "flouncing" hastily out into the corridor. "Have you no such thing in the world as patience?"

It was a question about Mrs. Donovan's dinner, beer, etc., in which her taste was looked to with great carefulness. She was graciously conveying her wishes, her hand on the door and about three parts of her figure outside, when—there came a sort of sudden clap or flap, with a cry or shriek.

Within a second she was in the room again. The shutter was open, and Ned Burton was *alone!* standing at the window, with a ghastly face of horror, his arms up, stiff, and as if paralysed.

A DREAM OF GREEN FIELDS.



WAKE HER NOT!"

HE sat within a humble room,
 In a close London street;
 For many a long and weary hour

Scarce had she left her seat,
 And hands and eyelids oft had drooped
 With weariness and heat.

All through the dreary winter time,
 All through the fitful spring,
 From early morn till even chime,
 Time dragged his heavy wing
 For her, the maiden fair, who knew
 Nor change nor blossoming.

Summer had come—'twas still the same,
 Still endless hem and seam;
 But now the work falls from her hands—
 Smiles on the pale lips gleam:
 An angel seems to bring to her
 A bright and pleasant dream.

Her bird's low twitter in the cage,
 The waft of summer air,
 Have borne her back to other days,
 When skies and hopes were fair,
 And in her cottage home in Kent
 She knew not grief or care.

She wanders through the fields so green,
 Rests 'neath the hedgerow trees,
 Inhales the pleasant wild rose scent

Cast on the summer breeze;
 Her hands are full of flowers—her heart
 Of joy, for all she sees.

She hears her brothers at their play,
 And by the cottage-door,
 Her mother singing sweet and low
 Some simple ditty o'er,
 Unto the babe upon her knee,
 As in the days of yore.

And now she leans upon the gate,
 Just where the nut-trees grow;
 A bright young face looks down on hers,
 Her name is whispered low;
 Her hand is in the loving grasp
 She well knew long ago.

Old hopes, old friends, old loves come back,
 Smoothed is the pallid brow;
 Must she awake to work again?
 Must care the young heart bow?
 Sweet is her sleep! Ah, wake her not!
 She is so happy now. • L. CLAXTON

HOW ARE WE TAXED?

BY PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI.



IF there be any advantage in protection from external aggression, and in the maintenance of law and order within the State, if there be any pleasure in the enjoyment of British citizenship, and glory in British achievements, surely there is not a member of the community who will not esteem it a right, as well as a privilege, to contribute his quota to the common stock, whereby objects so essential are guarded and secured. It is an error to consider the taxation of the United Kingdom as an impost, or a burden capriciously imposed by the Sovereign. It is rather the voluntary contribution of the people to meet the necessary expenditure of the State. The members of the great commonwealth form themselves into a mutual insurance company, and agree to pay a proportional rate of insurance to protect their persons and property from dangers and losses. Look at the immense amount of wealth exposed to risk in these islands; our land so rich and fruitful, our houses and buildings, our monuments and works of art, our stock-in-trade, and our arsenals. Consider the credit of the realm, its trade and navigation, its banking and finance. What a destruction in case of revolution or invasion! Well may we be willing to pay our share for this national insurance.

Relatively to population, the public revenue of

the United Kingdom may be considered high. It amounts to two pounds seven shillings for every man, woman, and child. But there are countries where the average is higher still. In the United States it amounts to at least three guineas per head. In France the average will be even higher when the finances are put in order. And if in some countries, as in Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Italy, the revenue is lighter, the proportion it bears to wealth is very different from what is the case in Britain. There is great comfort, moreover, in the fact that for many years past our taxes have become less and less burdensome. It is easier now to pay seventy millions of taxes with a national yearly income of at least seven hundred millions, than it was a quarter of a century ago to pay fifty millions with an annual income of not more than four hundred millions. And can we compare the economic condition of the country now with what it was during the French war, when, with a crippled trade and the national resources comparatively undeveloped, the nation was called on to make unheard-of sacrifices? Taken as a whole, though the tax-gatherer is not and never will be a welcome visitor, we cannot say that there is much reason for grumbling at the frequency of his visits.

Whilst, however, we find no fault with the amount of taxation, we cannot say that we are satisfied with the mode in which it is levied.

There is a total want of system in the finances of the country. The taxes are indiscriminately levied on property and capital, on persons and things, on production and consumption, on raw materials and manufactures, on trade and industry, on necessities and luxuries. Whilst the design is to levy taxes on articles of general consumption, or in a manner equally affecting large masses of people, or capable of being collected at the least cost, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will readily descend to other a few thousands of pounds from persons using or wearing hair powder, or indulging in the vanity of armorial bearings. There are two great boards of revenue, the Board of Inland Revenue and the Board of Customs, where one would be quite sufficient. Professing to have adopted free trade, we still get upwards of twenty millions by intercepting the free ingress of articles of commerce. Dependent as we are on the development of our industries, we maintain an army of excisemen to watch over and interfere with the processes of industry; and whilst we declare that in Britain every man is free to follow whatever calling he pleases, we maintain a complicated system of licences enough to deter any one from entering into any untried business.

But if it is comparatively easy to find fault with the present plan of taxation, it is by no means so easy to suggest a proper remedy. The great difficulty we have to contend with, when dealing with national finance, is that a Chancellor of the Exchequer who has to provide for heavy payments from day to day cannot risk any portion of his income. If any one would be disposed to try new plans, Mr. Lowe would be the person for

It has he not experimented with the match tax? Has he not tried to levy the income tax by a percentage instead of by the penny in the pound? But, alas! he did not succeed, and he had to content himself with the common-place method of first imposing twopence in the pound extra, and afterwards taking it off again. Moreover, it is one thing to treat taxation from a scientific basis, and another from the point of view of what is practicable. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may be fully persuaded that certain reforms are needed; but in order to meet the wants of the State, and to provide for the exigencies of the moment, he must be always prepared to forego his cherished theories. One of the best recommendations for economy in our finances, and for a reduction, if possible, of some ten millions, especially in the army and navy expenditure, is just this: that it would ease the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and enable him to introduce reforms in our system of taxation which he cannot at present attempt.

In the year ended the 31st of March, 1871, the gross revenue of the United Kingdom amounted, in

round numbers, to £70,000,000, of which £61,000,000 were from taxes, and £9,000,000 from other sources. And of the portion derived from taxation, £52,000,000, or eighty-five per cent., was obtained from indirect, and fifteen per cent. from direct taxes—the indirect taxes bearing a much larger proportion in this than in many other countries. I am not prepared to condemn altogether the system of indirect taxation, for it has its own merits. The people do not feel the burden of these taxes nearly so much. They can regulate them at pleasure. The taxes thus levied are well diffused among the whole community, and it is not the least advantage perhaps of an indirect method of taxing the people that, in consequence of the happy ignorance with which they are paid, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is shielded from much obloquy, and spared from any absolute opposition. On the other hand, it is equally clear that indirect taxes fail, in taking from the people much more than really comes into the exchequer, and that by hindering the progress of trade, and interfering with native industry, they shut up the avenues of wealth, and render the people less able to bear the burden of taxation.

But a still greater objection to indirect taxes, is that by their operation the poor especially are made to pay enormous prices for their goods. The way in which it works is simply this. The imported articles are sold by the importer at trade prices to the wholesale dealer with the addition of little more than a commission, but the wholesale dealer sells them in most cases duty-paid, charging, of course, his share of profits and trade expenses on the duty-paid prices. The retail dealer, buying them at the enhanced rates, must also sell them plus his share of profits and trade expenses, and so the prices swell larger and larger. The import, or original, cost of the whole quantities of sugar, tea, spirits, beer, and tobacco consumed in 1870 may be estimated at £70,000,000. Upon this there is £35,000,000 duty, making in all £105,000,000. If to this amount we add the wholesale dealers' profits and trade expenses, probably at the rate of ten per cent., the amount is raised to £115,500,000. Add now to this thirty per cent. for the retailers' profits and trade expenses, and we find that what cost originally £70,000,000 is raised before it reaches the consumers to the enormous sum of £150,000,000. Even allowing that the Government gets £35,000,000 to meet public wants, there are still £115,000,000 taken out of the pockets of the people, from which no public advantage is derived. Suppose there were no duty, and the profits and expenses were levied on the bond price, the cost to the consumer would be £100,000,000 instead of £150,000,000. This is the way that indirect taxes operate to the disadvantage of the labouring classes especially, who pay to the traders belonging to the middle and higher classes the extra profits made on the trans-

actions. There is no chance, however, at present of seeing *all* the indirect taxes repealed, and any reform in that direction must necessarily be of a tentative character. What I would like to see speedily accomplished is the repeal of all duties on sugar, tea, coffee, and kindred articles of customs, the abolition of the Customs Board altogether, and the transfer of all duties on wine, spirits, and tobacco, to the charge of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. The loss of revenue from sugar, tea, and coffee would be £6,800,000, but considerable economy would be effected by the incorporation of the two boards, and I do not imagine the net loss from the contemplated reform would exceed £6,000,000, which might easily be met by greater economy in the expenditure, or, if need be, by the imposition of less injurious imposts. The advantages of abolishing customs duties altogether would indeed be enormous. That would be the way of answering the sophistries of protectionists in France, the United States, and even in our own colonies.

With regard to direct taxation I will limit my observation to one branch of it only, the income tax, which impost, especially ever since the famous administration of Sir Robert Peel, has monopolised public attention, and has become the safety-valve of every Budget. Nor can we wonder at it, since it is so easy to collect, so certain in amount, and so simple in management. At the first, the object of the income tax was stated to be "not for the purpose of providing the surplus for the year, but for the purpose of enabling us to make the great experiment of reducing other taxes." When that experiment was over, it was renewed on a distinct understanding that it would be eventually repealed. Mr. Gladstone himself, whilst proposing its renewal, condemned it in the most absolute manner. Yet here we are still paying it year by year, with only a little grumbling. It must be remembered, certainly, that after thirty years of its existence we could not well abandon it *in toto*, without disturbing the balance of taxation. But surely something ought to be done to remove the stigma from its character. To my mind there are two ways for remedying the injustice so much complained of in connection with the income tax, especially as regards its inquisitorial character. Either limit the tax to property only, and abandon Schedule D altogether, or capitalise all incomes according to their actual worth, and levy the tax on the capitalised income. So long as the taxes are imposed on tangible things, such as land, houses, quarries, iron works, etc., there can be no evasion; but it is vain to expect from the merchant, the artist, the clerk, or the schoolmaster, that he will give a *bonâ fide* estimate of his income from year to year, for the purpose of being taxed accordingly; and we do wrong to maintain a tax which offers such a tempta-

tion to concealment and misrepresentation. The capitalisation of incomes would no doubt be somewhat difficult, but surely we all know that there is an enormous difference in the real value of interest from Consols which continue for ever and ever, the rent of houses which cannot last many years, and the adventitious incomes from industry.

There is one comfort in our present system of taxation, which is that it is levied for purposes which commend themselves to the assent of the entire nation. The revenue of the country is administered, we are convinced, with perfect conscientiousness. The greater part of the expenditure is voted yearly by the representatives of the people. Other portions, such as the interest of the debt, the Civil list, the salaries of ambassadors, judges, and principal secretaries of state, are well known and thoroughly established. Very true, there is ample room for constant supervision. There are departments the cost of which might well be reduced, and there are others whose accounts would not stand very close scrutiny. But, as a whole, it would be unjust to charge the national expenditure with any great waste and extravagance. And let no clamour or party feeling blind the eyes of the masses of the people in the belief that Royalty costs too much, or that any large portion of our taxes goes to support the Queen and Royal family. For the maintenance of the Queen, we may say every man, woman, and child in the kingdom pays on an average about threepence per annum. No, it is not for the civil government of the country that the bulk of the taxation is wanted; it is the public debt that carries away nearly twenty shillings a head, and the army and navy fifteen shillings. But the latter at least may be reduced any day, if we are animated by a sense of economy, especially if we form the determination to persevere in a policy of peace, and non-intervention in the affairs of other countries.

What we need is a Chancellor of the Exchequer at once bold and wise, one who, having the support of the nation at his back, will be able to bring forward original and radical measures of finances, directed to the removal of the many anomalies of our system, and to placing the taxation of the country in a condition more in unison with her social organisation. We wish a check placed to the tendency shown of late years towards extending the action of the State on matters which should rest exclusively with private individuals. We wish less favour shown to the rich, and less hesitation manifested in dealing with the taxation of the working classes. Above all, we are anxious to see our finances placed on a clear and intelligible basis, so that the humblest of the people may know how much he has to pay, and for what purposes he has to spare any portion of his scanty income. If that be done, there is no fear but the taxes will be heartily paid, and the wants of the State will be amply supplied.

"THE LITTLE STRANGER."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOISON," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

MRS. BURTON had gone out in the carriage, partly to pay some visits, and partly to avoid the "nuisance" and "scene" of the departing family. Her husband, more delicately, wished to leave them in peace for the few hours that remained. He also had gone out, to look at the estate, intending to return in an hour or so, when he had resolved to give some assurances to Mrs. Neil that would comfort her, and had filled up a cheque for a substantial amount that would carry them on for some time. He had chosen her for this bounty as she would show none of that sensitiveness, or perhaps temper, that might be shown by his brother. He felt uncomfortable, and that an act of cruel injustice was being done. Still, what could he do? The responsibility was all on his wife's shoulders, and certainly his brother had behaved to her in a way that made it impossible for both to live under the same roof. He then went among his tenants, chatted with them, and brought round the talk to "the fine little fellow" who would one day be master.

"You'll be paying your rent to him one of these days," he said with infinite relish, "and I'll bring him up to be as good a landlord as they say I've been."

"Or old Ned Burton," said a farmer. "If he turn out like *he*, we'd ask no more."

Mr. Burton then returned home. But as he came down the hill towards the back he saw people running from the house in different directions—a woman without her bonnet—men without their hats. Almost at once he heard the sound of horse's hoofs, and a groom, riding at full gallop, came up, and suddenly checked his horse.

"In Heaven's name, what is the matter?" exclaimed the unhappy father, beginning to tremble all over, and at once assuming what was the truth. "Has anything happened to the child?"

The groom, not accustomed to consider feelings, told it all bluntly.

"I am going as fast as I can for the doctor, sir, and the child, sir—fell out of the window on its head!"

Mr. Burton staggered back as if the horse had been ridden against him, and with a groan sank upon the bank.

"It's—it's—not dead?" he faltered, his face covered with his hands, and shrinking away from looking at the man.

"It was from the major's window," he answered, in a low voice—"a biggish height. But I'd better go on for the doctor."

Mr. Burton never recalled afterwards how he contrived to get home. At the door he was met by a fluttered crowd of the servants. The steward, a grave, sensible old retainer, came forward, took him by the arm, and led him into the study.

"You must bear it, sir—you must bear it like a man. It's a terrible business! The poor child!"

"My son! my heir! my hope! Oh! what is to become of me?"

Then he started up.

"That wretch Donovan! The vile abandoned murderess! Where is she? I'll kill her for this!"

"Think of the mistress, sir. That's the point now. She is out in the carriage, and who is to tell her?"

"What is that to me? She will bear it well enough. Oh, my son! my heir! Where's my brother? What was the wretch doing in *his* room? Where is she?"

The steward hesitated.

"It was not Donovan's doing so much, though she should not have let the child out of her arms. Heavens! here's the carriage back. You must tell her, sir. It's your duty, sir. Be a man, sir!"

Mrs. Burton's clear voice was heard in the hall.

"Tell Donovan to bring down baby. The day is so fine, she can take it out for an airing."

The unhappy family had heard the news which had spread over the house like an electric flash, and had remained cowed and overwhelmed in their rooms, not daring to appear and face the awful misery of this calamity. As for Ned Burton, he was still at the fatal window, with his hands raised, now over his head, now to his forehead. He was only thinking of the terrible fate of the poor innocent. He heard the carriage arrive; then a faint scream in the hall. The doctor had come, and there was besides the sound of voices and feet. He felt that he must not shrink from public gaze in this fashion, and that he must now come forth and give such comfort as he dared to the mother.

As he came to the stairs he heard the shriek again, with the words, "Where is he? Find him! *Don't let the murderer escape!*"

He stopped as if struck by some electric shock. Strange to say, this view of the matter had never occurred to him. The idea made him tremble. But she had now seen him, and darting forward, said in a low suppressed voice—

"Oh, you miserable! This is your revenge!"

"Revenge! Before Heaven, as I stand here——"
"You threatened me—yes, me—last night. You were heard to do it——"

"Yes, I heard him," said Mr. Ralph. "He said you were not to count on being secure, and that punishment would overtake you. I could give his words."

"And then he murders—yes, murders by a barbarous death my poor, poor infant! Oh, heavens above! But don't let him escape. Send off for the police officers! He shall hang for it, if there be law in England. He shall never live long enough to be heir of this place!"

"Now, dear lady, come with me," said the steward. "Don't excite yourself. It's an awful thing, but it's God's will. The little angel fell against the shutter, and it opened."

"Oh, that's his story, is it? Let him tell that before the judges. I am no girl to be soothed in that style. The only thing that will comfort me is to see him taken away from this and put in prison."

What was remarkable about this woman was not grief for her little child, but her pale face, her quivering lips, and concentrated fury. It may be said that she honestly believed in the deliberate purpose of that action; or at least, that though his was not the hand that flung the victim from the window, there might have been some passive toleration and want of an exertion that might have prevented it. Some such thought was in Mr. Burton's mind, and the unhappy Ned felt that the same sort of suspicion must be felt by every one. It was a horrible position. He was known to be under sentence of ejection—disinherited—the unconscious cause of his ruin in his arms, the exact moment of the nurse's absence being that of the accident. Under such a weight of probabilities would not every one take the harshest view?

That scene gave the hall of Abbeylands an association it never lost. Long after, every actor recalled the terrible dramatic intensity of the scene on the stairs—the fevered denunciation—the cowering victim, who felt like a murderer—the anxious faces, spell-bound, and uncertain what would come next. Few remembered too how it ended, how the crowd that had gathered, no one knew how, melted away again. The miserable evening that followed dissolved as the crowd had done, while the little stranger, whose heirship and honours had been so brief, lay in state, as it were, up-stairs. But Ned Burton, under sentence of ejection that morning, was that night the heir to Abbeylands once more.

Mrs. Burton's denunciation was not mere empty air; but the neighbours were scarcely prepared for the scene that speedily followed. With the next day came the coroner. This proceeding, it was believed, might have been well avoided, or made a mere formality; but it was known that "the bereaved family" required and desired that no step of the kind should be omitted.

Accordingly, a regular jury, on which was Mr. Charles Hunter, was empanelled, and witnesses examined. The first was a ghastly figure, with his head sunk down, and standing like a criminal in the dock. With much emotion he told the whole story, simply and naturally. The child was trying to crawl along the floor, and he was helping it. Suddenly there was the noise in the corridor; he just turned his head, and when he looked again the shutters had opened and the child gone.

As he was explaining how all this happened, a figure pushed her way through the crowd, and stood near him. When he had finished, the coroner, a mild, respectable country official, bowed his head with much sympathy.

"It was careless to let a child go so near an open window, and the fault seems to rest with the nurse. However, with two people in the room, it might seem there was not much danger. It was a most unfortunate business, and every one would deeply sympathise with the afflicted family, and he must say also with Major Burton, who was to be pitied."

Suddenly Mrs. Burton rose up, and flung back her veil.

"And is this the easy-going way in which the matter is to be treated? Do you call this a proper investigation of the death of my poor infant?"

Every one was confounded at her excited voice and manner, but every one could make allowance for a mother thus bereaved.

The official tried to soothe her with some common-places, but she turned on him haughtily.

"Let there be no making matters pleasant for the family, as you call it. Your duty here is to investigate what has taken place in a solemn, serious, and exact manner; and I call upon you now to proceed with that investigation."

"But we have investigated, or rather are investigating. You are excited, and we can make every allowance. What do you desire to be done?"

"To bring home the murder to that man."

"But, on the evidence given, it really seems to have been an accident. It has all the air of being such. If you have any other grounds for supposing otherwise—"

"Let me be sworn!" was her answer, and taking up the book herself, she kissed it, and repeated the oath.

"This man," she said, in a low, steady voice, "only last night quarrelled with us, and in his anger threatened me. He bade me take care, that I and my child were not very secure, that it was his turn now, but that mine might come sooner than I thought. They all heard him—not I alone—my brother—my husband. He dare not deny it. Ever since it was decided that he and his family were to leave, his rage and fury have known no bounds. I have been insulted again and again; threatened by him and his son. And, gentlemen,

think of this too. This is an old grudge against me, even from the time of my marriage, years ago, when he travelled about the world, hunting up degrading stories against me, poisoning my husband's mind, and threatening us. Thank God, my good husband did not believe him, and then as time passed on, and we had no children, and he was allowed to establish himself here, it became his convenience to leave me in peace. He thought that he and his family were secure for life. When he found himself disappointed in this, and the marriage that he had settled for his son broken off, he himself obliged to go away—when he found that he was steeped in debt, without a farthing to pay it, and when we had insisted that he should account to us for the large sums he had wasted, he watches for this opportunity, when I am away, and the nurse not looking, and sets himself right by murdering my poor little infant. Sets himself right, mind; for the estate is entailed, and now, do what we may, it must go to him and to his children!"

The result of this address was extraordinary. It had the effect of a speech to the jury, and Ned Burton and his family felt that almost everything stated in it was true. All the neighbours and friends of the family were present, being drawn by curiosity, and the effect on them was as complete as though some grave counsel for the Crown had summed up all the facts, and were asking for the conviction of the "prisoner at the bar." From that hour there was an impression abroad, right or wrong, that Ned Burton had murdered his nephew. Even the most indulgent could only look grave, and say that he was certainly the most unlucky of men to be the victim of such a combination of circumstances. Strange to say, what seemed the most convincing proof of all was the fact that it was impossible to keep the estate from going to Ned Burton, or at least to his son. In a different case it might have looked like a simple act of revenge, utterly profitless, and the whole would have been set aside as even ludicrously improbable. But at that moment Ned Burton was restored to what he conceived to be his birthright. A few years of the life of his brother, who was a delicate elderly man, was between him and it, while the woman who had been his exulting enemy lay baffled at his feet. It was a very ugly-looking business for Ned Burton, everybody said, though the coroner's jury found a verdict of accidental death.

The excitement caused in the neighbourhood by these incidents may be conceived. In so dull a district, such news was almost welcome, and every one was engaged in discussing it vehemently. The elements of the coroner, the jury, etc., lent a melodramatic air to the whole. With such strong circumstances of suspicion, it was only natural that public opinion was "dead" against Ned Burton; and the untimely fate of the "poor little baby" won

the sympathies of all mothers. Indeed, as it was said, it would have required that unlikely visitor, "an angel from heaven," to clear Ned Burton from the heavy cloud of suspicion under which he lay.

There was only one person who boldly took his side, and that was not Mr. or Mrs. Charles Hunter, nor the doctor, nor the parson, but, strange to say, Mrs. Forager. "I don't like," she said in her blunt way, "to see a man's character run away with in this style, or the man himself hunted out of all respectability. I was dead against these people, because I think they treated my child badly among them, trepanning her unfairly" (she was very fond of this surgical metaphor), "so no one can accuse me of being too partial. But the man's family, at all events, haven't got the mark of the beast, and I don't see why we should shun the poor creatures like poison or plague." She continued to vindicate the family in this plain blunt way, saying "she was an old woman, and didn't care what people said—always spoke her mind."

Very soon she had contrived to see Tom Burton. She met him with a sort of frankness. "I know what you are going to say. You won't give me credit for feeling for you all in this awful business, and I don't want you to give me credit. You don't like me, I know well, and never will. No matter about that, I'm an old woman, and speak my mind. I only think of my little girl Lucy."

"As you have done all through," said he. "But that must all come to an end now."

"Come to an end! nonsense! You surely have more sense than to break off with a girl because you were not pleased with her mother."

"You have nothing to do with it," he said, smiling, "though you have had hard work trimming your sails. No, with this cloud over us, and the state of our affairs, I can devote myself to but one duty. I have done with love and affection, luxuries that must be left to those who are happy. Lucy must think of me no more."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mrs. Forager, in her coarse style: "I never heard such rubbish! You are not to treat a child of mine in that style—off and on, as you please. I've no notion of letting you off and on in that style, because we haven't a man to look after our interests."

"You not only let me off, recollect, but turned me off in the most contemptuous style. But, I assure you, you can say what you please without my heeding it. We are not worth respectful words now. I am going to leave the army, and sell all that I can sell. A day may come when all this shall be set right. That is the only thing I have to work for now. Abuse me as much as you please, Mrs. Forager."

He left her speechless, or she would have perhaps turned on him with the vigour of a fishwoman.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH

A DEED OF SEPARATION.

THAT keen, benevolent glance of Dr. Senior's was like a gleam of sunlight piercing through the deepest recesses of my troubled spirit. I felt that I was no longer fighting my fight out alone. A friendly eye was upon me; a friendly voice was cheering me on. "The dead shall look me through and through," says Tennyson. For my part I should wish for a good, wise man to look me through and through; feel the pulse of my soul from time to time, when it was ailing, and detect what was there contrary to reason and to right. Dr. Senior's hearty "God bless you!" brought strength and blessing with it.

I went straight from Fulham to Bellingr Street. A healthy impulse to fulfil all my duty, however difficult, was in its first fervid moment of action. Nevertheless there was a subtle hope within me founded upon one chance that was left—it was just possible that Foster might refuse to be made the subject of an experiment; for an experiment it was.

I found him not yet out of bed. Mrs. Foster was busy at her task of engrossing in the sitting-room—a task she performed so well that I could not believe but that she had been long accustomed to it. I followed her to Foster's bed-room, a small close attic at the back, with a cheerless view of chimneys and the roofs of houses. There was no means of ventilation, except by opening a window near the head of the bed, when the draught of cold air would blow full upon him. He looked exceedingly worn and wan. The doubt crossed me, whether the disease had not made more progress than we supposed. His face fell as he saw the expression upon mine.

"Worse, eh?" he said; "don't say I am worse."

I sat down beside him, and told him what I believed to be his chance of life; not concealing from him that I proposed to try, if he gave his consent, a mode of treatment which had never been practised before. His eye, keen and sharp as that of a lynx, seemed to read my thoughts as Dr. Senior's had done.

"Martin Dobré," he said, in a voice so different from his ordinary caustic tone that it almost startled me, "I can trust you. I put myself with implicit confidence into your hands."

The last chance—dare I say the last hope?—was gone. I stood pledged on my honour as a physician, to employ this discovery, which had been laid open to me by my mother's fatal illness, for the benefit of the man whose life was most harmful to Olivia

and myself. I felt suffocated, stifled. I opened the window for a minute or two, and leaned through it to catch the fresh breath of the outer air.

"I must tell you," I said, when I drew my head in again, "that you must not expect to regain your health and strength so completely as to be able to return to your old dissipations. You must make up your mind to lead a regular, quiet, abstemious life, avoiding all excitement. Nine months out of the twelve at least, if not the whole year, you must spend in the country for the sake of fresh air. A life in town would kill you in six months. But if you are careful of yourself you may live to sixty or seventy."

"Life at any price!" he answered, in his old accents, "yet you put it in a dreary light before me. It hardly seems worth while to buy such an existence, especially with that wife of mine downstairs, who cannot endure the country, and is only a companion for a town life. Now if it had been Olivia—you could imagine life in the country endurable with Olivia?"

What could I answer to such a question, which ran through me like an electric shock? A brilliant phantasmagoria flashed across my brain—a house in Guernsey with Olivia in it—sunshine—flowers—the singing of birds—the music of the sea—the pure, exhilarating atmosphere. It had vanished into a dead blank before I opened my mouth, though probably a moment's silence had not intervened. Foster's lips were curled into a mocking smile.

"There would be more chance for you now," I said, "if you could have better air than this."

"How can I?" he asked.

"Be frank with me," I answered, "and tell me what your means are. It would be worth your while to spend your last farthing upon this chance."

"Is it not enough to make a man mad," he said, "to know there are thousands lying in the Bank in his wife's name, and he cannot touch a penny of it? It is life itself to me; yet I may die like a dog in this hole for the want of it. My death will lie at Olivia's door, curse her!"

He fell back upon his pillows, with a groan as heavy and deep as ever came from the heart of a wretch perishing from sheer want. I could not choose but feel some pity for him; but this was an opportunity I must not miss.

"It is of no use to curse her," I said; "come, Foster, let us talk over this matter quietly and reasonably. If Olivia be alive, as I cannot help hoping she is, your wisest course would be to come to some mutual agreement, which would release you both from your present difficulties: for you

must recollect she is as penniless as yourself. Let me speak to you as if I were her brother. Of this one thing you may be quite certain, she will never consent to return to you; and in that I will aid her to the utmost of my power. But there is no reason why you should not have a good share of the property, which she would gladly relinquish on condition that you left her alone. Now just listen carefully. I think there would be small difficulty,

when I chose. I was merely anticipating the time when Tardif felt sure of hearing from her. Foster lay still, watching me with his cold, keen eyes.

"If those letters are forged," he said uneasily, "it is Olivia who has forged them. But I must consult my lawyers. I will let you know the result in a few days."

But the same evening I received a note, desiring me to go and see him immediately. I was myself



"OFF WITH HIM TO THE CARRIAGE."

if we set about it, in proving that you were guilty against her with your present wife; and in that case she could claim a divorce absolutely, and her property would remain her own. Your second marriage with the same person would set her free from you altogether."

"You could prove nothing," he replied fiercely, "and my second marriage is covered by the documents I could produce."

"Which are forged," I said calmly; "we will find out by whom. You are in a net of your own making. But we do not wish to push this question to a legal issue. Let us come to some arrangement. Olivia will consent to any terms I agree to."

Unconsciously I was speaking as if I knew where Olivia was, and could communicate with her

in a fever of impatience, and glad at the prospect of any settlement of this subject, in the hope of setting Olivia free, as far as she could be free during his lifetime. He was looking brighter and better than in the morning, and an odd smile played now and then about his face as he talked to me; after having desired Mrs. Foster to leave us alone together.

"Mark!" he said, "I have not the slightest reason to doubt Olivia's death, except your own opinion to the contrary, which is founded upon reasons of which I know nothing. But acting on the supposition that she may be still alive, I am quite willing to enter into negotiations with her. I suppose it must be through you."

"It must," I answered, "and it cannot be at present. You will have to wait for some months,

perhaps, whilst I pursue my search for her. I do not know where she is any more than you do."

A vivid gleam crossed his face at these words, but whether of incredulity or satisfaction I could not tell.

"But suppose I die in the meantime?" he objected.

That objection was a fair and obvious one. His malady would not pause in its insidious attack while I was seeking Olivia. I deliberated for a few minutes, endeavouring to look at a scheme which presented itself to me from every point of view.

"I do not know that I might not leave you in your present position," I said at last; "it may be I am acting from an over-strained sense of duty. But if you will give me a formal deed protecting her from yourself, I am willing to advance the funds necessary to remove you to purer air, and more open quarters than these. A deed of separation, which both of you must sign, can be drawn up, and receive your signature. There will be no doubt as to getting hers, when we find her. But that may be some months hence, as I said. Still I will run the risk."

"For her sake?" he said, with a sneer.

"For her sake, simply," I answered; "I will employ a lawyer to draw up the deed, and as soon as you sign it I will advance the money you require. My treatment of your disease I shall begin at once; that falls under my duty as your doctor; but I warn you that fresh air and freedom from agitation are almost, if not positively, essential to its success. The sooner you secure these for yourself, the better your chance."

Some farther conversation passed between us, as to the stipulations to be insisted upon, and the division of the yearly income from Olivia's property, for I would not agree to her alienating any portion of it. Foster wished to drive a hard bargain, still with that odd smile on his face; and it was after much discussion that we came to an agreement.

I had the deed drawn up by a lawyer, who warned me that if Foster sued for a restitution of his rights they would be enforced. But I hoped that when Olivia was found she would have some evidence in her own favour, which would deter him from carrying the case into court. The deed was signed by Foster, and left in my charge till Olivia's signature could be obtained.

As soon as the deed was secured, I had my patient removed from Bellringer Street to some apartments in Fulham, near to Dr. Senior, whose interest in the case was now almost equal to my own. Here, if I could not visit him every day, Dr. Senior did, whilst his great professional skill enabled him to detect symptoms which might have escaped my less experienced eye. Never had any sufferer, under

the highest and wealthiest ranks, greater care and science expended upon him than Richard Foster.

The progress of his recovery was slow, but it was sure. I felt that it would be so from the first. Day by day I watched the pallid hue of sickness upon his face changing into a more natural tone. I saw his strength coming back by slight but steady degrees. The malady was forced to retreat into its most hidden citadel, where it might lurk as a prisoner, but not dwell as a destroyer, for many years to come, if Foster would yield himself to the *régime* of life we prescribed. But the malady lingered there, ready to break out again openly, if its dungeon-door were set ajar. I had given life to him, but it was his part to hold it fast.

There was no triumph to me in this, as there would have been had my patient been any one else. The cure aroused much interest among my colleagues, and made my name more known. But what was that to me? As long as this man lived, Olivia was doomed to a lonely and friendless life. I tried to look into the future for her, and saw it stretch out into long, dreary years. I wondered where she would find a home. Could I persuade Johanna to receive her into her pleasant dwelling, which would become so lonely to her when Captain Carey had moved into Julia's house in St. Peter port? That was the best plan I could form.

CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH.

A FRIENDLY CARMAN.

JULIA'S marriage arrangements were going on speedily. There was something ironical to me in the chance that made me so often the witness of them. We were so merely cousins again, that she discussed her purchases, and displayed them before me, as if there had never been any notion between us of keeping house together. Once more I assisted in the choice of a wedding-dress, for the one made a year before was said to be yellow and old-fashioned. But this time Julia did not insist upon having white satin. A dainty tint of grey was considered more suitable, either to her own complexion or the age of the bridegroom. Captain Carey enjoyed the purchase with the rapture I had failed to experience.

The wedding was fixed to take place the last week in July, a fortnight earlier than the time proposed; it was also a fortnight earlier than the date I was looking forward to most anxiously, when, if ever, news would reach Tardif from Olivia. All my plans were most carefully made, in the event of her sending word where she was. The deed of separation, signed by Foster, was preserved by me most cautiously, for I had a sort of haunting dread that Mrs. Foster would endeavour to get possession of it. She was eminently sulky, and had been so ever since the signing of the deed. Now that Foster

was very near convalescence, they might be trying some stratagem to recover it. But our servants were trustworthy, and the deed lay safe in the drawer of my desk.

At last Dr. Senior agreed with me that Foster was sufficiently advanced on the road to recovery to be removed from Fulham to the better air of the south coast. The month of May had been hotter than usual, and June was sultry. It was evidently to our patient's advantage to exchange the atmosphere of London for that of the sea-shore, even though he had to dispense with our watchful attendance. In fact he could not very well fall back now, with common prudence and self-denial. We impressed upon him the urgent necessity of these virtues, and required Mrs. Foster to write us fully, three times a week, every variation she might observe in his health. After that we started them off to a quiet village in Sussex. I breathed more freely when they were out of my daily sphere of duty.

But before they went a hint of treachery reached me, which put me doubly on my guard. One morning, when Jack and I were at breakfast, both deep in our papers, with an occasional comment to one another on their contents, Simmons, the cabby, was announced, as asking to speak to one or both of us immediately. He was a favourite with Jack, who bade the servant show him in; and Simmons appeared, stroking his hat round and round with his hand, as if hardly knowing what to do with his limbs off the box.

"Nothing amiss with your wife, or the brats, I hope?" said Jack.

"No, Dr. John, no," he answered, "there ain't anything amiss with them, except being too many of 'em prays, and my old woman won't own to that. But there's something in the wind as concerns Dr. Dobry, so I thought I'd better come and give you a hint of it."

"Very good, Simmons," said Jack.

"You recollect taking my cab to Gray's Inn Road about this time last year, when I showed up so green, don't you?" he asked.

"To be sure," I said, throwing down my paper, and listening eagerly.

"Well, doctors," he continued, addressing us both, "the very last Monday as ever was, a lady walks slowly along the stand, eyeing us all very hard, but taking no heed to any of 'em, till she catches sight of *me*. That's not a uncommon event, doctors. My wife says there's something about me as gives confidence to her sek. Anyhow, so it is, and I can't gainsay it. The lady comes along very slowly—she looks hard at me—she nods her head, as much as to say, 'You, and your cab, and your horse are what I'm on the look-out for;' and I gets down, opens the door, and sees her in quite comfortable. Says she, 'Drive me to Messrs. Scott and Brown, in Gray's Inn Road.'"

"No!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, doctors," replied Simmons. "'Drive me,' she says, 'to Messrs. Scott and Brown, Gray's Inn Road.' Of course I knew the name again; I was vexed enough the last time I were there, at showing myself so green. I looks hard at her. A very fine make of a woman, with hair and eyes as black as coals, and a impudent look on her face somehow. I turned it over and over again in my head, driving her there—could there be any reason in it? or had it anything to do with last time? and cetera. She told me to wait for her in the street; and directly after she goes in, there comes down the gent I had seen before, with a pen behind his ear. He looks very hard at me, and me at him. Says he, 'I think I have seen your face before, my man.' Very civil; as civil as a orange, as folks say. 'I think you have,' I says. 'Could you step up-stairs for a minute or two?' says he, very polite; 'I'll find a boy to take charge of your horse.' And he slips a arf-crown into my hand, quite pleasant."

"So you went up, of course?" said Jack.

"Doctors," he answered solemnly, "I did go in. There's nothing to be said against that. The lady is sitting in a orifice up-stairs, talking to another gent, with hair and eyes like hers, as black as coals, and the same look of brass on his face. All three of 'em looked a little under the weather. 'What's your name, my man?' asked the black gent. 'Walker,' I says. 'And where do you live?' he says, taking me serious. 'In Queer Street,' I says, with a 'tle wink to show 'em I were up to a trick or two. They all three larfed a little among themselves, but not in a plesant sort of way. Then the gent begins again. 'My good fellow,' he says, 'we want you to give us a little information that 'ud be of use to us, and we are willing to pay you handsome for it. It can't do you any harm, nor nobody else, for it's only a matter of business. You're not above taking ten shillings for a bit of useful information?' 'Not by no manner of means,' I says."

"Go on," I said impatiently, as Simmons paused to look as hard at us as he had done at these people.

"Jest so, doctors," he continued, "but this time I was minding my P's and Q's. 'You know Dr. Senior, of Brook Street?' he says. 'The old doctor?' I says; 'he's retired out of town.' 'No,' he says, 'nor the young doctor neither; but there's another of 'em, isn't there?' 'Dr. Dobry?' I says. 'Yes,' he says, 'he often takes your cab, my friend?' 'First one and then the other,' I says, 'sometimes Dr. John and sometimes Dr. Dobry. They're as thick as brothers, and thicker.' 'Good friends of yours?' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'they take my cab when they can have it; but there's not much friendship, as I see, in that. It's the best cab and horse on the stand, though I say it, as shouldn't."

Dr. John's pretty fair, but the other's no great favourite of mine.' 'Ah!' he says—"

Simmons' face was illuminated with delight, and he winked sportively at us.

"It were all flummery, doctors," he said; "I don't deny as Dr. John is a older friend, and a older favourite; but that is neither here nor there. I jest see them setting a trap, and I wanted to have a finger in it. 'Ah!' he says, 'all we want to know, but we do want to know that very particular, is where you drive Dr. Dobry to the oftenest. He's going to borrow money from us, and we'd like to find out something about his habits; 'specially where he spends his spare time, and all that sort of thing, you understand. You know where he goes in your cab.' 'Of course I do,' I says; 'I drove him and Dr. John here nigh a twelvemonth ago. The other gent took my number down, and knew where to look for me when you wanted me.' 'You're a clever fellow,' he says. 'So my old woman thinks,' I says. 'And you'd be glad to earn a little more for your old woman?' he says. 'Try me,' I says. 'Well then,' says he, 'here's a offer for you. If you'll bring us word where he spends his spare time, we'll give you ten shillings; and if it turns out of any use to us, we'll make it five pound.' 'Very good,' I says. 'You've not got any information to tell us at once?' he says. 'Well, no,' I says, 'but I'll keep my eye upon him now.' 'Stop,' he says, as I were going away; 'they keep a carriage, of course?' 'Of course,' I says; 'what's the good of a doctor that hasn't a carriage and pair?' 'Do they use it at night?' says he. 'Not often,' says I; 'they take a cab; mine if it's on the stand.' 'Very good,' he says; 'good morning, my friend.' So I come away, and drives back again to the stand."

"And you left the lady there?" I asked, with no doubt in my mind that it was Mrs. Foster.

"Yes, doctor," he answered, "talking away like a poll-parrot with the black-haired gent. That were last Monday; to-day's Friday, and this morning there comes this bit of a note to me at our house in Dawson Street. So my old woman says, 'Jim, you'd better go and show it to Dr. John.' That's what's brought me here at this time, doctors."

He gave the note into Jack's hands; and he, after glancing at it, passed it on to me. The contents were simply these words: "James Simmons is requested to call at No. — Gray's Inn Road, at 6.30 Friday evening." The handwriting struck me as one I had seen and noticed before. I scanned it more closely for a minute or two; then a glimmering of light began to dawn upon my memory. Could it be? I felt almost sure it was. In another minute I was persuaded that it was the same hand as that which had written the letter announcing Olivia's death. Probably if I could see the partnership of the other partner, I should find it to be

identical with that of the medical certificate which had accompanied the letter.

"Leave this note with me, Simmons," I said, giving him half-a-crown in exchange for it. I was satisfied now that the papers had been forged, but not with Olivia's connivance. Was Foster himself a party to it? Or had Mrs. Foster alone, with the aid of these friends or relatives of hers, plotted and carried out the scheme, leaving him in ignorance and doubt like my own?

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIRST.

JULIA'S WEDDING.

BEFORE the Careys and Julia returned to Guernsey, Captain Carey came to see me one evening, at our house in Brook Street. He seemed suffering from embarrassment and shyness; and I could not for a time lead him to the point he was longing to gain.

"You are quite reconciled to all this, Martin?" he said, stammering. I knew very well what he meant.

"More than reconciled," I answered, "I am heartily glad of it. Julia will make you an excellent wife."

"I am sure of that," he said simply, "yet it makes me nervous a little at times to think I may be standing in your light. I never thought what it was coming to when I tried to comfort Julia about you, or I would have left Johanna to do it all. 'It is very difficult to console a person without seeming very fond of them; and then there's the danger of them growing fond of you. I love Julia now with all my heart; but I did not begin comforting her with that view, and I am sure you exonerate me, Martin?'"

"Quite, quite," I said, almost laughing at his contrition; "I should never have married Julia, believe me; and I am delighted that she is going to be married, especially to an old friend like you. I shall make your house my home."

"Do, Martin," he answered, his face brightening; "and now I am come to ask you a great favour—a favour to us all."

"I'll do it, I promise that beforehand," I said.

"We have all set our hearts on your being my best man," he replied—"at the wedding, you know. Johanna says nothing will convince the Guernsey people that we are all good friends except that. It will have a queer look, but if you are there everybody will be satisfied that you do not blame either Julia or me. I know it will be hard for you, Martin, because of your poor mother, and your father being in Guernsey still; but if you can conquer that, for our sakes, you would make us every one perfectly happy."

I had not expected them to ask this; but when I came to think of it, it seemed very natural and reasonable. There was no motive strong enough to make me refuse to go to Julia's wedding; so I arranged to be with them the last week in July.

About ten days before going, I ran down to the

little village on the Sussex coast to visit Foster, from whom, or from his wife, I had received a letter regularly three times a week. I found him as near complete health as he could ever expect to be, and I told him so; but I impressed upon him the urgent necessity of keeping himself quiet and unexcited.

Some days after this I crossed in the mail-steamer to Guernsey, on a Monday night, as the wedding was to take place at an early hour on Wednesday morning, in time for Captain Carey and Julia to catch the boat to England. Before the steamer touched the pier, I caught sight of Captain Carey's welcome face looking out for my appearance. He stood at the end of the gangway, as I crossed over it with my portmanteau.

"Come along, Martin," he said; "you are to go with me to the Vale, as my groomsman, you know. Are all the people staring at us, do you think? I daren't look round. Just look about you for me, my boy."

"They are staring awfully," I answered, "and there are scores of them waiting to shake hands with us."

"Oh! they must not," he said earnestly; "look as if you did not see them, Martin. That's the worst of getting married; yet most of them are married themselves, and ought to know better. There's the dog-cart waiting for us a few yards off, if we could only get to it. I have kept my face seaward ever since I came on the pier, with my collar turned up, and my hat over my eyes. Are you sure they see who we are?"

"Sure!" I cried, "why, there's Carey Dobrée, and Dobrée Carey, and Brock de Jersey, and De Jersey le Cocq, and scores of others."

"Why didn't you come in disguise?" asked Captain Carey, reproachfully; but before I could answer I was seized upon by the nearest of our cousins, and we were whirled into a very vortex of greetings and congratulations. It was fully a quarter of an hour before we were allowed to drive off in the dog-cart; and Captain Carey was almost breathless with exhaustion.

"They are good fellows," he said, after a time, "very good fellows, but it is trying, isn't it, Martin? It is as if no man was ever married before; though they have gone through it themselves, and ought to know how one feels."

After dinner, in the cool of the summer evening, we drove back into town to see Julia for the last time before we met in church the next morning. There was an air of glad excitement pervading the house. Friends were running in, with gifts and pleasant words of congratulation. Julia herself had a peculiar modest stateliness and frank dignity, which suited her well. She was happy and content, and her face glowed. Captain Carey's manner was one of tender chivalry, somewhat old-fashioned. I found it a hard thing to "look at happiness through another's eyes."

I drove Captain Carey and Johanna home along the low, level shore which I had so often traversed with my heart full of Olivia.

"A fortnight longer," I said to myself, "and Tardif will know where she is; then I can take measures for her tranquillity and safety in the future."

It was well for me that I had slept during my passage, for I had little sleep during that night. Twice I was aroused by the voice of Captain Carey at my door, inquiring what the London time was, and if I could rely upon my watch not having stopped. At four o'clock he insisted upon everybody in the house getting up. The ceremony was to be solemnised at seven, for the mail steamer from Jersey to England was due in Guernsey at nine, and there were no other means of quitting the island later in the day. Under these circumstances there could be no formal wedding breakfast, a matter not much to be regretted. There would not be too much time, so Johanna said, for the bride to change her wedding-dress at her own house for a suitable travelling costume, and the rest of the day would be our own.

Captain Carey and I were standing at the altar of the old church some minutes before the bridal procession appeared. He looked pale, but wound up to a high pitch of resolute courage. The church was nearly full of eager spectators, all of whom I had known from my childhood—faces that would have crowded about me, had I been standing in the bridegroom's place. Far back, half sheltered by a pillar, I saw the white head and handsome face of my father, with Kate Daltrey by his side; but though the church was so full, nobody had entered the same pew. His name had not been once mentioned in my hearing. As far as his old circle in Guernsey was concerned, Dr. Dobrée was dead.

At length Julia appeared, pale like the bridegroom, but dignified and prepossessing. She did not glance at me; she evidently gave no thought to me. That was well, and as it should be. If any fancy had been lingering in my head that she still regretted somewhat the exchange she had made, that fancy vanished for ever. Julia's expression, when Captain Carey drew her hand through his arm, and led her down the aisle to the vestry, was one of unmixed contentment.

Yet there was a pang in it—reason as I would, there was a pang in it for me. I should have liked her to glance once at me, with a troubled and dimmed eye. I should have liked a shade upon her face, as I wrote my name below hers in the register. But there was nothing of the kind. She gave me the kiss, which I demanded as her cousin Martin, without embarrassment, and after that she put her hand again upon the bridegroom's arm, and marched off with him to the carriage.

A whole host of us accompanied the bridal pair to the pier, and saw them start off on their wedding

trip, with a pyramid of bouquets before them on the deck of the steamer. We ran round to the light-house, and waved out hats and handkerchiefs as

long as they were in sight. That duty done, the rest of the day was our own.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER TWENTY YEARS AGO.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.



At a desk by the window sits the foreman, listening, pen in hand, to one of the boys, who is reading a proof in a mechanical but clear voice. There is a constant shuffle and click of type as the compositors, with rhythmical movement of the hands and arms, select the letters with extraordinary quickness and precision from their special compartments in the case, and drop them under their thumbs in the little brass "composing-stick" that they hold in their hands. The slip of copy is before them, and as each stickful is completed, the man, holding the type between two strips of brass, lifts it cleverly out and adds it to the incomplete column that stands on a slanting desk by his side, in a long brass tray or "galley." Presently some one calls out—

"Boy, you can pull this galley of police news," and the boy runs off with the brass tray, fastens it tight with wooden "quoins," which he wedges in with a rap or two of an iron tool, and hurries to a corner of the room where the proof-press stands—an old creaking affair of the year One; or if it is tea-time, the men have laid down their composing-sticks, and taken off the shades that guard their eyes from the glare of the glaring bat's-wing gas-burners, and are nestled in under their frames, chatting, and drinking their tinfal of hot tea.

The scene I have sketched was on an ordinary day: on publishing day—Friday—all was changed. The office then, above and below, was no more like the ordinary office than a ship in a gale of wind is like the same ship in a calm. On Friday all hands were on deck. We were on the alert, and all sail set. Below in the machine-room the engine-men were greasing and polishing, with all the care and pride with which grooms prepare a Derby favourite for the race. Wheels were tested, driving-bands examined, cogs looked to, cylinders scrutinised, blankets overhauled, ink rollers renewed. In the counting-house, our old Tim Linkinwater was no longer placidly pushing up his respectable silver spectacles with one finger, his pen hovering in the air between the red lines, as he smilingly discovered his last casting-up to be quite correct; nor was his subordi-

nate, the ex-cathedral-chorister, moodily humming a passage from, say, one of Tallis's responses; but ten to one both of them were battling with some sharp advertising tradesman about the scale of advertisement charges on taking a quantity. Every moment the door would be flying open with exchange slips from the other newspaper offices, or with messages from people who sent marriages, births, deaths, or paragraphs of news. In the editor's room the cry for copy would be incessant. "Men standing still, sir—four more columns wanted." There was a constant mumble. "P.C., 104, deposed that on Wednesday night he was on duty in Broad Street, when he saw the prisoner"—or "the house, messuage, and tenement known as the Wheatshaf, situate and being"—or "the honourable member said that, in the whole course of his political career, he never remembered so disgraceful a compromise"—or it would be a railway table, with half an hour's interesting recapitulation of 5.40, 2.30, 3.15, 6.2, and so on—the listener constantly trying back at doubtful passages, where he suspected carelessness or mistake in the reader.

There was no regular dinner for the editor or his subordinates on publishing day. We just sent out for something, and sweeping a place clear of mangled newspapers, took it there in pic-nic fashion, and then fell to work again. We read away at proof after proof of all the news, poetry, foreign, local, markets, murders, minced together in tedious confusion, till we became giddy. Towards evening the foreman would make his frequent appearance with tidings of alarm, and looking like the sailor who comes to tell the captain that a leak is gaining, or rather like that scared creature who opened Priam's curtains in the dead of night, and told him half his Troy was burnt. Four columns too much, and till two columns of latest news and advertisements to get in! To lighten the vessel, then, the editor resolved at all hazards—out went the poetry ruthlessly, overboard went the "varieties," away to larboard went the facetious letter of "Poluslogboyo Molasses" on Scholastic Management.

The great anxiety now was for what the seven o'clock post would bring. The boy was dispatched the moment the clock struck for the contents of box "sixty-eight." Back he came, puffing and blowing, and fiery-red with haste, his apron full of letters and papers. The editor plucked them open as quickly as a London fishmonger opens oysters:

four advertisements—good ; Fête Champêtre—yes, this must be cut down ; latest wool market, latest several other things. Two important letters with large seals the editor leaves for the last. He opens them, when the rest of the copy has been sent up to the hungry compositors, with respect and care. The one is from a gentleman signing himself “A Reformer.” He proposes that our paper, to which he intends to subscribe, should be doubled in size, and one page of it weekly devoted to articles on the national debt and the modern system of banking. The second is from our editor’s old friend—the stop-my-paper monster, who has now given a fresh sting to his malice by stopping his paper on the very eve of publication. Irritated at this, the editor would go to the speaking-pipe, and with the voice of a wounded bull, roar—

“Send down for proof!—there’s one been waiting here half an hour—and let me know how much more copy is wanted!”

Bang! incessantly goes the swing-door up-stairs (letting out the buzz and cries of the men by gusts), and headlong plunge the boys with the required news, and with fluttering proofs. Compositors follow, craving for half a slip, a quarter, or even two inches of corrected proof, for time is going. Two or three come at once, and fight and fight for the scraps like sharks for a drowning sailor. It is a question of moments now. There is only one more revise to read. They are going to press in half an hour at furthest. Mysterious sounds increase ; cheery shouts as from seamen struggling with the elements rise from the machine-room ; the engines begin to rumble experimentally like the stone of Sisyphus set on the roll ; cheery shouts answer each other from above and below. A boy dashes in with the latest papers—in a moment we slice out the result of the last debate, the price of stocks, and the last foreign news, and run up with them to the compositors. We sit down by the fire at last, light a pipe, and warm some coffee ; we sip and smoke, or fall into a troubled doze. The slam of a door awakes us—it is a boy with the last revise ; we prop up our heavy eyelids and nod, half asleep. The boy who comes for it informs us—

“The pages are going down directly, sir.”

We run up-stairs ; every one is in a bustle and hurry. Two strong-armed men with their sleeves tucked up are busy at two of the pages, great squares of smooth-faced type, driving in the quoins that fix them in their iron frames ; and one or two of the men are at work with iron needles, picking out the corrections in the last revise, slipping out the lines of flat type with practised skill, and reading them along to see that no errors have been left. Another man, with a broad flat brush dipped in cleansing lye, is scrubbing another column. The foreman hands us a penny-a-liner’s slip of “flimsy,” just sent in with a flowery report of a very small

and harmless fire at Bodminster—that, too, is added to the latest news. There is a great rattling in the drawers under the stone table for more furniture (pieces of measured wood) for closing the chases.

“Look alive, or we shall miss the post!” cries the editor ; then with a last hammer at the quoins, and a rattle of the iron tools on the stone slab, the two men lift down the chases, and drag them carefully over the floor towards the trap-door that opens into the machine-room. The rope is lowered, the pulley adjusted, the hook fixed, down swing the pages. That last hammering has told every one what is going on. Presently the noises above cease, the house vibrates with the revolutions of the cylinders. In a minute or two a boy runs in with a printed sheet. We all go over it for any final corrections—the editor looks to his leaders, I and the reporter to our meetings. The editor counts the advertisements with religious care, and discovers to his delight ten more than last week.

In the folding-room the apprentices are tearing away at the papers, and preparing them for the post. The men not busy at the engine are smoking their pipes at the street-door, calmly content, like mariners in port after a storm.

The week’s work is over, we are in harbour at last. The stop-my-paper monster will grind his teeth when he hears what he has lost. The *Mirror* and *Mercury* will not be far beyond us this week in advertisements. Poluffogboyo Molasses will be furious to see his prosy article on School Discipline omitted. Never mind, we can bear it ; so, folding up our papers, we wander sleepily home, through the narrow moon-lit streets, and past that dim room over the porch of Redcliffe Church, where the marvellous boy, who perished in his pride—Chatterton—pretended he found the poems that he forged.

The other day I went back to the old office. What a change in twenty years ! a change symbolic of what the Press—that is the embodied nation—has been doing. No longer the sleepy old weekly paper, with its stale news, its dead-alive Tory leaders, its tiresome reports of the dinners and comings of age ; no longer the drowsy concoctions of dull old tradesmen for leaders. No ; a smart daily paper now, quite up to the mark of the day ; a staff of three reporters, with a room of their own. The editor is an Oxford man, a gentleman and a scholar. In the evening, telegraph boys come running in every moment with telegrams, leaders arrived from London, intelligence carefully posted up from all parts of England, and latest betting. The editor, no longer a mere agent of the lawyer of his party, associates as a gentleman with gentlemen, and visits the commercial room and the public meetings of the city as an equal with the best. He is entirely independent, and attacks any abuse of the day boldly and fearlessly.

There is no longer that servile borrowing from the London papers; the country editor has now an opinion of his own, and directs the opinion of his town. There is abundance of news too; there

are more reporters to collect it; the "enormous gooseberry" ripens unneeded on the tree; and it is no longer necessary at the last moment, in order to fill up a column, to "kill a child at Liverpool."

O'FARRELL THE FIDDLER.

AN IRISH IDYLL.



OW, thin, what has become of Thady
O'Farrell?

The honest poor man, what's delayin'
him, why?

O, the thrush might be dumb, and the lark
cease to carol,
Whin his music began to *congether* the
sky.

Three summers have gone since we've missed you,
O'Farrell,
From the weddin', and pattern, and fair on the
green.

In an hour to St. John we'll light up the tar-barrel,*
But ourselves we're not flatter'n that thin you'll
be seen.

O Thady, we've watched and we've waited for ever,
To see your ould-self steppin' into the town—
Wid your corduroys patched so clane and so clever,
And the pride of a Guelph in your smile or your
frown.

Thin some one would say, "Here's Thady O'Far-
rell!"

And "God bless the good man! let's go meet
him," we cried;

And wid this from their play, and wid that from
their quarrel,

All the little ones ran to be first at your side.

Soon amongst us you'd stand, wid the ould people's
blessin',

As they leaned from the door to look out at you
pass;

Wid the colleen's kiss-hand, and the childer's
caressin',

And the boys fightin', sure, which 'd stand your
first glass.

Thin you'd give us the news out of Cork and Kil-
larney—

Had O'Flynn married yet?—Was ould Mack still
at work?—

Shine's political views—Barry's last bit of blarney—
And the boys you had met on their way to New
York.

But whin from the sight of our say-frontin' village
The far-frownin' Basket† stole into the shade,

And the warnin' of night called up from the tillage
The girl wid her basket, the boy wid his spade,

By the glowin' turf-fire, or the harvest moon's glory,
In the close-crowded ring that around you we
made,

We'd no other desire than your heart-thrillin'
story,

Or the song that you'd sing, or the tune that you
played.

Till you'd ask, wid a leap from your seat in the
middle,

And a shuffle and slide of your foot on the floor,
"Let's be tryin' a step, boys and girls, to the
fiddle."

"Faugh a ballagh,"* we cried, "for a jig, to be
sure."

Thin you'd tune wid a sound that arose as delightin'
As our own colleen's voice, so sweet and so clear,
As she coyly wint round, wid a curtesy invitin'
The best of the boys for the fán to prepare.

For a minute or so, till the couples were ready,

On your shoulder and chin the fiddle lay quiet;
Then down came your bow so quick and so steady,
And away we *should* spin to the left or the right!

For whinever you start jig or planxty so merry,
Wid their caperin' twirls and their rollickin' runs,
Where's the heel or the heart in the kingdom of
Kerry
Of the boys and the girls that's not wid you at
once?

Thin how Micky Dease forged† steps was a wonder,
And well might our women of Roseen be proud—
Such a face, such a grace, and her darlin' feet
under,
Like two swallows skimmin' the skirts of a cloud.

Thin, Thady, ochone! come back, for widout you
We are never as gay as we were in the past

[O'Farrell himself here lays his hand on the speaker's
shoulder]—

O Thady, mavrone, why, thin, I wouldn't doubt
you.

Huzzah! boys, huzzah! Here's O'Farrell at last!

A. PERCEVAL GRAVES (SHIEL DRUV).

* An empty tar-barrel, whenever procurable, forms the centre-point of the annual Irish bonfire on St. John's Eve.

† One of the great sea rocks off the coast of Kerry.

* Irish for "Clear the way."

† *Anglicized*, improvised new steps.

THE CONFIDANTE.



"TIS THE OLD, OLD TALE."



LETTER, Lucy? for me to read?
 Ah, tell-tale blushes, what secret now?
 I am but teasing. There, never heed,
 Nor blur with furrows that little brow.

Yes, as I thought. 'Tis the old, old tale;
 He loves you; dreams of you night and day;
 With hope he brightens, with dread turns pale.
 Truths, dear sister, or babblings grey.

Love lives for ever, if heart born—real,
But fades like the roses I've now just clipped,
When told by one who your peace would steal,
Then flit to some blossom as honey-lipped

To you each word here is truth's own mint,
To me, once cheated, there's room for doubt,
You, sister, could give him your love sans stint—
What? tears and trembling? a dawning pout?

Well, darling, believe then, and cynic thought
Shall fade away in your love's sweet sun,
He is not worldly, nor fashion-taught,
I would not darken new light begun

His words are manly; an honest ring
Sounds in each sentence Ah! Lucy, live
Long in the love that can never wing,
Whilst I—well, yes—I have yet to give
ALICE FITZGERALD

THE DOG-DAYS AND THE DOG-STAR.

BY F. CARRUTHER, F.R.S.E.



ACCORDING to the superstitions made us acquainted through the dog-days, the star "whose burning breath" as Homer sang, "fills the red air with fever, plague, and death," is now at the vernal equinox and should be, according to ancient belief, bringing "the summer's influence upon the creatures of this world." Now should we give thought to the kindly warnings of "weather" authorities about muzzling "mad" looking out canine dependents and it may be that an occasional cry of "Mad dog!" will but now strengthen the popular belief that the dog-days are so called because dogs go mad during their course, and that hydrophobia is an evil effect for which the bright star in the constellation Canis Minor is somehow responsible.

With thankful respect for the efforts of those gentlemen who compile our almanacs, we cannot help reminding them that the regular and exact entry of dog-days in the calendar is very discreditable, and the belief that certain dates are favourable or conducive to the disturbance of canine sanity is by no means honourable to an age whose people are busied with educational schemes.

To improve the historical dawn of the dog-days we must look back through some three thousand years, and focus our attention upon Egypt and the river Nile. The early people of that country were naturally struck with the rise and overflow of the famous river, a phenomenon which, though its after effects became obviously beneficial, was primarily a source of discomfort and distress, by its inundation of the low lying grounds. For a time the occurrence would be regarded as casual or fortuitous, but at length it was recognised as a regular event, and its cause was a subject of great perplexity. The winds and the heavens were studied with a view to discovering some coincident and

apparently correlated phenomenon in them. At length it was remarked that a few days before the river began to swell, a bright star regularly rose above the morning horizon just in advance of the sun.

Every year the star appeared at the same season in the same spot, and its approach to the sun was as regularly followed by the rising of the waters. It was anxiously looked for as a sign of coming peril by those who dwelt in the regions endangered by the river's overflow, and these people accordingly forsake their habitations upon its appearance and migrated to higher lands. And because the star was as a *watch dog*, warning of the approach of a thief or an enemy, they gave it the name *Huam* or *Tayant*, which in their language signified a dog. And, moreover, there was a manifest apparent relation between the morning star and the swelling river, the former received a second title, to wit, *Soker*, which we know from Joshua and Jeremiah was one of the several names of the Nile, and from this word our name for the star, *Serius*, has been obtained.

Here then is a *raison d'être* of the dog star as a name. To the Egyptians the star was one of the most important, if not the most important, of the lesser luminaries of the sky. It marked a critical time in their agricultural year, the first month of which was called after its name. Its colour, which would naturally be influenced by atmospheric conditions, was closely watched, and from its bright or heavy lustre, indicating the clearness or murkiness of the morning air, the fruitfulness or barrenness of the year was forecast. Divine honours were accorded to it, since it was supposed, in the absence of a cognisable cause, to produce the fertilising inundation that its heliacal rising announced. But it was also seemingly apparent to the untaught observers that the contiguity of the sun and star was the cause of the excessive heat that regularly prevailed at the season, for the conjunction took place in the height of summer. And the coincidence thus observed between that

conjunction and the prevalence of sickness and breaking out of fevers, gave rise to the belief in that malarious influence which all antiquity assigned to the star, and of which we have a survival in our observance of the so-called dog-days. The star had its peculiar god, named Typhon, and to appease his rage, that the people might not be scourged with disease, a cruel sacrifice was made of red-haired persons, generally foreigners, who may have been sojourning in Egypt. Greece took up the superstition, and her poets perpetuated it. Rome imbibed it, and yearly sacrificed a brown dog to the star to assuage its direful influence. The evil agency was supposed to endure through twenty days before and twenty days after the heliacal rising of Sirius, that is, for twenty days on each side of the one on which the star rose at the same minute as the sun. These were the *dog-days* of classic times, and from them we obtained our dog-days. They could not be determined with any degree of accuracy, for the heliacal rising of a star varies with the latitude of the place of observation. And the date of this rising in any one place differs from century to century, on account of the precession of the equinoxes; so that the present middle or datum day of the canicular period differs greatly from what it was when the observance of the critical *dies* was established.

This change of date brings us face to face with the absurdity committed year by year by our almanac-makers. They persist in telling us that the forty dog-days commence on the 3rd of July and end on the 11th of August. What do they mean? Suppose that they recognise the ancient faith in the star's influence, and accordingly compute its term by the above-described reckoning, they are upon this supposition woefully wrong in their dates; for at the present time and in this country the dog-star rises heliacally, or with the sun, on or about the 12th of August, and therefore the classical *caniculars* are, in chronological strictness, from the 24th of July to the 1st of September, twenty days later than the period universally promulgated. But this is rather late for a period of canine rabidness. Do the calendar compilers, then, irrespective of the star, put down the traditional dates in faith as to their supposed danger, and with the object of maintaining a belief that dogs may probably keep their wits up to the 3rd of July, but are very likely to go mad on the 4th, and again are to be muzzled and led up to the 11th of August and safely treated as rational beasts on the 12th? If dates are specified something should be meant by their particularisation. True, dogs do madden about this time, but they observe no days, and their rage is one of the least serious consequences of the hot weather that normally comes after the summer solstice. Except as a curious tradition, the dog-days have no claim to our serious regard.

A word now upon the star itself, which originated the ancient belief. Sirius is one of the most interesting bodies in the stellar universe. It is the brightest star in our heavens; it cannot, however, be seen on these summer nights, for the very reason that it courses our skies near the sun, and therefore in full daylight; but in the winter and early spring it is a most conspicuous object in the southern part of the sky, never rising, in England, much higher than 25 degrees, which is about the altitude of the mid-day sun during the first week of February. On account of its prominent brightness it was, in the early days of exact astronomy, referred to as a standard object for correcting instruments and setting time-keepers, and generally it was used as a datum point for celestial measurements. But as *astronomy* advanced it was discovered to be subject to vast and marvellous, slight in extent, but nevertheless fatal to its use for the above-mentioned exact purposes. These mysterious motions so bothered the astronomers that they at length turned Sirius out of their standard star lists. The vagaries alluded to excited the greatest curiosity, and one investigator after another sought to account for them. The famous German astronomer, Bessel, watched the star disdissiduously, and by constant measurements satisfied himself of the extent and direction of its deviating movements. He was at length led to the strange conclusion that the great star, which is doubtless a sun vastly exceeding our luminary in magnitude and splendour, was pulled about by some disturbing body in its neighbourhood, which body, as it could not be seen, was concluded to be non-luminous. Another and another investigator took up the inquiry; they all adhered to the "disturbing body" theory, and even went so far as to indicate the probable position of the hypothetical disturber at certain specified times. Telescopes had hitherto failed to detect it, but at last a famous instrument-maker and observer, Mr. Alvan Clark, of Boston, employing one of the largest glasses that had then been constructed, succeeded in discovering a tiny star in the beams of the great one, and actually in the position assigned to it by the calculators, thereby completing the accomplishment of an astronomical triumph akin to that famous one by which the planet Neptune was brought to our cognisance.

Little doubt now exists that this satellitic body is the cause of Sirius' vagaries, though information is still in request concerning some points that require to be ascertained before a *vera causa* can be considered as completely established. It seems as though the smaller object were a planet revolving, like those in our system, about its primary, and possibly deriving its light and heat therefrom. Does it derive vivifying power also? and if so, what is the stage upon the scale of creative development at which life has there arrived? Has

man been reached, or has he been surpassed by beings still more intellectual?

This is not the only point of purely astronomical interest attaching to the canine star. On account of its brightness it was selected by Dr. Huggins for a beautiful experiment, for determining whether stars have a proper motion in the direction of the line of sight from the earth. Astronomers can and do determine relative motions of stars in a plane at right angles to this direction; they can see if a star moves up or down, or to right or left of a certain mean position, but obviously they cannot determine a motion, so to speak, backwards or forwards. But it occurred to Dr. Huggins that this might be done by an experiment which has its analogy in a well-known acoustical one. If we rapidly approach a source of sound, say, a railway whistle, or, what is the same thing, if the sounding body approach us, its note will be heightened in pitch or made sharper, because the waves of sound will be made virtually shorter and will come to our ear in abnormally rapid succession; and rapidity of wave-transit determines the pitch of a sound. Conversely if a sounding body recede from us its note becomes flattened or lowered, because the waves are dragged out and come to us with less than their normal rapidity. This variation of pitch may frequently be recognised by a sharp ear in the case of railway whistles, or it may be made manifest by moving a sonorous tuning-fork to and from the ear. Now light, like sound, consists of wave-motions, and if the wave-length of a particular ray from a star can be found to vary from the normal wave-length of that ray, it is to be inferred that the star is ap-

proaching or receding from us according to the direction of the variation. Dr. Huggins accordingly devised a plan for accurately comparing the wave-length of a ray from a hydrogen light in his telescope, with a hydrogen ray from the star Sirius. He found a discordance which repeated observation assured him was a real "change of pitch" of the nature anticipated; the luminous note was lowered and a recedence was thus indicated. By measuring the amount of alteration he was enabled to make a quantitative determination of the rate of motion of the star, and thus he found, after allowing for the earth's orbital movement, that the earth and star are running away from one another at the rate of 29½ miles in a second. Which is moving, star or solar system, or both, we know not at present. The speed seems incredible, but when we consider that Sirius is at least one hundred and twenty billions of miles away, and that it would at 29½ miles a second take twenty thousand years to double this distance, we need not fear that our friend the dog-star will run out of sight.

Highly important results are expected from an extension of this research to other stars upon which Dr. Huggins is at present engaged. From an examination of the motions which, as we have said, they can observe, astronomers have pretty well agreed that the whole stellar system is drifting towards one point of space, situated in the constellation Hercules but otherwise unremarkable. It will be a grand attainment if Dr. Huggins should confirm this view by evidence from a source so independent and distinct as that which he is invoking.

OLD WALKS.



GREAT red sunset in a
lonesome place,
Burning among the green
folds of the mountains;
Here, broken land, all red and
blank and bald—
Afar, flushed belts of leafy emerald
Draping the rugged range's peak
and base!

The dog-star, parched, hath well-nigh
lapped the fountains,
Which feed the bright veins of the river, dry;
And thus it glitters thro' the middle space
Of this waste land, beneath a wasting sky,
With many a glinting break and natural weir,
And prattlings querulous of April days.
Here in the stream the water-lily sways,
And heath is purple, gorse is golden here,
And here the heart-wrought memories which make
the landscape dear.

Did I but dream, or was it truly so?
It was the season when the laggard crow
Clangs jargoning homeward, while the folding
star
Cleaves with keen crystal gold the brindled west;
And where the river washed a shingly bar
With silvery swirls of musical unrest,
Two happy beings sat as in a dream,
And both were young, and one most sweet of
face,
And dreamily one sowed rose-leaves in the
stream,
Which whirled them seaward through that lonesome
place.
No man can feed low sunset fires, I ween,
Or stay the river prattling to the sea!
Dead years! though such things ne'er again
can be,
Is it not much to know that such have been?

WILLIAM CANTON.

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE.

FOUL AIR, WATER, AND FOOD, THE SEED-PLOTS OF DISEASE AND DEATH.

BY DR. ANDREW WYNTER.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.



E cannot but agree with Mr. Simon's grave denunciations of the inadequacy of the present management of a supply which should be in the hands of municipalities, and his words in the twelfth report cannot be repeated too often in the public ear: "It seems to me that the public is hitherto very imperfectly protected against certain extreme dangers, which the *malfeasance* of a water company, supplying perhaps half a million of customers, may suddenly bring upon great masses of population. Its colossal power of life and death is something for which, till recently, there has been no precedent in the history of the world; and such a power, in whatever hands it is vested, ought most sedulously to be guarded against. I venture to submit that the penalty of £200 which the Metropolitan Water Act imposes, for a violation of its provisions, is utterly incommensurate with the magnitude of the public danger which a lax administration of the law represents; and it is certain that in 1852, when this statute was enacted, the state of science did not enable it to know, as it must now know, that a water company distributing sewage-tainted water may in a day take the lives of hundreds." There can be no doubt, as he asserts, that the loss or damage to life by the supply of tainted water, would render a company liable to an action for damages; but the proof could not be like that adduced at a railway accident; hence, we suppose, no such action has been taken by persons so injured, but for that very reason the penalty for violation of the provisions of the Act should be so heavy, as to act as a safeguard to the people.

And not only do we require drinking-water for the millions contained within this province of houses, but also baths: When some years ago our baths and wash-houses were established, the narrowness of the scheme in which they were conceived escaped attention. It was not seen that what was most required was not the means of ablution, so much as a pleasant physical exercise to strengthen and refresh the body. If the old Roman in his fine air required the magnificent baths, the ruins of which still testify to the grand scale on which they were constructed, and the sanitary spirit in which they were conceived, how much the more does the grimy citizen of the sooty

City demand the healthy stimulus of 'spacious swimming baths! Unfortunately our river is too filthy to be utilised in this manner, but we have the waters of the various parks to our hand, and it only requires a little thought on the part of those in authority, to construct in them the finest baths in Europe. All that is wanting may be supplied at a very cheap rate: dressing-rooms under cover for those who can afford to pay for the accommodation, and covered spaces, with a safe depth of water, for those who cannot. In two of the parks, the water is sufficiently shallow to allow of boys and those who are learning to swim; whilst in the others nothing would be easier than, by means of submerged staging, to give any depth that may be necessary. Under certain restrictions as to hours of bathing, these waters may be turned to healthful exercising spaces, without offence to any one. It would be difficult to estimate the advantage to the Londoner of a system of open baths, which would tempt him to learn to swim, and to exercise his limbs in this health-giving pastime. This would be the true water-cure to his relaxed fibre, and a sanitary advance that we may well take up from the point where it was left off by the ancients. We may, however, improve upon old ways by bringing the sea to us. There would be no engineering difficulty in laying pipes beside the Brighton line, and pumping at fixed times a sufficient supply of fresh ocean-water close to our doors. We feel quite certain the briny element would prove a tonic of the highest value, and would pay in a pecuniary sense, whilst in a sanitary one it would be a valuable example of preventive medicine.

Equally with foul water, foul air is a constant means of propagating disease. Science has not yet given us a perfect insight into the nature of the particles which, floating in the atmosphere, produce the many fevers known as zymotic. The facts are however growing apace, and before long, no doubt we shall have conquered the enigma. It is sufficient however, for sanitary purposes, for us to know that disease may be taken in by the air passages as well as by the alimentary canal; hence, a necessity for establishing a standard of purity in the atmosphere as well as in the water.

No doubt the abolition of cesspools in all our great cities has wonderfully purified the air. Sewers, so constructed as to carry off all foul impurities from the houses to a distance, have banished the great plagues which afflicted large congregations of men in the middle ages; but it is quite certain, perfect as we may conceive this

method of removing animal refuse to be, that it has its disadvantages, which are of a serious nature. Whilst we have been careful to make them watertight, we have taken too little notice of the fact that they are gasometers of a most deadly gas. We put our sewage out of sight, and think we have got rid of it; but it finds us out nevertheless. Every gully in the streets, every untrapped sink in our houses (and who sees to the traps?) is an outlet for this gas, which, being much lighter than the air, has a constant tendency to escape. According to the density or the elasticity of the atmosphere, the quantity of storm-water in the sewers, the state of the thermometer, so this gas is constantly rising and forcing itself out into our houses, which serve as collectors to receive it.

The necessity of ventilating the sewers has long been a theme which has exercised engineers. Several plans have been proposed, and some have even been put in practice. Among these are suggestions for the connection of the rain-water pipes from the houses with the sewers, so as to drain off the gas as it arises. This system has been tried in some of the northern cities; but we hear that the effect has been to discharge it into the upper windows of the houses, a remedy worse than the original disease. In order to neutralise this foul air, more open spaces are demanded in our crowded cities. But our exclusive habits prevent our taking, or rather yielding, the advantages we have in this respect already. For instance, nothing strikes a foreigner with greater astonishment than the system English people have of making open spaces, filling them with trees, carpeting them with grass, and then rigidly locking them up. The desolation of our City squares, for instance, is distressing to the last degree. Not a soul is seen within them. Possibly the effigy of some departed warrior, in a dilapidated condition, stands sentry over some sooty sparrows, and that is all. And yet these open spaces are capable of being made highly conducive to the public welfare at a little expense. What would our French or Belgian neighbours have made of the scores of squares now standing in such selfish isolation in our midst?

It is true these fenced spaces are private property—it is not our habit, unfortunately, to secure an open place as they do abroad—and the rights of the owners have to be consulted. But surely they are not to stand thus desolate for ever, a very mockery to passers-by? Would it not be a wise proceeding for the Metropolitan Board of Works to negotiate for the opening of some of these imprisoned gardens, such as Leicester Square and some of the Bloomsbury enclosures, the right of a sulky and exclusive possession being purchased, or an arrangement being made for their maintenance and culture at the public expense? Such open spaces cannot be looked upon as lungs so long as the people are

shut out from enjoying themselves in their midst. Mr. Carden, the civil engineer, has written a very clever pamphlet, in which he shows that the bricks and mortar are outgrowing the open spaces in London; and what is true of London is also true of all the progressing cities in the United Kingdom. Not only are we crowding more houses in the same amount of ground than we used to do, in consequence of the enormously enhanced value of the land, but we are building them vastly higher; consequently the air is doubly vitiated, for there are more to breathe, and there is less oxygen circulating to be breathed. This system of condensation and elevation cannot go on increasing without manifest injury to civic life. Room to breathe is being curtailed every day. Out of the 78,000 acres which form the present area of London, there are only 2,000 open spaces secured to the people. Let the reader take an old map of London in the days of Elizabeth; let him note the vast number of one-storeyed houses, and the great gaps between them filled with gardens and enclosures, and then compare it with a map of the present day, in which he will see that bricks are packed almost as close as they are in a brickyard; and he cannot help coming to the conclusion that, as far as the element of air-space is concerned, we have vastly retrograded from the days of our forefathers. And even this difference against us is greatly enhanced, when we remember the vastly increased number of people living there, per acre. It is true in the City proper the majority fly away by night to "fresh fields and pastures new;" but all the heat and toil of the day is spent in the midst of this vitiated air. And the poor, it must be remembered, have not even this daily change of atmosphere. At the eastern extremities of the metropolis, where the air is at its worst, the people have no escape; here, where the workers are most numerous, the jail people have not room to breathe or grow; here we expect and find pestilence, at times deadly, and the general average of health low. Unless the ground is sufficiently cleared, men no more than trees can flourish. In a wood the axe-man speedily finds a remedy, and the sanitarian must do the like, unless we rate human life lower than that of the vegetable. At night, at least, after working hours, this clearance may be made, and we trust to see ere long country houses for working men, and more cheap trains to take them "out into the clear."

When we come to consider the means by which the medical officer of health, sitting in his office in London, manages to survey the health-condition of the country, we cannot help being struck by its insufficiency, an insufficiency which he only too well knows, and has not failed to make known to those higher in authority under whom he acts. Death is the marker who tells him how the game goes. To the returns of the Registrar-General he has to apply, to discover the place where any serious epidemic

has arisen. It is quite clear that this is a curious agency for preventive medicine to employ. In the first place there may be a disease of a serious character, but so rarely ending in death, that it may by this roundabout method never come within the knowledge of the medical officer of health. Indeed we are informed by him, in his sixth report, that it was two years before he became aware of the presence in this country of diphtheria, a new disease, which caused much suffering but little mortality. In many epidemics, a very mild form of attack is the precursor of a severe mortal scourge. Thus, diarrhoea is the precursor of cholera, and of typhoid fever. Yet, under our present system of saving life by means of these death-warnings, the one disease may run into the other before preventive medicine can be brought into play.

It is quite clear that the time is come when there should be a commencement, at all events, of a disease-return, as well as of a death-rate. If we know the first beginnings of epidemics in their earliest stages, there are many of them we may kill at once. If the first case of Asiatic cholera, for instance, could be isolated, the seeds by which thousands of deaths are sown broadcast may be destroyed.

As far as the metropolis is concerned, we have weekly returns of all deaths from epidemic causes, and from the country the Registrar-General has lately commenced to give quarterly returns. This, although a great advance upon the old state of things, when it was fully two years before the country returns were available, is still too late for the purpose of immediate action. Mr. Simon has suggested that a tentative process in the direction of making a disease-return, would be to obtain returns from all hospitals, and from the poor-law medical officers. In this country there is such a jealousy of any interference on the part of the State with individual action, that it is possible a gradual initiation by means of these returns from the public charities, would be the best means of making the public familiar with a new demand of this kind. As, however, there need be no mention of names in such a return, we can scarcely see what objection there could be made to an arrangement so obviously demanded in the interests of the public health, were we not warned by the fanatical outcry against the Compulsory Vaccination Act.

We cannot without regret refer to the outrageous opposition this sanitary measure has called forth, inasmuch as it denotes a public ignorance on the part of even educated men, against which it seems as difficult to contend as against disease itself. There is not in the whole range of human discovery a more triumphant victory of life over death, than is the great discovery of Jenner, yet in the latter portion of the nineteenth century, after nearly a hundred years of successful trial, after the extinction

of the greatest plague which scourged our ancestors—the records of which some people have too soon forgotten—we find an agitation on foot, to prove that the discovery is only a delusion and a snare.

Under the influence of this agitation, we see women making martyrs of themselves to the extent of repeated fines and imprisonment, rather than bring their children to the public vaccinators, and raving before the police magistrates who inflicted their penalties, as though they were instrumental in forcing them to destroy rather than to fence their children against a frightful disease; and this, be it remembered, when the death-rate from small-pox in London alone was at the rate of a thousand a month from this scourge, or a thousand wilful murders, to speak the plain truth!

It certainly seems needless, at this time of day, to attempt to refute the falsehoods which have been stated with reference to the evil effects of vaccination. The question of the communicability of diseases by means of the true Jennerian vesicle, has been experimentally tried by the Surgeon of the Children's Hospital; and he never on any occasion knew of disease being transmitted in his vaccinations. The experience of the medical authority in this country best known as an observer in the treatment of communicable disease, Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, also gives a direct negative to the rash assertion, in these words, in answer to a question from Mr. Simon: "In the thirteen years and upwards which have passed since I made the communication which is given at page 23 of the papers relating to the history and practice of vaccination, I have not met with a single case, either at the Hospital for Diseases of the Skin or elsewhere, in which I have had any reason to believe or suspect that contagious disease had been communicated by vaccination."

It need not be explained that infectious matter could be passed into the circulation on a lancet, in the hands of a wilful or ignorant person, with the result of contaminating it with a foul taint; but this would not be vaccinating with a true Jennerian vesicle, and could by no means be ascribed to the true principle of vaccination, the care taken by the Government to insure the perfect practice of which, is the public safeguard against such an occurrence happening. Not only are the medical men appointed as vaccinators educated in the art, but they are superseded from time to time; and such a record is kept of the lymph furnished by the National Vaccine Institution, and of the health of each child from which a supply has been taken, that the excellence of it can be verified at a moment's notice—a very valuable arrangement as it happens, inasmuch as several children said to have been tainted by foul matter have been proved, by this record, to have been protected by a true Jennerian vesicle.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.
IN LONDON LODGINGS.

ONCE more I found myself in London, a city so strange to me that I did not know the name of any street in it. I had more acquaintance with almost every great city on the Continent. Fortunately, Tardif had given me the address of a boarding-house, or rather a small family hotel, where he had stayed two or three times, and I drove there at once. It was in a quiet back street, within sound of St. Paul's clock. The hour was so late, nearly midnight, that I was looked upon with suspicion, as a young woman travelling alone, and with little luggage. It was only when I mentioned Tardif, whose island bearing had made him noticeable among the stream of strangers passing through the house, that the mistress of the place consented to take me in.

This was my first difficulty, but not the last. By the advice of the mistress of the boarding-house, I went to several governess agencies, which were advertising for teachers in the daily papers. At most of these, they would not even enter my name, as soon as I confessed my inability to give one or two references to persons who would vouch for my general character, and my qualifications. This was a fatal impediment; and one that had never occurred to me; yet the request was a reasonable one, even essential. What could be more suspicious than a girl of my age without a friend to give a guarantee of her respectability? There seemed no hope whatever of my entering into the ill-paid ranks of governesses.

When a fortnight had passed with no opening for me, I felt it necessary to leave the boarding-house which had been my temporary home. I must economise my funds, for I did not know how long I must make them hold out. Wandering about the least fashionable suburbs, where lodgings would cost less, I found a bed-room in the third storey of a house in a tolerably respectable street. The rent was six shillings a week, to be paid in advance. In this place I entered upon a new phase of life, so different from that in Sark that, in the delusions which solitude often brings, I could not always believe myself the same person.

A dreamy, solitary, gloomy life; shut in upon myself, with no outlet for association with my fellow-creatures. My window opened upon a back yard, with a row of half-built houses standing opposite to it. These houses had been left half-finished, and were partly falling into ruin. A row of bare, empty window-frames faced me whenever I turned my wearied eyes to the scene without. Not

a sound or sign of life was there about them. Within, my room was scantily furnished, yet there was scarcely space enough for me to move about it. There was no table for me to take my meals at, except the top of the crazy chest of drawers, which served as my dressing-table. One chair, broken in the back, and tied together with a faded ribbon, was the only seat, except my box, which, set in a corner where I could lean against the wall, made me the most comfortable place for resting. There was a little rusty grate, but it was still summer time, and there was no need of a fire. A fire indeed would have been insupportable, for the sultry, breathless atmosphere of August, with the fever heat of its sun burning in the narrow streets and close yards, made the temperature as parching as an oven. I panted for the cool cliffs and sweet fresh air of Sark.

In this feverish solitude one day dragged itself after another with awful monotony. As they passed by, the only change they brought was that the sultry heat grew ever cooler, and the long days shorter. The winter seemed inclined to set in early, and with unusual rigour, for a month before the usual time fires became necessary. I put off lighting mine, for fear of the cost, until my sunless little room under the roof was almost like an ice-house. A severe cold, which made me afraid of having to call in a doctor, compelled me to have a fire; and the burning of it, and the necessity of tending it, made it like a second person and companion in the lonely place. Hour after hour I sat in front of it on my box, with my elbows on my knees and my chin in my hands, watching the changeful scenery of its embers, and the exquisite motion of the flames, and the upward rolling of the tiny columns of smoke, and the fiery, gorgeous colours that came and went with a breath. To see the tongues of fire lap round the dull, black coal, and run about it, and feel it, and kindle it with burning touches, and never quit it till it was glowing and fervid, and aflame like themselves—that was my sole occupation for hours together.

Think what a dreary life for a young girl! I was as fond of companionship, and needed love as much, as any girl. Was it strange that my thoughts dwelt somewhat dangerously upon the pleasant, peaceful days in Sark?

When I awoke in the morning to a voiceless, solitary, idle day, how could I help thinking of Martin Dobrée, of Tardif, even of old mother Renouf, with her wrinkled face and her significant nods and becks? Martin Dobrée's pleasant face would come before me, with his eyes gleaming so

kindly under his square forehead, and his lips moving tremulously with every change of feeling. Had he gone back to his cousin Julia again, and were they married? I ought not to feel any sorrow at that thought. His path had run side by side with mine for a little while, but always with a great barrier between us; and now they had diverged, and must grow farther and farther apart, never to touch again. Yet, how my father would have loved

but no chance of work came to me. With neither work nor money, what was I to do? What was to be the end of it?

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

RIDLEY'S AGENCY OFFICE.

Now and then, when I ventured out into the streets, a panic would seize me, a dread unutterably great, that I might meet my husband



"HEST WHIRLING INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD."

him had he known him! How securely he would have trusted to his care for me! But stop! There was folly and wickedness in thinking that way. Let me make an end of that.

There was no loneliness like that loneliness. Twice a day I exchanged a word or two with the over-worked drudge of a servant in the house where I lived; but I had no other voice to speak to me. No wonder that my imagination sometimes ran in forbidden and dangerous channels.

When I was not thinking and dreaming thus, a host of anxieties crowded about me. My money was melting away again, though slowly, for I denied myself everything but the bare necessities of life. What was to become of me when it was all gone? It was the old question; but the answer was as difficult to find as ever. I was ready for any kind of work,

amidst the crowd. I did not even know that he was in London; he had always spoken of it as a place he detested. His habits made the free, unconventional life upon the Continent more agreeable to him. How he was living now, what he was doing, where he was, were so many enigmas to me; and I did not care to run any risk in finding out the answers to them. Twice I passed the Bank of Australia, where very probably I could have learned if he was in the same city as myself; but I dared not do it, and as soon as I knew how to avoid that street, I never passed along it.

I had been allowed to leave my address with the clerk of a large general agency in the City, when I had not been permitted to enter my name in the books for want of a reference. Towards the close of October I received a note from him, desiring me

to call at the office at two o'clock the following afternoon, without fail.

No danger of my failing to keep such an appointment! I felt in better spirits that night than I had done since I had been driven from Sark. There was an opening for me, a chance of finding employment, and I resolved beforehand to take it, whatever it might be.

It was an agency for almost every branch of employment not actually menial, from curates to lady's-maids, and the place of business was a large one. There were two entrances, and two distinct compartments, at the opposite ends of the building; but a broad, long counter ran the whole length of it, and a person at one end could see the applicants at the other as they stood by the counter. The compartment into which I entered was filled with a crowd of women, waiting their turn to transact their business. Behind the counter were two or three private boxes, in which employers might see the candidates, and question them on the spot. A lady was at that moment examining a governess, in a loud, imperious voice which we could all hear distinctly. My heart sank at the idea of passing through such a cross-examination as to my age, my personal history, my friends, and a number of particulars foreign to the question of whether I was fit for the work for which I offered myself.

At last I heard the imperious voice say, "You may go. I do not think you will suit me," and a girl of about my own age came away from the interview, pale and trembling, and with tears stealing down her cheeks. A second girl was summoned to go through the same ordeal.

What was I to do if this person, unseen in her chamber of torture, was the lady I had been summoned to meet?

It was a miserable sight, this crowd of poor women seeking work, and my spirits sank like lead. A set of mournful, depressed, broken-down women! There was not one I would have chosen to be a governess for my girls. Those who were not dispirited were vulgar and self-asserting; a class that wished to rise above the position they were fitted for by becoming teachers. These were laughing loudly among themselves at the cross-questioning going on so calmly within their hearing. I shrank away into a corner, until my turn to speak to the busy clerk should come.

I had a long time to wait. The office-clock pointed to half-past three before I caught the clerk's eye, and saw him beckon me up to the counter. I had thrown back my veil, for here I was perfectly safe from recognition. At the other end of the counter, in the compartment devoted to curates, doctors' assistants, and others, there stood a young man in earnest consultation with another clerk. He looked earnestly at me, but I was sure he could not know me.

"Miss Ellen Martineau?" said the clerk. That was my mother's name, and I had adopted it for my own, feeling as if I had some right to it.

"Yes," I answered.

"Would you object to go into a French school as governess?" he inquired.

"Not in the least," I said eagerly.

"And pay a small premium?" he added.

"How much?" I asked, my spirits falling again.

"A mere trifle," he said; "about ten pounds or so for twelve months. You would perfect yourself in French, you know; and you would gain a referee for the future."

"I must think about it," I replied.

"Well, there is the address of a lady who can give you all the particulars," he said, handing me a written paper.

I left the office heavy-hearted. Ten pounds would be more than the half of the little store left to me. Yet, would it not be wiser to secure a refuge and shelter for twelve months than run the risk of not finding any other situation? I walked slowly along the street towards the busier thoroughfares, with my head bent down and my mind busy, when suddenly a heavy hand was laid upon my arm, grasping it with crushing force, and a harsh, thick voice shouted triumphantly in my ear.

"The devil! I've caught you at last!"

It was like the bitterness of death, that chill and terror sweeping over me. My husband's hot breath was upon my cheek, and his eyes were looking closely into mine. But before I could speak his grasp was torn away from me, and he was sent whirling into the middle of the road. I turned, almost in equal terror, to see who had thrust himself between us. It was the stranger whom I had seen in the agency office. But his face was now dark with passion, and as my husband staggered back again towards us, his hand was ready to thrust him away a second time.

"She's my wife," he stammered, trying to get past the stranger to me. By this time a knot of spectators had formed about us, and a policeman had come up. The stranger drew my arm through his, and faced them defiantly.

"He's a drunken vagabond!" he said; "he has just come out of those spirit-vaults. This young lady is no more his wife than she is mine, and I know no more of her than that she has just come away from Ridley's office, where she has been looking after a situation. Good heavens! cannot a lady walk through the streets of London without being insulted by a drunken scoundrel like that?"

"Will you give him in charge, sir?" asked the policeman, while Richard Foster was making vain efforts to speak coherently, and explain his claim upon me. I clung to the friendly arm that had come to my aid, sick and almost speechless with fear.

"Shall I give him in charge?" he asked me.

"I have only just heard of a situation," I whispered, unable to speak aloud.

"And you are afraid of losing it?" he said; "I understand. Take the fellow away, policeman, and lock him up if you can for being drunk and disorderly in the streets; but the lady won't give him in charge. I've a good mind to make him go down on his knees and beg her pardon."

"Do, do!" said two or three voices in the crowd.

"Don't," I whispered again; "oh! take me away quickly."

He cleared a passage for us both with a vigour and decision that there was no resisting. I glanced back for an instant, and saw my husband struggling with the policeman, the centre of the knot of bystanders from which I was escaping. He looked utterly unlike a gay, prosperous, wealthy man, with a well-filled purse, such as he had used to appear. He was shabby and poor enough now for the policeman to be very hard upon him, and to prevent him from following me. The stranger kept my hand firmly on his arm, and almost carried me into Fleet Street, where in a minute or two we were quite lost in the throng, and I was safe from all pursuit.

"You are not fit to go on," he said kindly, "come out of the noise a little."

He led me down a covered passage between two shops, into a quiet cluster of squares and gardens, where only a subdued murmur of the uproar of the streets reached us. There were a sufficient number of passers-by to prevent it seeming lonely, but we could hear our own voices, and those of others, even in whispers.

"This is the Temple," he said, smiling, "a fit place for a sanctuary."

"I do not know how to thank you," I answered falteringly.

"You are trembling still!" he replied. "How lucky it was that I followed you directly out of Ridley's! If I ever come across that scoundrel again I shall know him, you may be sure. I wish we were a little nearer home, you should go in to rest; but our house is in Brook Street, and we have no women-kind belonging to us. My name is John Senior. Perhaps you have heard of my father, Dr. Senior, of Brook Street?"

"No," I replied, "I know nobody in London."

"That's bad," he said. "I wish I was Jane Senior instead of John Senior; I do indeed. Do you feel better now, Miss Martineau?"

"How do you know my name?" I asked.

"The clerk at Ridley's called you Miss Ellen Martineau," he answered. "My hearing is very good, and I was not deeply engrossed in my business. I heard and saw a good deal whilst I was there, and I am very glad I heard and saw you. Do you feel well enough now for me to see you home?"

"Oh! I cannot let you see me home," I said hurriedly.

"I will do just what you like best," he replied.

"I have no more right to annoy you than that drunken vagabond had. If I did I should be more blameable than he was. Tell me what I shall do for you then. Shall I call a cab?"

I hesitated, for my funds were low, and would be almost spent by the time I had paid the premium of ten pounds, and my travelling expenses; yet I dared not trust myself either in the streets or in an omnibus. I saw my new friend regard me keenly; my dress, so worn and faded, and my old-fashioned bonnet. A smile flickered across his face. He led me back into Fleet Street, and called an empty cab that was passing by. We shook hands warmly. There was no time for loitering; so I told him the name of the suburb where I was living, and he repeated it to the cabman.

"All right," he said, speaking through the window, "the fare is paid, and I've taken cabby's number. If he tries to cheat you, let me know; Dr. John Senior, Brook Street. I hope that situation will be a good one, and very pleasant. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I cried, leaning forward and looking at his face till the crowd came between us, and I lost sight of it. It was a handsomer face than Dr. Martin Dobrée's, and had something of the same genial, vivacious light about it. I knew it well afterwards, but I had not leisure to think much of it then.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

BELLINGER STREET.

I WAS still trembling with the terror that my meeting with Richard Foster had aroused. A painful shuddering agitated me, and my heart fluttered with an excess of fear which I could not conquer. I could still feel his grasp upon my arm, where the skin was black with the mark; and there was before my eyes the sight of his haggard and enraged face, as he struggled to get free from the policeman. When he was sober would he recollect all that had taken place, and go to make inquiries after me at Ridley's Agency Office? Dr. John Senior had said he had followed me from there. I scarcely believed he would. Yet there was a chance of it, a deadly chance to me. If so, the sooner I could fly from London and England the better.

I felt safer when the cabman set me down at the house where I lodged, and I ran up-stairs to my little room. I kindled the fire, which had gone out during my absence, and set my little tin tea-kettle upon the first clear flame which burned up amid the coal. Then I sat down on my box before it, thinking.

Yes; I must leave London. I must take this situation, the only one open to me, in a school in France. I should at least be assured of a home for

twelve months; and, as the clerk had said, I should perfect myself in French and gain a referee. I should be earning a character in fact. At present I had none, and so was poorer than the poorest servant-maid. No character, no name, no money; who could be poorer than the daughter of the wealthy colonist, who had owned thousands of acres in Adelaide? I almost laughed and cried hysterically, at the thought of my father's vain care and provision for my future.

But the sooner I fled from London again the better, now that I knew my husband was somewhere in it, and might be upon my track. I unfolded the paper on which was written the name of the lady to whom I was to apply. Mrs. Wilkinson, 19, Bellringer Street. I ran down to the sitting-room, to ask my landlady where it was, and told her, in my new hopefulness, that I had heard of a situation in France. Bellringer Street was less than a mile away, she said. I could be there before seven o'clock, not too late perhaps for Mrs. Wilkinson to give me an interview.

A thick yellow fog had come in with nightfall—a fog that could almost be tasted and smelt—but it did not deter me from my object. I inquired my way of every policeman I met, and at length entered the street. The fog hid the houses from my view, but I could see that some of the lower windows were filled with articles for sale, as if they were shops struggling into existence. It was not a fashionable street, and Mrs. Wilkinson could not be a very aristocratic person.

No. 19 was not difficult to find, and I pulled the bell-handle with a gentle and quiet pull, befitting my errand. I repeated this several times without being admitted, when it struck me that the wire might be broken. Upon that I knocked as loudly as I could upon the panels of the broad old door; a handsome, heavy door, such as are to be found in the old streets of London, from which the tide of fashion has ebbed away. A slight, thin child in rusty mourning opened it, with the chain across, and asked in a timid voice who I was.

"Does Mrs. Wilkinson live here?" I asked.

"Yes," said the child.

"Who is there?" I heard a voice calling shrilly from within; not an English voice, I felt sure, for each word was uttered distinctly and slowly.

"I am come about a school in France," I said to the child.

"Oh! I'll let you in," she answered eagerly; "she will see you about that, I'm sure. I'm to go with you, if you go."

She let down the chain, and opened the door. There was a dim light burning in the hall, which looked shabby and poverty-stricken. There was no carpet upon the broad staircase, and nothing but worn-out oil-cloth on the floor. I had only time to take in a vague general impression, before the little

girl conducted me to a room on the ground floor. That too was uncarpeted and barely furnished; but the light was low, and I could see nothing distinctly, except the face of the child looking wistfully at me with shy curiosity.

"I'm to go if you go," she said again; "and, oh! I do so hope you will agree to go."

"I think I shall," I answered.

"I daren't be sure," she replied, nodding her head with an air of sagacity; "there have been four or five governesses here, and none of them would go. You'd have to take me with you; and, oh! it is such a lovely, beautiful place. See! here is a picture of it."

She ran eagerly to a side-table, on which lay a book or two, one of which she opened, and reached out a photograph, which had been laid there for security. When she brought it to me, she stood leaning lightly against me as we both looked at the same picture. It was a clear, sharply defined photograph, with shadows so dark yet distinct as to show the clearness of the atmosphere in which it had been taken. At the left hand stood a handsome house, with windows covered with lace curtains, and provided with outer Venetian shutters. In the centre stood a large square garden, with fountains, and arbours, and statues, in the French style of gardening, evidently well kept; and behind this stood a long building of two storeys, and a steep roof with dormer windows, every casement of which was provided, like the house in the front, with rich lace curtains and Venetian shutters. The whole place was clearly in good order and good taste, and looked like a very pleasant home. It would probably be my home for a time, and I scrutinised it the more closely. Which of those sunny casements would be mine? What nook in that garden would become my favourite? If I could only get there undetected, how secure and happy I might be!

Above the photograph was written in ornamental characters, "Pensionnat de Demoiselles, à Noireau, Calvados." Underneath it were the words, "Fondé par M. Emile Perrier, avocat, et par son épouse." Though I knew very little of French, I could make out the meaning of these sentences. Monsieur Perrier was an avocat. Tardif had happened to speak to me about the notaries in Guernsey, who appeared to me to be of the same rank as our solicitors, whilst the avocats were on a par with our barristers. A barrister founding a boarding-school for young ladies might be somewhat opposed to English customs, but it was clear that he must be a man of education and position; a gentleman in fact.

"Isn't it a lovely place?" asked the child beside me, with a deep sigh of longing.

"Yes," I said; "I should like to go."

I had had time to make all these observations

before the owner of the foreign voice, which I had heard at the door, came in. At the first glance I knew her to be a Frenchwoman, with the peculiar yellow tone in her skin which seems inevitable in middle-aged Frenchwomen. Her black eyes were steady and cold, and her general expression one of watchfulness. She had wrapped tightly about her a China crape shawl, which had once been white, but had now the same yellow tint as her complexion. The light was low, but she turned it a little higher, and scrutinised me with a keen and steady gaze.

"I have not the honour of knowing you," she said politely.

"I come from Ridley's 'Agency Office,'" I answered, "about a situation as English teacher in a school in France."

"Be seated, miss," she said, pointing me to a stiff, high-backed chair, whither the little girl followed me, stroking with her hand the soft seal-skin jacket I was wearing.

"It is a great chance," she continued; "my friend, Madame Perrier, is very good, very amiable for her teachers. She is like a sister for them. The terms are very high, very high for France; but there is absolutely every comfort. The arrangements are precisely like England. She has lived in England for two years, and knows what English young ladies look for; and the house is positively English. I suppose you could introduce a few English pupils."

"No," I answered, "I am afraid I could not. I am sure I can not."

"That of course must be considered in the premium," she continued; "if you could have introduced, say, six pupils, the premium would be low. I do not think my friend would take one penny less than twenty pounds for the first year, and ten for the second."

The tears started to my eyes. I had felt so sure of going if I would pay ten pounds, that I was quite unprepared for this disappointment. There was still my diamond ring left; but how to dispose of it, for anything like its value, I did not know. It was in my purse now, with all my small store of money, which I dared not leave behind me in my lodgings.

"What were you prepared to give?" asked Mrs. Wilkinson, whilst I hesitated.

"The clerk at Ridley's office told me the premium would be ten pounds," I answered; "I do not see how I can give more."

"Well," she said, after musing a little, whilst I watched her face anxiously, "it is time this child went. She has been here a month, waiting for somebody to take her down to Noireau. I will agree with you, and will explain it to Madame Perrier. How soon could you go?"

"I should like to go to-morrow," I replied, feeling that the sooner I quitted London the better. Mrs.

Wilkinson's steady eyes fastened upon me again with sharp curiosity.

"Have you references, miss?" she asked.

"No," I faltered, my hopes sinking again before this old difficulty.

"It will be necessary then," she said, "for you to give the money to me, and I will forward it to Madame Perrier. Pardon, miss, but you perceive I could not send a teacher to them unless I knew that she could pay the money down. There is my commission to receive the money for my friend."

She gave me a paper written in French, of which I could read enough to see that it was a sort of official warrant to receive accounts for Monsieur Perrier, avocat, and his wife. I did not waver any longer. The prospect seemed too promising for me to lose it by any irresolution. I drew out my purse, and laid down two out of the three five-pound notes left me. She gave me a formal receipt in the names of Emile and Louise Perrier, and her sober face wore an expression of satisfaction.

"There! it is done," she said, wiping her pen carefully. "You will take lessons, any lessons you please, from the professors who attend the school. It is a grand chance, miss, a grand chance. Let us say you go the day after to-morrow; the child will be quite ready. She is going for four years to that splendid place, a place for ladies of the highest degree."

At that moment an imperious knock sounded upon the outer door, and the little girl ran to answer it, leaving the door of our room open. A voice which I knew well, a voice which made my heart stand still and my veins curdle, spoke in sharp loud tones in the hall.

"Is Mr. Foster come home yet?" were the words the terrible voice uttered, quite close to me it seemed; so close that I shrank back shivering, as if every syllable struck a separate blow. All my senses were awake; I could hear every sound in the hall, each step that came nearer and nearer. Was she about to enter the room where I was sitting? She stood still for half a minute as if uncertain what to do.

"He is up-stairs," said the child's voice. "He told me he was ill when I opened the door for him."

"Where is Mrs. Wilkinson?" she asked.

"She is here," said the child, "but there's a lady with her."

Then the woman's footsteps went on up the staircase. I listened to them climbing up one step after another, my brain throbbing with each sound, and I heard a door opened and closed. Mrs. Wilkinson had gone to the door, and looked out into the hall, as if expecting some other questions to be asked. She had not seen my panic of despair. I must get away before I lost the use of my senses, for I felt giddy and faint.

"THE LITTLE STRANGER."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

MR. BURTON himself, it was remarked, had taken the loss of his child deeply to heart. Lucy had spoken some words of comfort which had been very happily chosen, and for which he felt a sort of gratitude. He liked to have her with him; and indeed it was hard to resist her engaging manners; but no one knew how often in the course of his walks he found his way over to the little mansion where she lived, and with her had many conversations. His wife knew nothing of this, nor indeed did Mrs. Forager.

Mrs. Burton, however, as the weeks rolled on, and as she got farther away from the fatal period which had robbed her of her child, noticed an uneasiness or restlessness in his manner. But matters soon came to a new crisis, owing to a visit of consolation which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter found themselves constrained to pay, on the earliest opportunity consistent with decency. There was a member of their household that went with them nearly everywhere, but which on this occasion propriety obliged them to leave at home, namely, "the booby." Lucy happened to be there when they came in. Mr. Hunter proffered the conventional offices of consolation in his best and most lubricatory fashion, gliding round and round them with his various topics, as though he were mounted on some well-oiled and noiseless velocipede.

The revengeful woman listened to him, and Mr. Hunter noted with some misgiving that her eyes measured him distrustfully.

"What do they say?" she said. "What do these gossips round about us say of that man—that murderer, as I call him—whom the wretched laws of this country have allowed to escape from justice?"

"Oh, they say it was a most strange and really suspicious transaction. Not by any means cleared up."

"And is that the mild view you hold also? Not 'cleared up!' How tenderly and delicately put! And is that your view?"

This blunt question embarrassed Mr. Hunter. He could never bring himself to this brutal laying down a hard and fast line.

"Oh, it was shocking!—terrible!" he said.

"Did he do it, or did he not?" she asked impatiently.

Mr. Hunter saw on one side a long perspective of well-garnished dinner-tables; on the other side the dullness and meagre entertainment of his own home. Lucy was present, which was exceedingly embarrassing, though there was nothing to be gained

from her. Still it was awkward. However, thus driven in a corner, he said gaily and boldly—

"Oh, of course. I fear there is no alternative."

Lucy coloured, and looked at him scornfully from head to foot.

"You have given a different opinion to me. For shame! You, that I have heard, when he was master of this house, praising and paying court to him. And only a few days ago you spoke very differently to me. For shame!"

Not in the least disturbed by this attack, Mr. Hunter said, smiling—

"One cannot always speak the truth; it would be rude sometimes, and on that occasion unkind."

Lucy's eyes were kindling, and she answered excitedly—

"There is other proof besides what you think. There is a Providence watching over us, who will not allow the innocent to rest under suspicion. The time is coming when he will be cleared—that I know."

Mrs. Burton gave her a quick resentful glance.

"So you are setting yourself on their side. But it is easily explained. I know this much, my child has been foully murdered, and whoever looks forward to enjoying these lands can never do so without thinking that they have been stained with blood. But let them plot as much as they please, they will be disappointed."

"Lucy is not plotting," said her husband, timorously; "she is only trying to defend her friends. After all, God alone knows the truth."

"Yes, that he is a murderer."

"That he is innocent," said Lucy. "Your brother knows it too."

Mrs. Burton started. "He! nonsense! What do you mean?"

"I meant that he saw it all—that he was in his room all the time; and why has he remained silent, unless it was that he knew if he spoke he would say what would be disagreeable to you? You can ask him."

In a moment Mrs. Burton had left the room, and presently returned with her brother.

"Listen to this," she said. "It is said here that you were at your window the day my child was murdered, and could have seen it all."

He coloured.

"Who says so?"

"The family say so, and farther, say they can prove it."

"Oh, Mr. Tom Burton, I suppose," he said bitterly. "You are still on his side, Miss Lucy

Forger. So they are scheming, making up evidence, it seems. Why should you meddle in it?"

"They simply want to clear their father's name."

"But is this true?" said his sister, impatiently.

"It is," said the other, coolly.

"You hear," said Lucy, eagerly. "I knew he would not deny it."

Mrs. Burton turned pale. "This is very strange," she said, "that you should have concealed this. It will make no difference in my opinion. You could have seen nothing. I suppose they have brought you round. It's wise of you to be currying favour with the next heir."

Mr. Ralph was not much disturbed, but looked over at Lucy with an air of reproach.

"I suppose," he said, "your friend Mr. Tom Burton has been made aware of this joyful news."

"He does know of it," said she.

"And I suppose will act on it. I think it would be highly imprudent on his part—I merely throw out the hint."

"Still," said Mr. Burton, "it seems hard that my unfortunate brother should not have every and all advantage, whether he be guilty or innocent. No one would rejoice more than I should that his innocence was established; it would take away half the bitterness of our loss."

"With me it would make it unendurable," said his wife, fiercely. "I can bear the loss so long as I know that they are being punished. What is this trumpety proof of his guilt or innocence to me? He has a long account to settle, which he shall work out slowly, and which he has begun to work out in misery and wretchedness."

"As for that, Mrs. Burton," said Lucy, "you are mistaken. They have found kind friends, who have extended a helping hand to them, and have saved them from want."

The other looked at her steadily.

"Oh, indeed! then they are not starving in a garret in London."

"No," said Mr. Burton; "they are above want, and Lucy tells me Ned has got a comfortable berth in Scotland."

"Indeed!" said his wife, slowly. "This is news indeed. They will soon, no doubt, become prosperous, and their good name be restored, and then, when they shall have come in for their estate, the whole will have been long since forgotten. This they will owe to you," she said, turning to her brother.

"Perhaps yes, or perhaps no," he said carelessly. "It might be better to let the matter rest as it is. But justice ought to be done even if the sky fall. I presume," he said to Lucy, "your friend Mr. Tom Burton knows of this discovery by this time, and will be forcing me to come forward and clear his good name. I shall do nothing but what I am

compelled to do; and they had better consider this."

There was a quiet and almost good-natured indifference in the way in which he spoke these words, that might have made an older and graver mind than Lucy's feel disturbed. She, however, felt not a little triumph at having produced the effect she hoped for without offending him; and when she got home she sat down to her little writing-table, and wrote off to her lover the following eager letter:—

"MY DARLING TOM,—All goes well. To-day the subject came about quite naturally when I was up at Abbeylands. I saw my opportunity, and started the little discovery we had made. The two were utterly confounded, and your uncle, who is really fast coming round, behaved nobly, and stood by our dear old Ned. She was furious. Ralph did not deny it, and, as I told you, did not seem in the least angry with me. As I understood him, he does not seem to wish to be drawn into the business at all, but is willing to speak out if necessary, and clear Ned. I can see what is working in his *mean-soul*. He feels that he has more chances in the future than in the present, and that he prefers to hold by those whose day may be coming than by those whose day is passing away. The grand point is that dear Mr. Burton's eyes are at last being opened. He is getting better, too.

"Now for a little plan that has come into my head. The Abbeylands flower-show will take place next week, when all the people about here will attend. It will be held in the large room of the school-house, and in the garden attached. I know Mr. Ralph will be there, he is so full of vanity, and so eager to show himself. Suppose that you come here, went up to him before them all, and boldly called on him to speak out. He is a coward, and would be afraid to meet your eye, and from the very suddenness of your appearance would be thrown off his guard. We would have the groom that saw him at the window, ready waiting. He likes me, and would not be afraid to say what he knows. Write and say that you will come. Oh! I am convinced that our dear Ned will be set right in some way. Tell him I never can admire sufficiently his noble courage and fortitude under such cruel trials.

"Ever, dear Tom, your

"Lucy."

Such was our Lucy's plan. She was a very pretty, eager little thing, very engaging and inviting, as will have been seen from her portrait in the first page of her history. But she had nothing of the diplomatist in her, and would never have negotiated a treaty.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

THE Abbeylands flower-show was one of those meagre affairs in the country which affect the heart of the visitor with a strange oppression. Such things are generally purely selfish affairs, got up by a few fanatical horticulturists who have green-houses, and are eager to exhibit their "Mrs. Pollocks" and "Tom Thumbs," and, above all, to read their names in the local papers. "Mrs. Hawkins, as usual, took the first prize with a magnificent display of choice cut flowers. Her row of 'Mrs. Pollock' geraniums feasted the eye, and would have made a Crystal Palace competitor turn pale with envy. It is a pity that these noble specimens of intellectual horticulture do not find their way to London, instead of wasting their sweetness on our desert air."

At Abbeylands, on this festive occasion, the school-house presented quite a gay air. The large

room was filled with rude tables, and several of those green sloping trays, which look as if they had been borrowed specially from the fishmonger, and turned to nobler and more elegant purpose. The flowers displayed, it must be said, did not warrant the enthusiasm of the local paper, and it would certainly have been injudicious to have incurred the trouble and cost of sending them to Sydenham, where it may be doubted if they would have received a cordial welcome by the authorities, or "Mrs. Pollock" accorded a gallant reception. However, various lengths of blue ribbon were wound in festoons about the fishmonger's trays, with cards on which were neatly written, "Prize for best cut flowers, awarded ten shillings." "Prize, best inverted orchid, five shillings," and the like. A sort of extract from a neighbouring volunteer band was performing in the garden, where a tiny bell-shaped tent, spoken of in the programme as "the judges' marquee," was pitched, having the air of a white bed-room candle extinguisher.

With these invitations to festivity, the company mustered strongly, the ladies dressed as lightly and gaily as they could contrive; each party proceeding from one fishmonger's tray to another, affecting an air of interest and curiosity, though they had seen the flowers again and again, in Mrs. Hawkins' and other greenhouses. It was pleasant to hear Mr. Charles Hunter lecturing gaily on those subjects, as he would have done on a geological or indeed any other kind of collection that might have been started. For you, Mr. Charles Hunter, in town and country, are never at a disadvantage where an exhibition of special knowledge might be expected to be forthcoming, and can talk airily on all subjects! He had a little dish of apples which he led away select parties to inspect, with a "You must come and see my pippins. I really think they might have given me a prize."

While the music was playing, and Mr. Charles Hunter was going through this process with Mrs. Forager and her daughter, who was flushed and excited, they suddenly heard a buzz of voices in the schoolroom, and sounds like those of an altercation. Some of the visitors were seen hurrying in. The excitement of the flowers was so languid that there was quite a rush into the house.

When they had got in, Lucy's heart began to beat, for there in the centre of the room, and the centre of a circle of people pressing eagerly forward to listen, stood her lover, Tom Burton, calm yet resolved, and with an air that showed he would not be trifled with.

"I ask of you again," he said to Mr. Ralph, "before these ladies and gentlemen, is this rumour true, that you witnessed from your window the unfortunate accident which has blasted my father's good name—I ask you, is this true, or is it false?"

"What right have you to question me in this

fashion? You are disturbing this meeting of friends. We will have you removed if you do not leave this place yourself."

Taking no notice of this threat, Tom turned to the others and said—

"You hear him. You all know my father's unhappy story, how his good name has been destroyed by charges that no one dare make openly in court. This man, it can be proved—and this man cannot deny it—was looking on at the whole accident, saw the poor child fall from the window, and yet has kept back, when a word from him would have cleared my father!"

There was much astonishment in the circle crowded round at this sensational declaration. Lucy felt her heart beating. Tom looked so manly while thus throwing down the gauntlet for his father's reputation.

Mr. Ralph was looking round, and saw her, and his face assumed a malignant expression.

"It is a curious idea," he said, "bringing this subject forward at a flower-show. It must strike you, and every one here, that there is something very inappropriate in the notion."

"You must answer if you have a spark of honour; deny it if you will, but answer."

"I think," said a clergyman, gravely, "the shortest way would be to answer the question, and finish this distressing scene."

"So be it then," said Mr. Ralph, carelessly. "Here then is my answer. I was looking out when my sister's poor child fell from the window."

"I was right, you see," said Tom, looking round.

"But I did not come forward at the inquest for particular reasons. I did not wish to deepen the suspicion against your father. All I can say is that he was there at the window with the child, and I see no reason why he could not have prevented its falling out. There, you have it all out now. And I appeal to the company assembled if you would not have it out."

This was delivered with an air of simplicity and truth. Lucy felt her heart sink, and it flashed upon her that she was accountable for this fresh blow. Tom, bewildered and overwhelmed, could not say a word. Mr. Charles Hunter, seeing a graceful opening, now interposed, showing his "tact" in putting an end to a disagreeable situation.

He came forward. "I think," he said, "this painful matter had better be adjourned to some other time and place. I am sure I may leave it to the good taste and good feeling of Mr. Thomas Burton, who has received an answer to his question, to choose some other place for its discussion."

Tom replied, "You are right. This is only a fresh move in the game, and I shall go. But I tell every one here who heard what has now passed that this is a wicked organised plot, and that the truth will one day be revealed."

N. 333 B
ly

AFTERMATH.



"WHILE HAYMAKERS THROW."

COME, whisper in this oak, west wind, and blow
 A breathing music in among the leaves
 To soothe siesta, while haymakers throw
 The dying grass that fairy perfume weaves ;

VOL. V.—NEW SERIES.

And as the pail
 Of frothing ale
 Is eagerly caressed by sunburnt arms,
 I'll dream of country life and rustic charms.

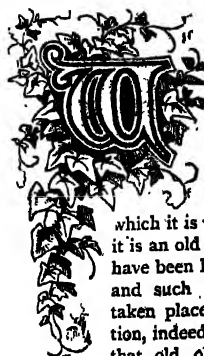
Come, carol in this oak, clear-throated birds,
And let your summer's love be in the lay;
Unto the droning tune of leaves give words,
And in kind/fellowship together play;

And I will hearken—
Till shadows darken—
Till all the men go home, and cloudlets swim
In glowing amber at the western rim.

GUY ROSLYN.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT STRIKES.

BY PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI, F.S.A., F.S.S.



WILL our workmen listen to a word of counsel on matters of wages and strikes? Will they bear with me if I venture to urge on their attention a few facts on the relation of capital and labour which it is well to keep in mind? I know it is an old subject. So many conferences have been held, so much has been written, and such animated controversies, have taken place upon it. The only justification, indeed, for again adverting to it is that old, old truths are soon forgotten, and that they seem to acquire a novel force when applied to present exigencies, setting aside the fact that where errors are persistently reiterated, there is no other way but to rebut them with the tried armour of economic truths.

Let us understand one another. I certainly sympathise most heartily with any one who strives by intelligence and industry to raise himself to a position not only of security from want, but even of comfort and usefulness. Every man, whatever his condition, has an inherent right to procure his own preservation and advancement. If we are possessed of certain talents, be they physical or intellectual, we have a right to make the best use we can of them in the great market of the world; and especially if that talent be our labour, we have an undoubted right to sell it at the highest price we can possibly get for it. Nay, more; no one has any right to object, if we try by united action to obtain for that labour what we could not get by private effort. Only, we must bear in mind that, whether acting alone or in great numbers, we cannot always be sure of getting what we wish, and of being able to enforce our demands. And it would be a gross error to imagine that, in all cases, the hindrance comes from the malice or rapacity of the employers of labour. In truth, whether we do or do not realise our wishes, it is much more likely to be the result of circumstances and laws, as they are called, which will work in a particular way, regardless altogether of our action in the matter.

We have often heard of strikes for all manner of causes: for an advance of wages and against a reduction of wages; for a reduction of the hours of

labour and against the extension of such hours; about apprentices; against non-unionists; against the employment of unskilled labour; against contract work, against truck, and against the use of machinery; to secure the same rate of wages for one year; to secure over-time, and for many other reasons. For some time past, however, the strikes have been mostly all for better wages. Partly in consequence of the great buoyancy of trade, partly through a prevalent opinion that the value of money is really diminished from what it was some twenty years ago, there appears to be a universal dissatisfaction with the existing range of prices and wages. Of course, if everything rises at the same time, no one will be the better for it. But that is not the point. More wages is the question of the day, and if our workmen do not get at once what they think they are entitled to get, they strike, or, in other words, they boldly renounce their present earnings in the hope of by-and-by improving their position.

The question of wages is a complicated one. On one side we have a number of labourers offering their services to the highest bidders. On the other, a number of employers anxious to obtain labour at the most moderate remuneration. In determining what wages he can give, the employer must have regard to the cost of the article produced and the price he can get for it, taking into account the value of capital, and the state of the market at home and abroad. Nor can he be uninfluenced by the competition he finds among the workmen, for, of course, the employer will take advantage of any circumstances favourable to his interest. The labourer, on his side, in resolving to take or refuse certain wages, must have regard to the cost of living, the maintenance of his family, and the requirements of an advancing civilisation. But he must not ignore the economic circumstances which affect the wage market. If he is in need of work, if he has to compete with many labourers in quest of the same, and if he cannot remain a moment idle waiting till he can get better wages, of course he must give way and accept what wages are offered to him. But if work is abundant, and few offer themselves for it, or if he can well afford to wait, then he will stand out for an improvement, and probably get it. Only this cannot be carried too far, for if the master is at last compelled to give

the higher wages, it may be that the increased cost of production will lead to a complete reaction. The chances, indeed, are that, finding himself no longer able to compete with home and foreign producers, and gradually experiencing a loss of custom, the employer may be compelled to curtail his operations so as to require fewer labourers, a course which would be fatal to the maintenance of high wages.

The rate of wages has, I need not say, an enormous influence on the cost of an article. The proportion in which the raw material, wages, machinery, and factory respectively enter into the cost will differ in different industries. In some cases labour takes one-fourth of the cost, in some one-third, in some half, and more. But whatever be that proportion, it is just there that the greatest diversity has hitherto existed in different countries. With the raw materials available at the most moderate cost of transport in almost every country, and with the cost of machinery pretty similar everywhere, the relative ability of different countries to compete successfully seems to depend more than ever on the rates of wages. What if our wages were the highest? I remember a few years ago inspecting a cotton mill in the vicinity of Berne, in Switzerland. The raw cotton had to be transported thither from America, by sea to Havre or Rotterdam, and by the Rhine and land to the factory. The mill was worked, not by steam, but by water-power obtained from an adjacent mountain. The cotton goods and yarn produced had to be sent back by land at a heavy charge. Yet, with all these disadvantages, that mill could sell its cotton as cheaply as any Lancashire manufacturer, in consequence principally of the lower wages. And that accounts, to a great extent, for the singular fact that orders are now frequently sent abroad for articles which might be produced here in great abundance. Were it not, indeed, that England has the command of an enormous amount of capital, and that she is so well provided with coal and iron, we might soon see a considerable displacement of industry.

To the employer, it makes little difference whether the labourers' demand be for more wages or for less time. In the present mode of production, where a large capital is employed in the factory and in machinery, and when the working power is calculated with the utmost precision, with a view to the maximum utilisation of that capital, any reduction in the working time is attended with great pecuniary loss. Nor can any portion of the labourers suspend their work without interfering materially with the work done by all the rest. A reduction of half an hour or an hour a day's work by a single individual may seem immaterial; but when that is extended to the entire number of labourers, the aggregate loss in the year becomes considerable. It is not easy to realise the full

import of every working hour in this great workshop of the world. Just think. The total annual production of the United Kingdom in agricultural produce, buildings, shipping, manufactures, and a thousand articles of industry, will probably amount to £1,000,000,000, and this enormous production is brought into existence in about 300 days of ten hours each, or in 3,000 hours, being at the rate of about £300,000 per hour. Suppose the working time be reduced one hour a day, and the loss of production may be not less than £90,000,000, or three pounds a head over the whole population, being considerably more than the entire amount of imperial taxation.

But supposing the demand of our workmen to be reasonable, and that their employers will not listen to their entreaties, is there no other mode by which they can obtain the object in view, than by suddenly suspending work, and in a manner declaring war against both their work and their employers? Do they take into account the enormous loss resulting from such strikes to the whole country, the incalculable inconvenience to the parties concerned, the loss to the capitalists, and the still greater loss to themselves and their families? Let them not imagine that it is the same thing to get £1 or £2 a week for their sustenance out of the common fund of their Trade Union, and to receive an equal amount from their employers. In the former case the expenditure is unproductive, in the latter it is productive. And there is this additional important difference, that while any fund arising from former savings must soon come to an end, the fund arising from continuous productive labour is ever renewing itself. And are they sure that, were they to win and get the advance sought, they would fully recover all they are now losing? Dr. Watt, in a paper on strikes, and their effects on wages, profits, and accumulations, calculated that if a strike for five per cent. increase in the wages succeeds, after a given time, the loss of every lunar month's wages would require one year and three-fifths of work at the extra rate to make it up. But more than this, as money is worth five per cent. at interest, it follows that if a strike for five per cent. lasts twelve and a half months, and then succeeds, and maintains the increase for twenty years, the workman has lost in interest much more than he has gained in wages, and that therefore no part of the loss can ever be made up; for if he could have worked for the lower sum during the year of strike, and have invested instead of spending the money, the year's wages would have grown into three years' wages nearly, by the time in which the gain of the strike would make up for the loss of a single year. How much should we think before we commit ourselves to a position from which we cannot retract!

Yes, indeed, there are other ways of settling disputes between masters and men, than by these

perpetual strikes. To my mind it is quite clear that when a dispute does occur about anything, the best possible way to have it settled is to place the case in the hands of some honest and disinterested men who will deal fairly towards both parties. In many trades the system of arbitration has been tried and found successful. The legislature has given every possible encouragement to it. By the Act passed in 1867, to establish Equitable Councils of Conciliation, to adjust differences between masters and workmen, it is competent for any number of masters and workmen, in any particular trade, at a meeting called for the purpose, to agree to form a council of conciliation and arbitration, to consist of an equal number of masters and workmen, and a chairman, with power to hear and determine all questions of dispute, and difference between masters and workmen. Why not take advantage of this useful Act? Why not provide beforehand for the satisfactory solution of those differences which are sure to arise in the ever-changing condition of labour?

To the masters, as well as the men, this counsel is indeed directed, for it will not do for them alone to nominate the arbitrators, when the Act provides that they should be named by both parties; and it is far better to nominate persons practically conversant with the circumstances of the case, and the wants of the contending parties, than utter strangers, however distinguished by their position and talent.

Between masters and men the relation is very close, and ought accordingly to be very friendly. It is vain, of course, to look back to the patriarchal age when the master regarded all his servants as members of his family. Our workmen prefer a position of independence, and our masters are unable to exercise any direct personal inspection over their men. Yet there is no reason why

cordial relations should not exist between them, and everything after all depends on the way they act towards one another. Earl Russell, in his address to the Historical Society, said that he had little confidence in the permanent duration of treaties of peace, or of complicated and artificial schemes of arbitration. It appeared to him that it is by no formal rules, by no complex machinery of councils and congresses, that the future peace of the world can be promoted and secured. "Our hope," he said, "must be in the introduction of a Christian temper into all the relations of nations as well as of individuals." There is great truth in all this, and we should well keep it in mind, since I scarcely know a better field for the exercise of this Christian temper than the relations between masters and men? A soft word, a kindly look, a little interest in the personal circumstances of the workman, how would it win his heart, how it would lessen the asperities of his condition! And how important is this harmony between the leading agents of production in an economic aspect! In the case of the workman, it is clear that unless he becomes attached to his work, and is sufficiently interested in its success, he will never be able to work with credit to himself or with benefit to the country generally. Whilst in the case of the master, it is equally true that he will never get good workmen to remain in his employ, unless he is considerate for their wants and mindful of his duties towards them.

I am not inclined to lecture at present. A hard worker myself, I know what a difference it makes, whether I am in the spirit for it or not. There is much, doubtless, from time to time to ruffle our temper, but let us remember that it is only by climbing the rugged mountain of hard toil, and maybe of bitter disappointment, that we can attain any position of honour, peace, and usefulness.

ON THE RANK

BY A CABMAN.



H, bless you! I know well enough what most of the public think of us. We are the what-you-may-calls of society, our hand is against every man (that hires a cab), and so every man has a right to have his hand against us—is a donkey if he doesn't have it against us. But, you see,

there's two sides to every question, and the public only knows its own side of this one.

Now as I am a cabman I know the other side,

our side, and as the ghost in the play says, I could a tale unfold, only you know it wouldn't be a tale—it would be truth. There are many people who seem to have an idea that cab-driving is a nice, light, money-getting sort of thing, and that it is being well-to-do in our way that makes us the saucy customers that people put us down as being. But there never was a greater mistake. It would be all very well if all our takings came to us, but they forget that the cabs ain't ours, that we only hire, and have to pay fifteen or sixteen shillings, and sometimes more, a day, to the owners. Taking one time with another, and one driver with another, I should say that our average earnings ain't more than twenty-five shillings

a week ; and if there is any set of men that works harder, or goes through more for less money, I should like you to give them a name, that's all.

There ain't any nine hours movement, or Saturday half-holiday, for us. We are at it early and late, and in all sorts of weather. Many's the time have I been wet through and my clothes dried on me, many's the hour that I have been stuck on the box with my feet like two lumps of ice, and my hands that numbed that I scarcely knew whether I had the reins in 'em or not. As to coughs, and colds, and twisting touches of the rheumatics, and your hands and face chapped, and your eyes sore from the dust, why, you come to look for them as regular things.

There's no mistake about ours being the trade to age you, though it ain't for enabling you to make a provision for old age.

Besides the way the weather takes it out of your health, there's the worry. Cab earnings are so fluke-y ; one day you may do very well, the next you may not make up the master's money, and I have been out days when I have never taken a penny ; and as misfortunes never come singly, it very often happens that on your out-of-luck-days the wife and children are depending upon what you bring home, and though if you bring little or nothing they know it is not your fault, and try to make light of it for your sake, it cuts you to the heart—that is, if you have got a grain of the man in you.

Then, as if all that wasn't enough, there's magistrates a-sticking fines into you, and the newspapers a-pitching in to you, and policemen ordering you about, saying you are a-crawling, and all sorts of Acts of Parliament being made agen you, as if you were criminals, instead of fellows working hard for a honest living. For that is the sort of fellows we really are, whatever people may think, or however they may sneer at the notion of a cabman having only his wife and children in his mind when he haggled for a sixpence more on a fare, or laugh at the idea of his caring how he got money, so as he could stick to it safely.

There are many now, for instance, who wouldn't believe me if I was to tell them that I have gone out of my way to return a sovereign to a gentleman, who had given it to me in mistake for a shilling and never missed it ; but it's the real truth for all that. And there are plenty of other cabmen have done the same, and more too have gone to trouble to give back valuable things that fares had left behind them, and that there was no rewards being offered for or fuss made about.

Given to sharp practice ! Well, that is the public's way of putting it, but it isn't a fair way. Not that I say but what there is a great deal of sharp practice goes on in the matter of cab-hiring, or that we do our share of it. But it ain't all on our side, and we are a good deal drove to it—if we wasn't sharp we would be sharped. I do think as it's us as mostly

gets the best of it, but as far as the intention and wish goes, you may take my word for it that it is six of the public and half a dozen of the cabbies. Of course there are black sheep in our flock, as there are in every other, none of us would deny that ; but when people want to make us all out black that's up another street, and we say *no*. Speaking with all due reverence, Jack is about as good as his master in this matter. Counting noses, I should say there were quite as many black sheep among hirers as drivers.

People often call us Jehus, but if they only knew all we have to put up with they'd sometimes call us Jobs. Talk about incivility ! Why, we have to put up with a hundred times more of it than we dare give, or than we want to give, or ever would give if we weren't aggravated into it.

There's the ladies now ; many say that it is scarcely safe for an unprotected female to take a cab, that she runs a chance of being insulted, and is certain to be imposed upon, to an extent that is all but open robbery.

Well, it ain't true ! Do you think that when we see a woman don't know her way about, and is helpless and has to trust to us, we haven't got enough of the man in us to do what's right by her ?—the general run of us, that is ; for, as I said before, there are black sheep among us—of course there are. I don't say but what if there is a bit of a doubt as to the exact fare, we give ourselves the benefit of it, as far as a sixpence, or at the outside a shilling, say ; but there is no driving roundabout ways to make the distance longer, no charging for parcels as ought not to be charged for, and above all there is no incivility. We are always willing to do anything we can to help a lady fare, and to do it in a proper manner. If she ain't sure about the number of a house or the name of a party, we'll come off the box a score of times if need be to make inquiries ; and, though I take no credit for it, mind, and know that it is only what a man ought to do, we cabmen do many a good turn for such as a servant girl leaving or going to a place, or a poor woman who is going off by a third-class train, and has three or four little children besides a lot of luggage to look after.

It's the strong-minded females, as they call 'em nowadays, that get up the tales about cabmen extorting ladies, and it's just like them to get them up. They come ordering and questioning and nagging, till you can hardly bear it, and if you only answer a bit sharp, they ask for your ticket and talk about lawing you, and then they go and tell people that it's the cabmen that are saucy to them.

As to the gents, there are some as do treat you as honest men ; but there are more, I think, that look on you as a swindler, and ain't particular in letting you see that they do. They seem to think that it is a feather in their cap to bully us. They call out, "Hi, cabby !" in much the same way that they would say, "Lie down, dorg." They try to outswear

us over distances, and they *do* outswear us over waiting time. They take us about from place to place, and stay here, and stay there, and very often talk large about "my cab" being waiting; but when the reckoning up comes they don't want to pay for the waiting. They've always looked at their watch before they went in, and again when they came out—so they say, though you very seldom see them doing anything of the kind—they know they couldn't have been anything like the time you say; you want to overcharge them, but they are not going to let you; there is your legal fare, if you want any more you must summons them.

But it wouldn't pay us to summons a man unless we have got a very strong case, and witnesses, and all that, so we have to let most of them go; and then they think themselves very knowing, and talk about how cabmen will do you if you aren't down on them sharp.

Is there much outright bilking—doing us—cheating us out of our fares? Well, as little of it as we can help, you may be sure, but still more of it than most honestly inclined people would think; so much of it that I'll be bound to say that if it and the overcharging came to be reckoned up at the end of a year they'd pretty near balance, for your cheat always goes in large. Very often he'll have you out all day, and though after a while you may begin to think things ain't altogether right about him, it isn't safe to say so, and he gives you the slip at last. He stops you at a number of places; at last he is a long time without coming out of one, and after waiting and waiting you go to ask about him, and find it is a shop or office with two or three entrances, and that any one that has face enough can pass through as if he had some business there—you find that, but you don't find him; he has gone.

Another common trick is this. Between twelve and one in the morning, a well-dressed young fellow comes up to you and says, "Look here, I've been to the theatre and lost the last train. What will you take me to so-and-so for?" and he names some suburb five or six miles off. You say how much: he says "All right," and off you go.

You reach the place, he jumps out, puts his hand in his pocket, and then seeming to be struck all of a heap, cries out piteer that he has lost his purse, or that he had forgot how much he had been spending, and hasn't enough to pay you. He's dreadfully sorry, he says, and it's an awful bore, and all that, but however it won't matter very much; he'll be passing the rank to-morrow and he'll pay you, or even if he don't, you see where he lives, so you needn't be afraid of not getting your money.

Well, you must either take his word or drive him to the police station at once, and you hardly like doing that. You know what a trouble it would be in any case, and you think how bad it would look if he turned out to be all right, and you remember

that many such train-left fares do turn out all right, and so you put a good face on it, and trust him.

But he doesn't come to the rank, and when you call where you put him down, you find that he didn't live there, and had only made a pretence of going in. Sometimes there are three or four in a bilk; one gets down at one place, and another at another, and the last says he didn't hire you, and among them you are done. However I know that the cheats are only the black sheep of the hirers' flock, and that others think them as mean as we do.

The popular belief about specially overcharging country visitors? Well, I'm free to confess that there is some truth in it; but you know as well as I do that cabmen ain't the only ones that overcharge people from the country. I don't say it's right to overcharge them more than others, but I do say that they are a good deal to blame for it themselves. They have got hold of the general idea that we are all rogues, and they think it looks knowing and is "the thing" to beat down cabmen; and knowing their way, we name a figure that will allow of a fair beat down, and still leave a little to the good on our side. It's a case of diamond cut would-be diamond.

I can show you about what chance we would stand with country people if we dealt straightforward with them, while they think of us as they do.

The first year I was out driving, there was something on one week that brought the country-people up in shoals. Well, on the Monday a strange couple that any one could see were country-people hailed me; and the man asked me what I would drive them to such-and-such a place for.

"Three shillings," I answered, and that was the right fare. I suppose, however, he thought I said five, for he says in an instant, "I'll give you four if you like."

"Beg pardon, sir," I says, "I said three shillings."

"Then," he says, "I'll give you two."

That nettled me, I was a younger man than I am now, and in my passion I answered something strong.

Well, what does he do but call a policeman, and wanted to give me into custody for insulting him.

The policeman was a good-natured fellow, and said to the countryman, "Oh, I dare say he meant no harm, sir; you had better let him apologise and end it that way."

"Well," he says, "if he apologises handsomely on the spot I'll let him off. I knew how easy it was to make out a case of "abusive cabman," and I thought of them at home, and I did apologise to the gentleman. After that, however, I always allowed for country-people's beating down; but after all that is no more than most tradesmen do."

I could say a good deal more, but there ain't any need to. You understand what I mean. I don't set

up for our being injured innocents; I know that there are faults on our side, but we aren't *all* fault; and, taking things through and through, I think we are as much sinned against as sinning.

To put it short, I do believe this: if the public at large would only treat us at large as being trustworthy men, they would find us acting as such.

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE.

FOUL AIR, WATER, AND FOOD, THE SEED-PLOTS OF DISEASE AND DEATH.

BY DR. ANDREW WINTER.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THE THIRD.



DURE water and air, and we may lastly add, pure food, form the triangle upon which healthy life is mainly built. It is quite as difficult to make good flesh and blood out of adulterated nourishment as it was for them of old to make bricks without straw. Yet, if we come to examine the food and alcoholic drinks of the people, we shall find that adulteration is the rule rather than the exception. Since the day when that celebrated work, "Death in the Pot" was written, our cutting tradesmen have gone on adulterating and deteriorating our food, and thereby enfeebling the fibre of the people. In the present high price of meat, the butcher's joint is almost proscribed to the working man, and even if it were not, it would be difficult for the most cunning in the art to adulterate a joint; but as the labourer will have meat in some form, he is constrained to have it in a shape commensurate with his means, sausages and polonies made of chopped meat being often used. In these articles the door is at once opened to the vilest adulterations and refuse. Diseased meat, it is needless to say, is largely used in all these prepared foods. Mr. Harper, for instance, when he was under examination by the Smithfield Market Commissioners, in 1850, made the following statement with respect to diseased meat:—

"It is purchased by the soup shops, sausage-makers, the alamo de beef and meat-pie shops, etc. There is one soup shop, I believe, doing five hundred pounds per week in diseased meat. This firm has a large foreign trade (thank goodness!). The trade in diseased meat is very alarming, as anything in the shape of flesh can be sold at about one penny per pound, or eightpence per stone. . . . I am certain that if one hundred carcasses of cows were lying dead in the neighbourhood of London, I could get them all sold within twenty-four hours. *It don't matter what they died of.*"

When Mr. Harper gave this evidence, beef and mutton were threepence a pound cheaper than they are now. The foot-and-mouth disease has caused a large part of the increase of the price, and thrown a much larger supply of diseased meat upon the

market, which the working man, by reason of his necessities, is forced to buy and eat. Were it not for the happy introduction of Australian meat into the country, with even these impure sources of animal food the poor man would be stinted in his muscle-maker; but we are given to understand that this splendid food is refused through wretched ignorance, and sausage-meat, such as we have described, is consumed in increasing quantities. Now let us see what the bread is made of, to go with this diseased sausage-meat.

Cheap bread is invariably made of damaged wheat; to improve the bread made of such flour, the trade use a preparation termed "hards," and "stuff," being nothing less than alum and salt. The latter may not be an objectionable ingredient (the publican no doubt would approve of it, as bringing customers to his shop); but alum, when taken constantly, is deleterious to the stomach, and has the effect of making the bread in the course of manufacture take up a large quantity of water. Thus our staff of life selling in the working man's neighbourhood is both noxiously adulterated, and dear by reason of its superfluous amount of water.

The beer the labourer drinks to wash it down is also falsified. It has been asserted by those giving evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that brewers' druggists (a recognised trade) furnish publicans with salts of steel and cocculus indicus, by way of improving the flavour and appearance of beer; but salt and tobacco are the more generally used, for the purpose of increasing the thirst of the drinker. There is another source of injurious flavouring in beer drawn over the counter, which is worthy of notice. The pumping machine, by which the beer is drawn from the cellar, necessitates the use of long leaden pipes, through which it must be drawn. The effect of the acidity in the liquor causes a certain oxidation to take place in the pipes, hence the first glass or two that is drawn off is apparently thrown away down the grating, but these deleterious "draws" ultimately find their way again into the liquor sold to the labouring man.

The spirituous liquors are adulterated with flavourings such as oil of cinnamon, cayenne pepper, and we have it on good authority that oil of vitriol

is sometimes used ; whilst brandy is made up for sale by the addition of raisin wine, grains of paradise, cherry-laurel water, and spirit of almond-cake. In fact, the cheaper alcoholic liquors have only the appearance of being what they are called, and often hide underneath their simulation an ugly toad in the form of some poisonous adulteration.

But the women who purchase at cutting shops suffer as much as their husbands. The green tea is bloomed with Prussian blue, turmeric, and French chalk ; very often, teas are mixed with old leaves, dried, re-curled, and flavoured. Coffee is adulterated with chicory, and sometimes its quantity is enhanced with oak and mahogany sawdust, roasted acorns, and baked horses' and bullocks' livers. Even the milk in poor neighbourhoods is far from what it seems to be. The cream, as a matter of course, is skimmed off, to be sent to the West-end, but its appearance is imitated by swinging round a ball of annatto in the can, which, together with a little flour, starch, and treacle, gives some imitation of the abstracted cream. The sugar again, especially the coarse brown kind used in coffee, is often infested with an animalcule of the acari genus, and they are often so thick as to cause the mass to move perceptibly to the eye. It is this insect that gives a skin disease which those who are accustomed to handle these sugars are subject to. But it is not only the poorer classes who are liable to these adulterations injurious to health. Some of the condiments used by the upper ten thousand are equally liable to them. Thus we are told that cayenne pepper is coloured with red-lead, and curry-powder is adulterated with the same pernicious colouring matter. Even the pickles, when of a vivid green colour, are prepared by boiling them with copper. Indeed, we know not where the poisoning nuisance ends. Bottled fruit is equally deleterious from the same cause ; and the poor little

children, who are taken by the eye when they purchase sweets, are often deluded into dangerous illness ; arsenite of copper, chromate of lead, and vermilion yielding the various colours which are made to imitate the bloom and the vivid green of delicate fruits. The amount of infantile disease which arises from this wicked sophistication is incalculable, and a far more stringent method of inspection than is at present exercised in the interest of the public health is demanded.

The establishment of the new Local Government Board has at last been settled. It will confer on sanitary science, we hope, a great assistance, by reason of the consolidation of the various Acts which are more or less concerned in its work. The machinery, hitherto divided between the office of the Secretary of State and the Privy Council, is now geared together, and, under the presidency of Mr. Stansfeld, will act under one head. The absorption of the Poor Law Board into this new office will, we trust, bring the Medical Officer of Health in more direct communication with the Medical Officers of the Poor Law, an army of trained practitioners which cannot fail to be of the utmost value in carrying out sanitary arrangements from a central authority. This is, we trust, but the first step towards the erection of a Public Health Department, a position which the great importance of the subject, we think, demands. The advantage of having a president appointed by Her Majesty will, without doubt, give a prominence to the new board which will enable it to work with greater authority, and we hope to find that a concentration of power in one directing hand will enable the sanitary element of the board to make a stronger mark upon disease than it has hitherto done, hampered as it has been by a want of direct action, and with about too loosely constructed power of working its machinery.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH LEAVING ENGLAND.

"I WILL send the child to you in a cab on Wednesday," the woman said, as I rose and made my way towards the hall ; "you have not told me your address."

I paused for a moment. Dared I tell her my address ? Yet my money was paid, and if I did not, I should lose both it and the refuge I had bought with it. Besides I should awaken suspicion and inquiry by silence. It was a fearful risk to run ; yet it seemed safer than a precipitous retreat. I

gave her my address, and saw her write it down on a slip of paper.

As I returned to my lodgings I grew calmer and more hopeful. It was not likely that my husband would see the address, or even hear that any one like me had been at the house. I did not suppose he would know the name of Martineau as my mother's maiden name. As far as I recollected, I had never spoken of her to him. Moreover he was not a man to make himself at all pleasant and familiar with persons whom he looked upon as inferiors. It was highly improbable that he would

enter into any conversation with his landlady. If that woman did so, all she would learn would be that a young lady, whose name was Martineau, had taken a situation as English teacher in a French school. What could there be in that to make him think of me?

I was on the rack all the next day. It was the last day I should be in England, and I had a nervous dread of being detained. If I should once more succeed in quitting the country undetected, it

charge. This was a great relief to me, and I gladly paid the shilling he demanded. The child was thinly and shabbily dressed for our long journey, and there was a forlorn loneliness about her position, left thus with a stranger, which touched me to the heart. We were alike poor, helpless, friendless—I was about to say childish, and in truth I was in many things little more than a child still. The small elf, with her sharp, large eyes, which were too big for her thin face, crept up to



"A SUMPTUOUS TEA."

seemed as though I might hope to be in safety in Calvados. Of Calvados I knew even less than of the Channel Islands; I had never heard the name before. But Mrs. Wilkinson had given me the route by which we were to reach Noireau: by steamer to Havre, across the mouth of the Seine to Honfleur, to Falaise by train, and finally from Falaise to Noireau by omnibus. It was an utterly unknown region to me; and I had no reason to imagine that Richard Foster was better acquainted with it than I. My anxiety was simply to get clear away.

In the afternoon the little girl arrived quite alone, except that a man had been hired to carry a small box for her, and to deliver her into my

me, as the man slammed the door after him and clattered noisily down-stairs.

"I'm so glad!" she said with a deep-drawn sigh of relief; "I was afraid I should never go, and school is such a heavenly place!"

The words amused yet troubled me; they were so different from a child's ordinary opinion.

"It's such a hateful place at Mrs. Wilkinson's," she went on, "everybody calling me at once, and scolding me; and there are such a many people to run errands for. You don't know what it is to run errands when you are tired to death. And it's such a beautiful, splendid place where we're going to!"

"What is your name, my dear?" I asked, sitting

down on my box and taking her on my lap. Such a thin, stunted little woman, precociously learned in trouble! Yet she nestled in my arms like a true child, and a tear or two rolled down her cheeks, as if from very contentment.

"Nobody has nursed me like this since mother died," she said. "I'm Mary; but father always called me Minima, because I was the least in the house. He kept a boys' school out of London, in Epping Forest, you know; and it was so heavenly! All the boys were good to me, and we used to call father Dominie. Then he died, and mother died just before him; and he said, 'Courage, Minima! God will take care of my little girl.' So the boys' fathers and mothers made a subscription for me, and they got a great deal of money, a hundred pounds; and somebody told them about this school, where I can stay four years for a hundred pounds, and they all said that was the best thing they could do with me. But I've had to stay with Mrs. Wilkinson nearly two months, because she could not find a governess to go with me. I hate her; I detest her; I should like to spit at her!"

The little face was all aflame, and the large eyes burning.

"Hush! hush!" I said, drawing her head down upon my shoulder again.

"Then there is Mr. Foster," she continued, almost sobbing; "he torments me so. He likes to make fun of me, and tease me, till I can't bear to go into his room. Father used to say it was wicked to hate anybody, and I didn't hate anybody then, I was so happy. But you'd hate Mr. Foster, and Mrs. Foster, if you only knew them."

"Why?" I asked in a whisper. My voice sounded husky to me, and my throat felt parched. The child's impotent rage and hatred struck a slumbering chord within me.

"Oh! they are horrid in every way," she said, with emphasis; "they frighten me. He is fond of tormenting anything, because he's cruel. We had a cruel boy in our school once, so I know. But they are very poor—poor as Job, Mrs. Wilkinson says, and I'm glad. Aren't you glad?"

The question jarred in my memory against a passionate craving after revenge, which had died away in the quiet and tranquillity of Sark. A year ago I should have rejoiced in any measure of punishment or retribution, which had overtaken those who had destroyed my happiness. But it was not so now; or perhaps I should rather own that it was only faintly so. It had never occurred to me that my slight would plunge him into poverty similar to my own. But now that the idea was thrust upon me, I wondered how I could have overlooked this necessary consequence of my conduct. Ought I to do anything for him? Was there anything I could do to help him?

"He is ill too," pursued the child; "I heard him

say once to Mrs. Foster, he knew he should die like a dog. I was a little tiny bit sorry for him then; for nobody would like to die like a dog, and not go to heaven, you know. But I don't care now I shall never see them again—never, never! I could jump out of my skin for joy. I shan't even know when he is dead, if he does die like a dog."

Ill! dead! My heart beat faster and faster as I pondered over these words. Then I should be free indeed; his death would release me from bondage, from terror, from poverty—those three evils which dogged my steps. I had never ventured to let my thoughts run that way, but this child's prattling had now forced them into it. Richard Foster ill—dying! Oh, God! what ought I to do?

I could not make myself known to him; that was impossible. I would ten thousand times sooner die myself than return to him. He was not alone either. But yet there came back to my mind the first days when I knew him, when he was all tenderness and devotion to me; declaring that he could find no fault in his girl-wife. How happy I had been for a little while, exchanging my step-mother's harshness for his indulgence! He might have won my love; he had almost won it. But that happy, golden time was gone, and could never come back to me. Yet my heart was softened towards him, as I thought of him ill, perhaps dying. What could I do for him, without placing myself in his power?

There was one thing only that I could do, only one little sacrifice I could make for him whom I had vowed, in childish ignorance, to love, honour, and cherish in sickness and in health, until death parted us. A home was secured to me for twelve months, and at the end of that time I should have a better career open to me. I had enough money still to last me until then. My diamond ring, which had been his own gift to me on our wedding-day, would be valuable to him. Sixty pounds would be a help to him, if he were as poor as this child said. He must be poor, or he would never have gone to live in that mean street and neighbourhood.

Perhaps—if he had been alone—I do not know, but possibly if he had been quite alone, ill, dying in that poor lodging of his, I might have gone to him. I ask myself again, Could you have done this thing? But I cannot answer it even to myself. Poor and ill he was, but he was not alone.

It was enough for me, then, that I could do something, some little service for him. The old flame of vengeance had no spark of heat left in it. I was free from hatred of him. I set the child gently away from me, and wrote my last letter to my husband. Both the letter and the ring I enclosed in a little box. These are the words I wrote, and I put neither date nor name of place:—

"I know that you are poor, and I send you all I can spare—the ring you once gave to me. I am even poorer than yourself, but I have just enough for my immediate wants. I forgive you, as I trust God forgives me."

This business settled, I returned to the child, who was sitting, as I had so often done, gazing pensively into the fire. Was she to be a sort of miniature copy of myself?

"Come, Minima," I said, "we must be thinking of tea. Which would you like best, buns, or cake, or bread and butter? We must go out and buy them, and you shall choose."

"Which would cost the most?" she asked, looking at me with the careworn expression of a woman.

We were discussing this question with befitting gravity, when a great thump against the door brought a host of fears upon me. But before I could stir, the insecure handle gave way; and no one more formidable appeared than the landlady of the house, carrying before her a tray on which was set out a sumptuous tea, consisting of buttered crumpets and shrimps. She put it down on my dressing-table, and stood surveying it and us with an expression of benign exultation, until she had recovered her breath sufficiently to speak.

"Those as are going into foring parts," she said, "ought to get a good English meal afore they start. If you was going to stay in England, miss, it would be quite a differing thing; but me and my master don't know what they may give you to eat where you're going to. Therefore we beg you'll accept of the crumpets, and the shrimps, and the bread and butter, and the tea, and everything; and we mean no offence by it. You've been a very quiet, reg'lar lodger, and give no trouble; and we're sorry to lose you. And this, my master says, is a testimonial to you."

I could hardly control my laughter, and I could not keep back my tears. It was a long time now since any one had shown me so much kindness and sympathy as this. The dull face of the good woman was brightened by her kind-hearted feeling, and instead of thanking her I put my lips to her cheek.

"Lor!" she exclaimed, "why! God bless you, my dear! I didn't mean any offence, you know. Lor! I never thought you'd pay me like that. It's very pretty of you; it is; for I'm sure you're a lady to the back-bone, as often and often I've said to my master. Be good enough to eat it all, you and the little miss, for you've a long journey before you. God bless you both, my dears, and give you a good appetite."

She backed out of the room as she was speaking, her face beaming upon us to the last.

There was a pleasant drollery about her conduct, and about the intense delight of the child, and her hearty enjoyment of the feast, which for the time effectually dissipated my fears and my melancholy thoughts. It was the last hour I should spend in

my solitary room; my lonely days were past. This little elf, with her large sharp eyes, and sagacious womanly face, was to be my companion for the future. I felt closely drawn to her. Even the hungry appetite with which she ate spoke of the hard times she had gone through. When she had eaten all she could eat, I heard her say softly to herself, "Courage, Minima!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

A LONG JOURNEY.

IT was little more than twelve months since I had started from the same station on the same route; but there was no Tardif at hand now. As I went into the ticket-office, Minima caught me by the dress, and whispered earnestly into my ear.

"We're not to travel first-class," she said; "it costs too much. Mrs. Wilkinson said we ought to go third, if we could; and you're to pay for me, please, only half-price, and they'll pay you again when we reach the school. I'll come with you, and then they'll see I'm only half-price. I don't look too old, do I?"

"You look very old," I answered, smiling at her anxious face.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she said; "but I sit very small. Perhaps I'd better not come to the ticket-office; the porters are sure to think me only a little girl."

She was uneasy until we had fairly started from the station, her right to a half-ticket unchallenged.

The November night was cold and foggy, and there was little difference between the darkness of the suburbs and the darkness of the open country.

Once again the black hulls and masts of two steamers stood before us, at the end of our journey, and hurrying voices shouted, "This way for Jersey and Guernsey," "This way to Havre." What would I not have given to return to Sark, to my quiet room under Tardif's roof, with his true heart and steadfast friendship to rest upon! But that could not be. My feet were setting out upon a new track, and I did not know where the hidden path would lead me.

The next morning found us in France. It was a soft, sunny day, with a mellow light, which seemed to dwell fondly on the many-tinted leaves of the trees that covered the banks of the Seine. From Honfleur to Falaise the same warm, genial sunshine filled the air. The slowly moving train carried us through woods where the autumn seemed but a few days old, and where the slender leaflets of the acacias still fluttered in the caressing breath of the wind. We passed through miles upon miles of orchards, where a few red leaves were hanging yet upon the knotted branches of the apple-trees, beneath which lay huge pyramids of apples. Truck-loads of them stood at every station. The air was scented by them. Children were pelting

one another with them; and here and there, where the orchards had been cleared and the trees stripped, flocks of geese were searching for those scattered among the tufts of grass. The roses were in blossom, and the chrysanthemums were in their first glory. The few countrywomen who got into our carriage still wore their snowy muslin caps, as in summer. Nobody appeared cold and pinched yet, and everybody was living out of doors.

It was almost like going into a new world, and I breathed more freely the farther we travelled down into the interior. At Falaise we exchanged the train for a small omnibus, which bore the name "Noiréau" conspicuously on its door. I had discovered that the little French I knew was not of much service, as I could in no way understand the rapid answers that were given to my questions. A woman came to us, at the door of a café where the omnibus stopped in Falaise, and made a long and earnest harangue, of which I did not recognise one word. At length we started off on the last stage of our journey.

Where could we be going to? I began to ask myself the question anxiously after we had crept on, at a dog-trot, for what seemed an interminable time. We had passed through long avenues of trees, and across a series of wide, flat plains, and down gently sloping roads into narrow valleys, and up the opposite ascents; and still the bells upon the horses' collars jingled sleepily, and their hoof-beats shambled along the roads. We were seldom in sight of any house, and we passed through very few villages. I felt as if we were going all the way to Marseilles.

"I'm so hungry!" said Minima, after a very long silence.

I too had been hungry for an hour or two past. We had breakfasted at midday at one of the stations, but we had had nothing to eat since, except a roll which Minima had brought away from breakfast, with wise prevision; but this had disappeared long ago.

"Try to go to sleep," I said; "lean against me. We must be there soon."

"Yes," she answered, "and it's such a splendid school! I'm going to stay there four years, you know, so it's foolish to mind being hungry now. Courage, Minima!" I must recollect that."

"Courage, Olivia!" I repeated to myself. "The farther you go, the more secure will be your hiding-place." The child nestled against me, and soon fell asleep. I went to sleep myself—an unquiet slumber, broken by terrifying dreams. Sometimes I was falling from the cliffs in Sark into the deep, transparent waters below, where the sharp rocks lay like swords. Then I was in the Gouliot Caves, with Martin Dobrée at my side, and the tide was coming in too strongly for us; and beyond, in the opening through which we might have escaped;

my husband's face looked in at us, with a hideous exultation upon it. I woke at last, shivering with cold and dread, for I had fancied that he had found me, and was carrying me away again to his old hateful haunts.

Our omnibus was jolting and rumbling down some steep and narrow streets, lighted by oil-lamps swung across them. There were no lights in any of the houses, save a few in the upper windows, as though the inmates were all in bed, or going to bed. Only at the inn where we stopped was there anything like life. A lamp, which hung over the archway leading to the yard and stables, lit up a group of people waiting for the arrival of the omnibus. I woke up Minima from her deep and heavy sleep.

"We are here at Noireau!" I said. "We have reached our home at last!"

The door was opened before the child was fairly awake. A small cluster of bystanders gathered round us as we alighted, and watched our luggage put down from the roof; whilst the driver ran on volubly, and with many gesticulations, addressed to the little crowd. He, the chamber-maid, the landlady, and all the rest surrounded us as solemnly as if they were assisting at a funeral. There was not a symptom of amusement, but they all stared at us unflinchingly, as if a single wink of their eyelids would cause them to lose some extraordinary spectacle. If I had been a total eclipse of the sun, and they a group of enthusiastic astronomers bent upon observing every phenomenon, they could not have gazed more steadily. Minima was leaning against me, half asleep. A narrow vista of tall houses lay to the right and left, lost in impenetrable darkness. The strip of sky overhead was black with midnight.

"Noireau?" I asked, in a tone of interrogation.

"Oui, oui, madame," responded a chorus of voices.

"Carry me to the house of Monsieur Emile Perrier, the avocat," I said, speaking slowly and distinctly.

The words, simple as they were, seemed to awaken considerable excitement. The landlady threw up her hands, with an expression of astonishment, and the driver recommenced his harangue. Was it possible that I could have made a mistake in so short and easy a sentence? I said it over again to myself, and felt sure I was right. With renewed confidence I repeated it aloud, with a slight variation.

"I wish to go to the house of Monsieur Emile Perrier, the avocat," I said.

But whilst they still clustered round Minima and me, giving no sign of compliance with my request, two persons thrust themselves through the circle. The one was a man, in a thread-bare brown great-coat, with a large woollen comforter wound several times about his neck; and the other a woman, in

an equally shabby dress, who spoke to me in broken English.

"Mees, I am Madame Perrier, and this is my husband," she said; "come on. The letter was here only an hour ago; but all is ready. Come on; come on."

She put her hand through my arm, and took hold of Minima's hand, as if claiming both of us. A dead silence had fallen upon the little crowd, as if they were trying to catch the meaning of the English words. But as she pushed on, leading us both, a titter for the first time ran from lip to lip. I glanced back, and saw Monsieur Perrier, the avocat, hurriedly putting our luggage on a wheelbarrow, and preparing to follow us with it along the dark streets.

I was too bewildered yet to feel any astonishment. We were in France, in a remote part of France, and I did not know what Frenchmen would or would not do. Madame Perrier, exhausted with her effort at speaking English, had ceased speaking to me, and contented herself with guiding us along the strange streets. We stopped at last opposite the large, handsome house, which stood in the front, in the photograph I had seen in London. I could just recognise it in the darkness; and behind lay the garden and the second range of building. Not a glimmer of light shone in any of the windows.

"It is midnight nearly," said Madame Perrier, as we came to a standstill and waited for her husband, the avocat.

Even when he came up with the luggage there seemed some difficulty in effecting an entrance. He passed through the garden-gate, and disappeared round the corner of the house, walking softly, as if careful not to disturb the household. How long the waiting seemed! For we were

hungry, sleepy, and cold—strangers in a very strange land. I heard Minima sigh wearily.

At last he reappeared round the corner, carrying a candle, which flickered in the wind. Not a word was spoken by him or his wife as the latter conducted us towards him. We were to enter by the back door, that was evident. But I did not care what door we entered by, so that we might soon find rest and food. She led us into a dimly lighted room, where I could just make out what appeared to be a carpenter's bench, with a heap of woodshavings lying under it. But I was too weary to be certain about anything.

"It is a little cabinet of work of my husband," said Madame Perrier; "our chamber is above, and the chamber for you and little mees is there also. But the school is not there. Will you go to bed? Will you sleep? Come on, mees."

"But we are very hungry," I remonstrated; "we have had nothing to eat since noon. We could not sleep without food."

"Bah! that is true," she said. "Well, come on. The food is at the school. Come on."

That must be the house at the back. We went down the broad gravel walk, with the pretty garden at the side of us, where a fountain was tinkling and splashing busily in the quiet night. But we passed the front of the house behind it without stopping at the door. Madame led us through a cart-shed into a low, long, vaulted passage, with doors opening on each side; a black, villanous-looking place, with the feeble, flickering light of the candle throwing on to the damp walls a sinister gleam. Minima pressed very close to me, and I felt a strange quiver of apprehension; but the thought that there was no escape from it, and no help at hand, nerved me to follow quietly to the end.

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

"THE LITTLE STRANGER."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

TOM BURTON, when he set off on this expedition, had wisely kept its nature a secret from his family. They were not therefore distracted by suspense. Indeed, for the sake of his wife and little ones, Ned Burton was still keeping up, and put on a brave front, though the wolf of despair was gnawing at his heart. The new friends he found in this fresh place overwhelmed him with kindness; they were a warm-hearted and rough people, and pitied this honest fellow, who, they had an instinct, had seen far better days. He was so frank, so straightforward, that every one felt sympathy, especially with his charming wife and children. Every one had

agreed that "something was to be done for the Burtons," and it was soon found out that there was an opportunity. A relation of the capitalist who had supplied one post was going out to the colonies, as governor of some important place, and he had actually promised, when he came down on a visit and met Ned, that he would really try and see what he could do. When it is agreed on one side that "something must be done" for a person, and on the other that "he would see what he could do," matters may naturally be considered in a very hopeful way, and so indeed they appeared to the Burton family.

The great man, whose name was Sir Duncan

Douglas, soon arrived, and Mr. Douglas, the generous capitalist, had got up a high festival in his honour. He had issued invitations for a sort of grand banquet, to which he had asked all the important personages in the neighbourhood.

The capitalist lived in magnificent style, and the entertainment was to be worthy of his wealth.

Ned found himself looking forward with something like hope, and even spirits, to this meeting, and this idea of going out to a new country, and leaving all that miserable story behind, even though he had to begin life over again. He was in the prime of life, strong, full of spirit, and this struggle with the wilds and forest of a new land was what he had often looked on with complacency. This would give him occupation, distract his mind, while he kept up that grand waiting and expecting for the day of justice which was to come sooner or later, when he would be cleared. His family were for the first time full of joy and hope, and his wife went with some excitement to the trunks, to choose out some of the old finery, to do honour to the occasion. They set off at last for the sort of castle where the feast was to be. It was a new place, but handsomely built and furnished.

When the Burtons entered, the room was full of company. The governor was in the centre of the group, on the rug of honour, and the host at once brought forward Ned to introduce him. Mrs. Burton, who had not lost her charming manner, which used to interest guests at Abbeylands, was made known to Mrs. Governor. The dinner began, and was magnificent, and indeed all seemed to the Burtons, though pretty well used to magnificence, like a dream.

After dinner, when some music was going on, the moment for confidences, a little concert was held—the governor, the host, and Ned. "You shall come out with me as secretary, Mr. Burton," said the former, "with a good salary. You can bring your family with you too. I can refuse my old friend here nothing, but at the same time I must say that I like you."

Ned was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude. Details were then gone into. Everything was delightful and promising, even to the long voyage, for our Ned, who enjoyed the sea and everything connected with it. He would have given anything to go over to his dear wife, and pour out all the joyful news. The lights, the flowers, the handsome objects scattered round the room, the beaming kindly faces, gave the whole scene an air of special softness, that seemed almost unreal. He himself found his old spirits returning, even his old power of joking, and telling good stories, of which he had a gift.

It was now about midnight, and a little dance had been started for the young people. Ned was looking on at the "fun," and really enjoying it,

when a servant came up and put a note into his hand.

He looked at it with some surprise. Who could be writing to him at that hour? An undefined feeling of doubt, and even alarm, began to steal over him. He opened it and read these words:—

"I have found out the corner in which you hid yourself, and have learned the pleasant arrangements your friends have made for you. I shall not allow you to impose on honest persons.

"At once, and on this night, inform them that you cannot accept their offers. I do not choose you to leave this country. Further, you must give up your present place. I shall make you wander like a hunted gipsy.

"Refuse, and I send up for Mr. Douglas, and tell him all."

A film came before his eyes, the lights seemed to grow dim. His wife saw his agitation from afar off, and with a sort of agony. She was beside him in a moment, and had read the fatal warning.

"It is of no use," he said, in a low tone of despair; "she wishes to destroy us, and to kill me. Let her. I give up now, and will make no further struggle. Let Heaven's will be done."

"I will go down and see her. She is a woman, she must have some heart. I will throw myself on my knees before her—"

Now came up the host and his daughters. "We are going to have a game of romps, to wind up the night with. You must join, the girls will take no excuse. Come, lead him off."

Ned, with a ghastly smile, was led away. He was still as it were in a dream. The musical laughter of the children and young girls sounded strangely in his ear. He did what he was told. It was that diverting game with chairs, which are set out in the middle of the room, while the music plays, and the company walk round the chairs hand in hand, until the music stops abruptly, when there is a rush made to secure seats. It was attended by screams and shouts of laughter, but it was almost tragic to see the face of Ned Burton, who took his part in the revels, and mechanically joined in the excited romps.

While thus engaged, a pale, stricken face appeared at the door—that of his wife, now returned from her wretched mission. She glided away to a corner, and sank upon a sofa. It was a strange thing to see her looking over at her husband, who was in the whirl and merriment of the exciting game, and always with that stiffened smile upon his face.

A servant now came in, and whispered to the governor, who seemed a little surprised, yet was not displeased. High functionaries are always exposed to the chances of these midnight interviews and expresses. And husband and wife both saw him leave the drawing-room with a pleasant air.

He was absent some time. When he returned the game was over; the space in the centre of the room was cleared; the players, exhausted and tired, were laughing in the corners. It was getting

on to one o'clock, and some were stealing away to bed.

The governor looked round with a rather distrustful look for the host, and then walked straight up to him. They whispered for some moments, and then with a smiling air he looked round on the company, as if to give a gracious good night, and went away to bed. Mr. Douglas, with a frown on his face, and with his hardest and most abrupt business manner, came over to Mr. Burton, and said he wished to speak with him in the study for a few minutes. Ned followed him. When the door was closed he said simply—

"It is all true, what she says, except about the child. My hands have no blood on them, but the rest is true."

"Then you have deceived, imposed upon me. It is a shame and a disgrace, to have taken in so kind and good a friend as I have been to you, and what I think worse of, to have allowed me to compromise myself with a man like Sir Duncan. He will never forgive me. I dismiss you from my service. I don't care to enter into the question whether you have done what you have been accused of or not. That is for yourself; it is nothing to me. But you have wormed yourself into my confidence, and imposed on me with a false story. And you have also made me impose upon a dear friend, who prides himself upon his reputation for sagacity. To have forced upon him a person like you, accused of such a crime! I can't bear to think of it," added Mr. Douglas, in great agitation. "You must not come near this house again, I do not wish to see you again, and I shall send you down what is owing to you in the morning."

He left Ned Burton. The unfortunate man, with his head bowed on his breast, took his way from the house with his more unfortunate wife. He made no complaint; he had made no defence or protest, a little to the surprise of his late patron. He seemed still to be stunned, as if by some blow. To his wife he was gentle and resigned, which, indeed, was some comfort to that good, affectionate creature, whose first thought had been the terrible effect of the blow on him. When he spoke it was in the same resigned tone. His mind seemed as it were exhausted, just as the body might have been after some long weary day's walk. He seemed eager to lie down and rest, and above all, to be alone.

When they had reached home it was close on two o'clock in the morning. He said to her—

"You can go to bed, dearest. I should be only tumbling and tossing for the rest of the night, so I shall sit up a little. Besides, I want to think over our position. All this has come a little suddenly, and it is hard to know what to turn to next. Is it not extraordinary? What have I done to deserve this persecution? All my life I have tried to be good. As for the poor innocent child—but it is of

no use saying anything now. It does look as if I was guilty, and that my punishment was coming on me in thick and heavy blows. Now go to bed, dearest. Leave me."

He was so earnest that she went, not wishing to add to his other anxieties that of worrying by opposing his wishes. Two such wretched hearts were not to be found that night in the little town, nor, indeed, in the whole of Scotland, for it was the wretchedness of blank despair.

Ned Burton sat down at his desk, and with a sort of weary wonder kept putting to himself the same question—What had he done to deserve this Cain-like persecution? The day was beginning to break, but he sat on, still having that curious numbed feeling which prevented him, and it seemed would prevent him for ever, lifting his heart, spirits, limbs. "Oh!" he said again and again, in the same dazed and bewildered tone, "no mortal man could resist such a continued oppression. It is something superhuman."

He then thought over all that he had passed through, even during the last few months: how he had suffered and struggled bravely, worn his very heart out in the contest, in the wish to keep up a brave front, for those above. There was a point beyond which human fortitude could not go. No; when he was thus given over to the fury of all that was evil and oppressive, it was time to yield.

Weary with watching, and herself oppressed with misery, Mrs. Burton waited long up-stairs, until morning began to break. Then, overcome with the weariness that is born of grief, and which is as exhausting as physical labour itself, she at last, and against her will, dropped off to sleep. She did not hear the steps of him who stole up softly to look at her, and found her lying back in her chair, sleeping her weary sleep. Neither did she feel the lips that were pressed gently yet passionately to her forehead. Nor could she have heard the hall-door that was closed so quietly, as a figure passed forth into the morning air. The watchman, one of the three who were sufficient to look after the peace of the little town, told afterwards how he had noticed "the captain," as he was called, going out at this strange hour, and how he wondered what could be the meaning of it. But he noticed that the captain took his way along a road which led up to a lonely hill, outside the town; the top of which was always shrouded in a thick veil of damp mist, and where a few head of game sometimes lurked.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

OVER Mr. Burton the elder, ever since the misfortune that had befallen him in the loss of his child, had come a curious change. He seemed to have acquired more purpose of character, and to

have taken up a more decided tone. He never wholly accepted the cruel accusation made against his unfortunate brother, and his voice was heard by the servants protesting vehemently against the malignant persecution. His wife grew more scornful and contemptuous, and more domineering, as she saw this new humour of his. But it was with something like alarm that she heard him declare, one day, that his brother had been persecuted enough, and that after a time had elapsed the thing must be stopped.

He cared little for what was going on about him, nor did he notice, though others did, the change that was gradually taking place in his wife. She became more and more solitary every day, and his gardeners observed how she paced up and down for hours in a certain dark walk, formed of over-arching yews, which was at one end of their old-fashioned garden. After these promenades she would come into the house, and her husband would find her sitting with flashing eyes, and clenched fingers, her chin resting on her hands. To Lucy, quite of a sudden and without notice, she had taken a deep and intense dislike; and this was revealed on the very day of the flower-show, when she, with her mother, had been invited to dine at Abbeylands. Mrs. Forager had entered with "effusion," almost embracing her hostess, squeezing her hand. "My dear," she said "I heard it all. Such a scene! Seems to me quite a business for the police. No one could be safe, if people of this kind keep going about bursting into places where nice people go to. Every one is talking of the splendid way Mr. Ralph behaved."

Mrs. Burton's eyes were resting on Lucy.

"So you have declared yourself at last," she said. "You belong to their party. But if you have any prudence you will reflect on what you are doing. I give you warning. I shall spare no one. Those who shelter the murderer become accessories."

"This is a strange way to speak to me," said Lucy. "I am sheltering no murderer, and do not know of any murderer. What do you mean?"

"This is madness," said Mr. Burton, impatiently. "For Heaven's sake, let us have done, for a time at least, with this miserable subject."

"My dear Mr. and Mrs. Burton," said Mrs. Forager, "you mustn't mind Lucy. She is talking folly. Lucy, I am amazed at you! And Mrs. Burton who has been so kind to us."

"Let us say no more about it," said Mrs. Burton; "I am tired of all this. But remember what I have said. Those who are not with me are against me. I have marked them all, and shall mark them. The murderer's friends are murderers. Those who favour a wretch who could throw a poor helpless babe out of a window to get an estate, are themselves guilty!"

All who were present looked at each other with wonder. Mr. Ralph interposed in a soothing fashion.

"My dear sister," he said, "you are only exciting yourself, thinking of these matters. It is all over now. It was a great misfortune, but there is no help for it now."

She turned on him with fury.

"You are joining the rest. You are all in a league against me. No matter; I am strong enough to battle against the world. In good time I shall reckon up with those who have deserted me. Not one shall escape—not one!"

All this was spoken in a hurried, excited tone. Mr. Ralph was observing her closely, and with something like alarm. She passed out of the room at once, and word was presently brought down that Mrs. Burton did not intend appearing again that night.

Lucy would have gone away, but her mother had no intention of sacrificing a good dinner for such fantastic and childish notions.

It was a gloomy entertainment, at which Mr. Ralph alone was in great spirits. He devoted himself conspicuously to Lucy, and with an earnestness and seriousness that not a little alarmed her. His eyes were fixed upon her all the evening, as, indeed, Mrs. Forager noticed with an agreeable surprise. New visions of her own permanent settlement in these charming hunting-grounds rose at once before her. Lucy established here after all, a handsome annuity settled upon them, an arrangement made by which the house, at least, could be diverted from the other Burtons, and she herself enthroned, installed, and eating excellent dinners like the present—this was the picture that rose before her.

Lucy, wearied with these constant attentions, had after dinner stolen away, leaving her admirer and Mrs. Forager engaged in some discussion. She found her way to the garden, and there among the flowers, on which she doated, wandered through the winding walks, thinking of those dear friends who were far away, and whom she could not help. How strange, she thought, how awful almost, was this struggle going on between the two principles of good and evil, as it were, and carried on to the death! How was it to end, save in the death of one or other of the combatants?

As she was thinking sadly over all this she heard a step behind her, and found Mr. Ralph smiling and hurrying up to her. She turned as if to go back to the house, but he stopped her.

"Just a few moments," he said. "I will not detain you longer. I have something of real importance to say to you."

"There can be nothing important that you can tell me," she answered. "I must go in."

A LOST LIFE.



"THE WILD BIRD HAD LEFT ITS CAGE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM."
IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN an old, half-timbered house at the entrance of a pretty English village, roses clambering all over it, and looking even into the bed-room windows, and when the casements stood open, scattering their petals on to the floors with every summer breeze that gently shook them, creeping up the old chimneys, and running along the eaves with wild luxuriance—in this bower of roses, there often

peeped out from among them a face worthy of companionship with the lovely blossoms themselves. It was not so much beauty as brightness, and gladness, and health which made that face so fair to look on, so fit a companion to the bunches of red, scented blossoms that rested on her cheeks as though they felt that sister roses were nestling there.

Sometimes, the neighbours passing the cottage, looking up to give their kindly greetings, saw another face—and yet, as it seemed to them, the same, for few could tell apart the two nieces of the maiden ladies who owned the Rosary.

'Barbara and Phillis Airley were twin orphans from their earliest years; both parents of the children having died within a brief space, leaving the twins to the mercy of a world which, happily for them, has kindly natures, and tender hearts, and willing hands to help the helpless, little as some believe it. By the exertions of such kindness two maiden ladies, aunts of Mr. Airley, were discovered—the only relatives the poor babes seemed to have. And their desolation, warmly painted, touched the hearts which some people had deemed frozen, and beneath their roof the little orphans found a home; but beyond the fact that it was a home, and saved the poor children from the rough hard charity of a workhouse, it was all unfit to be the nursery in which such tender plants were to be reared.

The two Miss Rhodes, if they ever had been young, had utterly forgotten the time when they were; if they had ever laughed with real heart-laugher, it was so long since that they had now forgotten how to do it; if they had ever danced, sung, played—loved with all the passionate idolatry of those halcyon days when we "believe all things, and hope all things," if they had ever gone through all youth's bright hallucinations and happy dreams, they cared not to live their life again, or see through the bright eyes of their little nieces any joy or gladness in what they now thought folly and frivolity.

Thus, when the baby days were passed—watched over by a faithful but grave and serious nurse—the twins were sent to school—a seminary a mile or so out of the village—by a soured, disappointed woman, who seemed to take out her griefs, as it were, on her pupils. They went there by the week, returning on Saturday until Monday. Had the little girls been asked which they would have preferred, to stay at school or come home, they would have found a difficulty in answering; the charms of the lovely garden at the Rosary, weighed against the playground at school, alone making the decision in favour of the former. But in spite of these difficulties the two girls, "like to a double cherry parted," grew up the counterpart of each other in face and form, and bright and joyous as the birds that sang among the trees in the old gar-

den, pure and innocent and beautiful as the fair flowers that grew there, and which it was their chief delight to tend, and gather, and make into bouquets for the rooms, frequently receiving rebukes from their aunts for so doing.

They were a strange couple, these same old aunts—full of narrow-minded prejudices which made them think all things wrong that were unlike the way "they were brought up;" and with these two girls they were much like quiet domestic fowls who had hatched—instead of their own prosaic little chickens, who were content to peck about among the straw in the farm-yard—wild, beautiful birds that vain would wing their flight away into the green woods, among the lofty trees and leafy branches, singing their bright, glad songs, darting after the gorgeous butterflies, feeding on the berries and insects hidden among the leaves, and pluming their glossy wings—gay, happy, and free.

Thus, the constant chidings, the frequent admonitions to walk steadily, not race about so, not laugh so loudly, not sing about the stairs and passages, not spring from one flight of stairs to another, were uttered in vain; for a moment they ceased, but the gay healthful limbs would not be tethered, the bright voices hushed; and now that they were too old for school, and were to be at home always, the poor old ladies folded their hands together and said to one another, "What are we to do with them?"

There was but little society in the retired village in which they lived, and even that little the Misses Rhodes cared not to cultivate; and when the girls ventured to suggest that they should like to make any acquaintance, Aunt Maria, the more serious of the two, would say—

"There are few acquaintances that will do you any good, my dears. You are safer here in the bosom of your family."

But for the natural gaiety of their natures, therefore, their lives would have been very dreary; but together they sang and worked and gardened, and took long rambling walks—haymaking in the summer with the village girls; nutting in the autumn; skating in the winter, and happy always with a great love for each other, which made all things a joy to them that they shared together. But at length a shadow fell upon their path, saddening the dull life far more than the long sermons and frequent rebukes, which had only become to them, from long habit, like the idle wind.

They were to be parted; another distant relative had claimed (in kindness, they could not but own) to help in their support. She, a widow lady without family, had come in to some property, and felt it her duty to help the orphans. She would take one, and support her entirely. In these days, she argued, distance was nothing. The children could

often meet, and spend many long days together; and she named a day to come and settle it all. The poor girls were of course allowed no choice. One was to go—whichever Mrs. Maberly decided on when she came.

Only too glad to be released from one of their anxieties, the two old ladies saw, without sympathy for the bitter tears they shed at parting, one of the twin maidens carried away from the Rosary by the merry, kind-hearted little woman, who with a warm earnestness tried to comfort them, and promised that they should meet often. She insisted on their drawing lots which should go with her, and the lot fell upon Phillis.

Beside a large, still lake, reflecting the blue sky, across which the light fleecy clouds were skimming, and the graceful silvery birches on the banks bowed to their images in the clear water, on which large water-lilies lay, and the birds flitted across dipping their beaks in the stream, and tossing the water up to glisten in the sunbeams; where beneath the large trees, hidden in their shadows, fragrant violets grew, and clematis and wild roses clung together in a tangle of sweetness; where the bushes of the blackberry, with its abundance of tinted blossoms, gave fair promise of a rich crop of its luscious fruits; beside this lake, in the warm, glowing summer-time, many a still evening stood a young girl, listening to a music sweeter than that of the song-birds which chanted their joyous lay in the trees above her, sweeter than the rippling of the water at her feet, or any sounds she had ever listened to before.

The villagers passing her, as with swift feet she sped along to the trysting-place, looked after her in a mute wonder as to what could make Barbara Airley, who passed her dreary days in the Rosary with no companionship but her old aunts, bear such a face of joy.

A light had dawned on her since her sister's departure, which had shed radiance on all her life. What were her aunts' sharp words to her now, drowned in the passionate murmurs of a voice that rang for ever in her ears—"Barbara, my Barbara"—what was the dull monotony of the life, cheered by the hope of that hour beside the crystal lake, carrying home bunches of the sweet wild flowers he gathered, to dream on till the daylight woke her to a new day and another meeting? And the aunts, satisfied to find her happy apart from Phillis, and not wearying them with lamentations, asked her no questions. She had been for a walk; she had gathered wild flowers, which it amused her to dry in a book; she was content, quiet, obedient, and had a radiance in her face that increased her beauty tenfold, and made the old vicar who came sometimes to see them, warn them, as he looked at her in wondering admiration, that beauty was a

dangerous gift, and that they must guard her carefully. And so they did as far as they knew; they had made no acquaintances, and only encouraged the visits of a serious young man, the son of an old friend, making a respectable income in the neighbouring town as junior partner in the bank, and who, they rightly judged, was lured to his frequent visits by the bright eyes of their niece. After one unusually long stay, they called Barbara into the little parlour, where they sat in their two arm-chairs, their hands folded on their laps; and bidding her be seated, began first their announcement, taking it by turns to speak, that Mr. Thomas Bayham had done Barbara Airley the honour of wishing to make her his wife.

The look of a startled fawn was in her face, and a little cry, half of laughter, half of tears, escaped her as she answered, "Oh! Aunt Maria, Aunt Sarah, I can't; I—I do not love him."

"That is of very small importance," answered Miss Rhodes; "Mr. Bayham is worthy and well-to-do, he will make you an excellent husband. You will see him to-morrow, and accept with becoming gratitude the honour he has done you."

"That will do; you may go," interposed Aunt Sarah; and too startled, too sorrowful to utter another word, like one in a dream Barbara went away.

That evening she was first beside the lake, listening with an intense agony of longing for the low whistle through the trees, that told the coming of the one for whose sake life had become so dear, and with a cry of mingled joy and sorrow she sprang to him.

"What is it, my love, my little wild bird?" he asked, for the tears were dimming the eyes that were looking up into his.

They were going to take her away—she was never to see him any more—she was to be married to some one else. He looked down into the loving eyes, smoothing the brown glossy hair with his two hands as he spoke, smiling a bright incredulous smile the while.

"Nonsense, darling!" he murmured. "Married—yes, to me—to no one else, ever—at least, unless you have ceased to love me."

"Hubert—how can you? You know I love you better than my life, my soul—that I shall die if they take me from you—that I will die, there beneath the water-lilies I will end a life out of which all joy will be gone!"

"Hush, hush!" he said, with all that infinite tenderness in tone and manner which had won her heart more than his handsome face and form. "Be calm, little one—no one on earth shall take you from me. If it is come to this, I must act at once decidedly. To-morrow be here again without fail; let nothing stop you."

She was awake at early dawn, and springing from her bed, looked out at a sky all thick with clouds

tinted with rose-colour. "Oh! it will rain, how shall I get out?" she thought—she who had learnt to note all changes of the weather, and could foretell by the slightest signs, which in her dull life it had been her pleasure to watch, when the storm would rise, or rain would fall, or wind would strew the garden-path with leaves. She was right: torrents of rain came down on the hot earth, bowing the young green corn, weighing down the heads of the bunches of roses which hung round her window; standing in pools along the garden-walk; beating to the ground the tender annuals with their slender stems she had so carefully tended; spattering, as evil words will a fair reputation, the spotless petals of the lily; and as the day wore on giving no hope of cessation, anxiously as she watched. But she must go somehow; he had bid her do so—what could stop her?

She had a headache, she said, and would be left alone after the simple early dinner was over, and would like not to be called till tea-time.

The tea was made and waiting for her to pour it out, and the maid had been up-stairs; but Miss Airley did not answer; she was so sound asleep. Then Aunt Sarah peeped into the room—it was

empty: no Barbara was there, nor in the house, search where they would. Her large cloak and hat were gone too.

She was out certainly—in such weather!

Sad girl, where could she be?

They would not wait for her, certainly not; she should have no tea when she did come. But when the evening wore on, and a gleam of the setting sun glistened on the dripping leaves as if it was bidding the day a tearful farewell, when the shadows grew heavier, and the clouds parting, the moon struggled through them, and on the still air the sound of the church-clock seemed with more than usual distinctness and solemnity to strike nine, the old ladies looked at one another in the gathering gloom of the room, and said—

"We must send the gardener into the village after the tiresome child."

In vain, in vain! the wild bird had left its cage. The wings had been too closely, too cruelly clipped, and when they grew again it used its new-found strength to fly from the thralldom it knew so little how to bear, and the dull monotony it had been such torture to endure.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND HIS DISCOVERIES.

BY CHARLES T. BEKE, PH.D.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.



HE gratifying news just received of Dr. Livingstone's being alive and in safety, after an absence from his native country of nearly six years and a half, during which lengthened period he was positively reported and generally believed to have been murdered—and since then, for upwards of two years, no intelligence was received from him, so that it was not known whether he was living or dead—renders it desirable that the public should have laid before it an outline of what this, the greatest of our African travellers, undertook to do before setting out on this most important journey, and what, as far as we have yet been able to learn, he has actually performed. To the intense disappointment of his friends and admirers, it is said that he does not yet intend to return home, considering that his task is not fully accomplished; but it is fervently to be hoped he may be induced not to persist in such a determination. Surely he has done far more than enough for any one man!

What Dr. Livingstone was commissioned and

therefore undertook to do, will be best explained in the following extract from the Address of the late Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, at the anniversary meeting of that Society, on May 22nd, 1865:—

"It has been deemed highly desirable to endeavour to determine the watershed of Central Africa by an examination, in the first place, of the region lying between the Lake Nyassa of Livingstone [between 11° and 14° 30' S. lat., and between 34° and 35° E. long.] and the Tanganyika of Burton and Speke [between 3° and 8° S. lat., and between 29° 30' and 30° 30' E. long.], by sending a well-considered expedition to that part of Africa. The Council, therefore, willingly agreed to a proposal of my own, that the tried and successful traveller Livingstone should be the leader of such a survey. On this occasion my friend will not have the disadvantage, which attached to him in his last travels, of being hampered by other duties than those with which Her Majesty's Government may entrust him in a mission to the independent native chiefs who live to the north of the Rovuma River [in about 11° S. lat.], and consequently beyond any district over which the Portuguese Government claim authority. In addition to his efforts as a

geographer, he will at the same time be paving the way for the introduction of social improvements among the natives, by the promotion of fair barter and commerce, to the exclusion of the trade in slaves, and thus will act as a pioneer in removing those obstacles which at present render the travelling of Christian missionaries into those wild and savage tracts, with which they are wholly unacquainted, not only a hopeless enterprise, but one which is fraught with disaster and profitless suffering. No one feels more than the honest and long-tried Livingstone that the introduction of a kindly intercourse through legitimate trade, and the establishment of confidence on the part of the natives, must be the forerunner of all efforts to convert the untutored negro to Christianity. That Christian missions may most profitably be extended into the interior from any settled British colony is, indeed, most true; and we can have no better proof of this than the great success of the venerable Moffat [Livingstone's worthy father-in-law] to the north of the Cape Colony. But such success could scarcely have been anticipated from a Church of England mission to the Portuguese territory on the east coast of Africa, to which Livingstone recently bent his steps, and in which few persons, except one so acclimatised as himself, would be likely to succeed, or indeed to survive.

"In this new enterprise Livingstone will first determine whether his own Lake Nyassa receives any waters from the north, and next whether the Lake Tanganyika is fed by rivers coming from the south. He will then fix accurately the elevation of the Tanganyika, and, examining its western side, will ascertain to what extent waters flow into or out of it; and, if possible, he will further settle the great question of whether any waters may flow northwards from the Tanganyika towards the Nile, as suggested by Beke and Findlay, whose views have been recently adopted by Burton; or, on the other hand, he will decide if this lake is subtended on the north by lofty mountains, as drawn upon the earlier map of Speke."^{*}

Such was the arduous task set, in 1865, to the traveller whose discoveries within the southern portion of the African Continent, during a full quarter of a century, had already rendered him famous as the greatest and most successful explorer of that quarter of the globe;† and towards the end of that year he again left England, under the auspices not only of the Royal Geographical Society, but of Her Majesty's Government, from whom he received the

somewhat roving commission of Consul to all the chiefs and rulers in the interior of Africa, with the exception of those countries which are subject to the King of Portugal, the King of Abyssinia, and the Pasha of Egypt. But whilst the Government and the Geographical Society thus united in aiding the expedition, Sir Roderick Murchison stated, in another part of his Address, that "It is not to be passed over without the expression of our gratitude, that Mr. [James] Young, one of Livingstone's oldest and staunchest friends, should have advanced £1,000 in furtherance of this great cause. Nor are we to forget that Livingstone himself is about to throw into the adventure the steamboat the *Lady Nyassa*, which he left at Bombay, and which, with a noble resolution to check the slave-trade, he had built at his own expense, because the steamer sent out by the Government drew too much water for the navigation of the Shiré, by which alone he hoped the transport of slaves from the interior might be prevented."

Proceeding by the way of Bombay, Dr. Livingstone reached by sea the mouth of the Rovuma, and following the course of that river he, in May, 1866, penetrated westward to near Lake Nyassa, round the north end of which he purposed taking his course. This, however, he was prevented from doing by the inroad of one of the native tribes, and towards the end of that year a report reached England of his having been murdered. This distressing intelligence was brought down to Zanzibar by some natives of the island of Johanna, who had accompanied the traveller; and it was so circumstantially narrated that it was believed in many quarters. Its utter falsehood was, however, established by the expedition of Mr. E. D. Young, who was dispatched from England to ascertain Dr. Livingstone's fate; and soon afterwards intelligence was received from the traveller himself that, having been unable to pass to the northward of Nyassa, he had gone round this lake to the south, through the country on its western side, and thence north-westward in the direction of the southern end of Tanganyika; having, on January the 31st, 1867, reached a place called Bembá, situated in lat. 10° 10' S., and long. 31° 50' E., and at an elevation of 4,500 feet above the ocean.

The result of his journey thus far was to demonstrate the want of connection between the two lakes, Tanganyika and Nyassa, which connection had been strongly insisted on by several geographers of eminence.

But while this the first portion of Dr. Livingstone's task had been satisfactorily performed, an additional element was introduced into the great geographical problem he had yet to solve. Mr. (now Sir Samuel) Baker returned to England in 1865, having partially explored the body of water which Captain Speke had heard of, and called the

^{*} "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," vol. xxv. (1865), pp. 177, 178.

† Dr. Livingstone's former explorations between the years 1840 and 1864 are described in "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," etc., by David Livingstone (Murray, 1857); and "A Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa," by David and Charles Livingstone (Murray, 1865).

"Little Luta Nzige," supposing it to be a "back-water" to the Nile, but for which its discoverer, who named it the Albert Nyanza, claimed the honour of being "the great reservoir of the Nile," saying, "so vast is its volume of water that no single stream seems to influence its level. Even the great river [Speke's 'Nile'] from the Victoria Lake enters the great reservoir, absorbed without a perceptible current." The relation of this newly discovered expanse of water to Burton's Tanganyika, and what might be the limits of its basin in the south and west, were, therefore, additional points for Livingstone to determine.

From Bamba our traveller sent home his first letters, dated February 1st and 2nd, 1867, in which he spoke of the dreadful slave trade then raging worse than ever in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, and of the countries depopulated; and of the old horrors with which those who were with him were familiar. As regards the physical character of the country, he said, "If I am not mistaken, we are on the watershed between the Chambeze and the Luapula, which latter river is said [by Mr. Cooley?] to flow into Tanganyika." The Chambeze, which he crossed in lat. $10^{\circ} 34'$, where it was only forty yards wide, he at the same time imagined to be the Zambesi, so imperfectly were the great river-systems of that part of Africa then known.

After Dr. Livingstone's departure from Bamba, nothing further was heard from him (with the exception of a few unimportant lines to Dr. Seward, dated "Town of Cazembe, December 14th, 1867") till a most important batch of letters arrived from him, dated "Near Lake Bangweolo, South Central Africa, July 8th, 1868," and containing a very interesting but fragmentary account of his journey from Bamba, which place, instead of being at the summit of what had seemed to be a mountain chain, was the southern edge of an extensive elevated region, from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. He calculated this upland region to occupy a space south of Lake Tanganyika of some 350 miles square, and described it as being generally covered with dense or open forest, as having an undulating, sometimes hilly, surface, with a rich soil, and as being watered by numerous rivulets. For Africa it is cold. It slopes generally towards the north and west, but no part of it was found to have an absolute altitude of less than 3,000 feet. On the eastern side of this upland is the country of Usango, likewise an upland, affording pasturage to the immense herds of cattle of the Basango, a remarkably light-coloured people, very friendly to strangers. On the western side of the upland, beyond the copper mines of Katanga, are the Kone mountains; and still further west, beyond the Kone range or plateau, "an old acquaintance, the Zambezi, under the name of Jambaji, is said to rise." As the traveller advanced over this elevated

region, brooks, evidently perennial, became numerous; some running eastward to fall into the Loangwa or Arungoa, a large tributary of the Zambesi, whilst others went north-westward to join the Chambeze. And here Dr. Livingstone took occasion to correct the error he had fallen into, when writing from Bamba, as mentioned above, by saying, "Misled by a map calling this river (the Chambeze) in an off-hand manner 'Zambezi, eastern branch,' I took it to be the southern river of that name; but the Chambeze, with all its branches, flows from the eastern side into the centre of the great upland valley mentioned, which is probably the valley of the Nile." Indeed, he commenced his despatch to Lord Clarendon, of July 8th, 1867, with the important statement, "I think that I may safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile rise between 10° and 12° south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose river Rhaptus is probably the Rovuma."

On this statement I must myself remark that, as the great Egyptian astronomer and mathematician placed his Sources of the Nile, in the Snowy Mountains of the Moon, in the same latitude as that in which he erroneously placed the island of Menuthias—which may now be regarded as clearly identified with the modern Pemba, situate in $5^{\circ} 10'$ S. lat., at a short distance to the north of Zanzibar—it is evident that this great question of comparative geography is not to be settled in so summary a manner; though this does not in the slightest degree affect the value of Dr. Livingstone's discovery of *his own* Sources of the Nile, which alone we have to consider here.

As the traveller's letters consist of little more than a few hurried notes, without order or any approach to the form of a journal, it is not easy to trace his movements. But, at all events, we find that on April 2nd, 1867, he discovered Lake Liemba on the northern slope of the upland, lying in a hollow with precipitous sides 2,000 feet down, extremely beautiful, its sides from top to bottom being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes feed on the steep slopes, whilst hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the waters. On two rocky islands in the lake men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish; and the villages ashore are embowered in the oil-palma of the west coast of Africa. Four considerable streams flow into Liemba, and a number of brooks, from twelve to fifteen feet broad, leap down the steep, bright red, clay schist rocks, and form splendid cascades, "which made," says Livingstone, "the dullest of my attendants pause and remark with wonder." The lake is not large, it being from eighteen to twenty miles broad, and from thirty-five to forty miles long; and it goes off N.N.W. in a river-like prolongation two miles wide, it is said, to Tanganyika.

Dr. Livingstone tried to follow the river-like portion of this lovely lake, but was prevented doing so by a war which broke out between Msama, the chief of Itawa, and a party of Arab ivory-traders from Zanzibar, whom that chief had attacked. In consequence of this, he set off to go 150 miles south, and then west, till past the disturbed district; intending then to turn northward, and so explore the west side of Tanganyika. After going eighty miles, he fell in with the Arab traders, to whom he showed a letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar, obtained through the kind offices of Sir Bartle Frère, when governor of Bombay, and by them he was supplied with provisions, cloth, and beads. At the same time they would not allow their *praidés* to run

into danger by continuing his journey, but constrained him to take up his residence in a village 4,700 feet above the sea, where he passed his time "in the pig's employment of laying on fat." In the company of these friendly people the traveller appears to have remained three months and a half, when the continuance of hostilities being found to mean the closing of the ivory market, peace was, after much tedious negotiation, eventually effected. This stay afforded him, however, an opportunity of seeing the mode of ivory and slave dealing of these men, which formed a perfect contrast to that of the ruffians of Kilwa, and the Portuguese from Tete.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

OUR STRIKE.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.



"THE country, sir, the country owes everything as is in it to labour; while capital, sir, capital has been its curse."

"I dessay you are all right, Tommy," I says, "but all the same I like working for a master as has plenty of capital better than for one as ain't got hardly any."

"And why so, sir?" he says, swinging his arms about.

"Cause pay's safer," I puts in quick and sharp, so as to cut him short, for whenever Tommy Winder—"Spout" we always called him for nickname, because he talks so—whenever he gets calling you 'sir,' and swinging his arms about, he's off, and there's no way of stopping him, till he's gone on for an hour about tyranny, and chains, and brutal oligarchies, and a lot more as he may understand himself, but I'm blessed if I either understand or want to."

"Johnson," he says, "you were made for a slave," and he gave a sort of sneer at me.

"Slave it is," I says, "so long as I can get full work, fair pay, good health, and see the wife and littluns happy; slave's right enough for me."

Tommy stuck his nose a little higher, and went off to some sort of a meeting held at a public-house, in a dirty street; and I went off, smelling strong of glue and sawdust, to my public-house, in my dirty street—public-house, you know, for me and Ann and the four youngsters. Four rooms and a washuss; ten-and-sixpence a week; and enough too, but good enough for a slave.

Well, I was hot, and hungry, and tired; but, do you know, by the time I'd had a good wash at the

sink, taken my four big cups of tea, two herrings, and a fair share of bread and butter, I was fresh enough to turn horse up and down the room for Jack and Joe, till the missus stopped it because we rucked up the carpet, and made such a row that baby was wakened. So then we three, me and Jack and Joe, strung the beans in the window-box—scarlet runners, you know—me fitting up the lincs, Jack holding the firewood pegs, and Joe the string.

Well, last of all the four bairns were in bed, and there was I by the window, smoking the pipe Nancy had filled for me, and having sips of my regular pint of half-and-half, which she fetches for me fresh and sharp at nine o'clock at night; for, having rather a late tea, we never have supper. Last of all, Ann sits down aside me, with stocking in one hand and a big needle in the other, and laying the stocking-hand on my shoulder, she says—

"Now, Dick, out with it!"

"Out with what?" I says gruffly.

"Now, Dick, Dick," she says, "have we been married all these years, and do you think I don't know when there's something on your mind? Something's been going queer at the shop."

"Wrong!" I says, putting my arm round her same as I used in the old courting days.

"Then something's going to go queer," she says.

"Right this time," I says, looking down on her pleasant face—just mark, please: I don't say pretty, but pleasant face—for her head had gone down on the stocking-covered hand, and I told you where that was resting. And then I told her all about it—being, you see, only a slave and a fool in Tommy Winder's estimation; but somehow I've always found it very pleasant to be fool enough to make a regular true companion and equal of the wife, and

when I want a bit of good sound sense, and comfort in trouble, there it is.

Well, as I said before, I told her all about it, and this is what it was: there'd been strikes going on all over the country, and now our men had been talked into it, that we must have a strike too. Things were dear, certainly, but wages were as good, or better, than ever I could remember. The summer was in, and plenty of work going—great building contracts and such like, while by-and-by the winter would be coming on, with wet, cold, frost, and short days. What I said to our chaps in my shop was, "No, my lads, don't let's have any of that nonsense. Summer's the time for making hay; let's make ours while the sun shines."

"Quite right," says Nancy; but "Quite wrong," says the leaders of our dissatisfied chaps. "This is a fellow as will put up with anything, and he ought to be kicked out of the shop;" but nobody offered to do it. Perhaps they all thought I looked vicious as I stood there chiselling away at a mortice, and making such a row with my mallet—o' purpose, you know—that they could hardly hear themselves speak.

Well, we sat talking a long time, the wife and I did, and anything but cheerfully, for we knew what strikes meant: dreary days, empty pockets, ill-temper, bare cupboards, landlord saying he must have the tears of rent, pawn shop, and a general feeling of misery and dissatisfaction.

Next morning I was at my work as usual, but I soon found that things were going wrong. I'd purposely kept away, but I knew there had been meetings, and delegates, and a lot more of it, and neither party willing to give way; but I did not know that matters had gone so far, that at eleven o'clock there was a buzz of voices, and then a regular shout went through the place, and the men all turned out, each fellow taking just such tools as belonged to him.

It was no use to resist. What were two or three against a hundred? I had to go out with the men who talked about tyranny and oppression, when what could be greater tyranny than to force me to leave my work when I was satisfied with my pay, and make me go upon the beggarly allowance doled out by the society, every penny of which seemed to me like as if given by the hand of charity.

"Ah!" says Tommy Winder, in one of his speeches, "it was time that masters were taught what the men are made of. They have their wealth, and their grand places, and servants to wait upon 'em, and it all comes of the sweat of our brows. Men, fellow-workers, and cetera, we'll be slaves no longer!"

I told Nancy what he said, and she called it "stuff;" and during the long two months of misery and privation that followed, we two went into the matter well together, and I think she put it about right when she said that workmen were driving em-

ployers of labour to invest their money—savings often it might be—in other ways, for they were beginning to feel themselves more and more at the mercy of their men's whims and caprices. That if we two had the good luck to scrape together a bit of money, and said we would go into trade, why, we had a right to expect a good fair profit out of our men's earnings; and as for them, the world was open to any sharp fellow to push his own way, and make his own position if he was dissatisfied with his station, but not to join in trying to force masters to pay at a higher rate, when a stoppage of the work would, through its being a contract, bring on great losses.

Ah! I had many such talks as that, did Nancy and me, during those two long months of misery, when my fingers were regularly itching to take up my tools and work.

The long strike did not fall so very heavily on us, for it came when we were a few pounds a-head, but every shilling of the savings was swept away; while as to some of the poor wives and children I heard of, oh! it was pitiful. I've seen Nancy, many a time, come back from somewhere with the tears in her eyes at the misery she had witnessed; for there were scores of homes where they were behind-hand, and then how could they be?

But I won't tell you of the pale, hollow-cheeked wives and staring-eyed children, and the gaunt, hungry men, who looked even wolfish at the Tommy Winders of the party, who spouted away about rights of man, and anti-slavery, till they were hoarse. I only know that there were those present at some of the meetings that were ready to gnaw their own hearts with misery at what had been brought upon them, and who would have gladly worked had not the Society said "No surrender!" and regularly driven them away.

As I says to Nancy, the first night after I had done loafing about, and had once more taken a good grip of a tool, "Lord, Nancy!" I says, "what a treat it is to feel as the drops want wiping off your face!"

"Ah, Dick!" she says, "you were never cut out for a striker. Capital and labour, as they call it, is rather a puzzle; but it seems to me as it could all be settled by master and man working to the same pattern."

"How do you mean?" I says.

"Why, taking this as their motto, 'Do as you'd be done by.'"

"You're about right, my lass," I says; and I think so still. "Do as you'd be done by;" it's a good pattern, and better it if you can.

It is many years since our strike took place; but I see strikes often enough now, and what related to ours seems to fit just as well with those of to-day.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

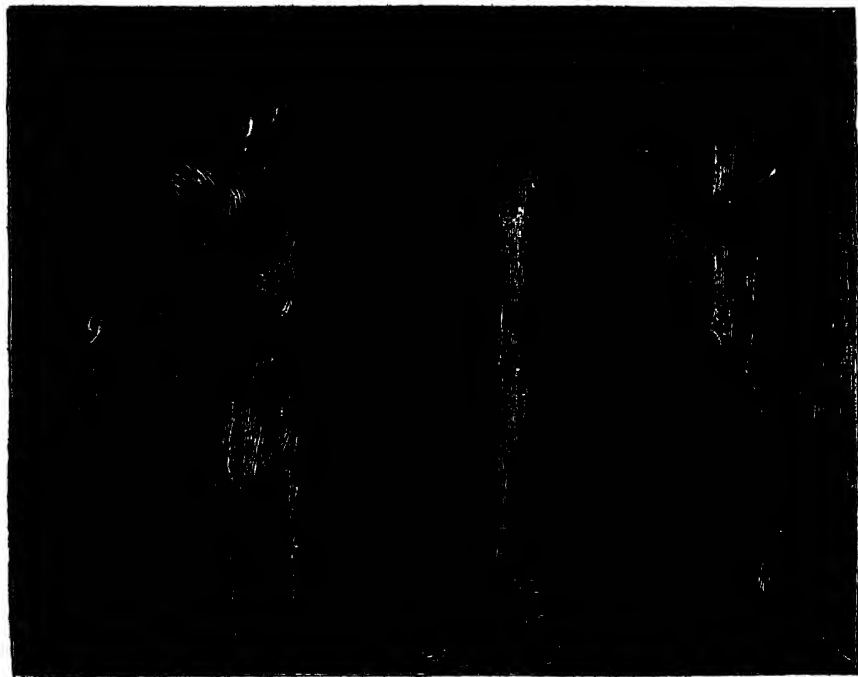
BY HESBA STREPTON.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

AT SCHOOL IN FRANCE.

THE end brought us out into a mean, poor street, narrow even where the best streets were narrow. A small house, the exterior of which I discovered afterwards to be neglected and almost dilapidated, stood before us; and madame unlocked the door with a key from her pocket. We were conducted

of low cunning about it. There was not a trace of refinement or culture about her, not even the proverbial taste of a Frenchwoman in dress. The kitchen was a picture of squalid dirt and neglect; the walls and ceiling black with smoke, and the floor so crusted over with unswept refuse and litter that I thought it was not quarried. The few cooking utensils were scattered about in disorder. The



"MADAME UNLOCKED THE DOOR."

into a small kitchen, where a fire had been burning lately, though it was now out, and only a little warmth lingered about the stove. Minima was set upon a chair opposite to it, with her feet in the oven, and I was invited to do the same. I assented mechanically, and looked furtively about me, whilst madame was busy in cutting a huge hunch or two of black bread, and spreading upon them a thin scraping of rancid butter.

There was an oil-lamp here, burning with a clear bright blaze. Madame's face was illuminated by it. It was a coarse, sullen face, with an expression

of low cunning about it. There was not a trace of refinement or culture about her, not even the proverbial taste of a Frenchwoman in dress. The kitchen was a picture of squalid dirt and neglect; the walls and ceiling black with smoke, and the floor so crusted over with unswept refuse and litter that I thought it was not quarried. The few cooking utensils were scattered about in disorder. The

stove before which we sat was rusty. Could I be dreaming of this filthy dwelling and this slovenly woman? No; it was all too real for me to doubt their existence for an instant. She was pouring out some cold tea into two little cups, when Monsieur Perrier made his appearance, his face begrimed and his shaggy hair uncombed. I had been used to the sight of rough men in Adelaide, on our sheep-farm, but I had never seen one more boorish. He stood in the doorway, rubbing his hands, and gazing at us unflinchingly with the hard stare of a Norman peasant, whilst he spoke in

rapid, uncouth tones to his wife. I turned away my head, and shut my eyes to this unwelcome sight.

"Eat, mees," said the woman, bringing us our food. "There is tea. We give our pupils and instructresses tea for supper at six o'clock; after that there is no more to eat."

I took a mouthful of the food, but I could hardly swallow it, exhausted as I was from hunger. The bread was sour and the butter rancid; the tea tasted of garlic. Minima ate hers ravenously, without uttering a word. The child had not spoken since we entered these new scenes; her care-worn face was puckered, and her sharp eyes were glancing about her more openly than mine. As soon as she had finished her hunch of black bread, I signified to Madame Perrier that we were ready to go to our bed-room.

We had the same vaulted passage and cart-path to traverse on our way back to the other house. There we were ushered into a room containing only two beds and our two boxes. I helped Minima to undress, and tucked her up in bed, trying not to see the thin little face and sharp eyes which wanted to meet mine, and look into them. She put her arm round my neck, and drew down my head to whisper cautiously into my ear:

"They're cheats," she said earnestly, "dreadful cheats. This isn't a splendid place at all." "Oh! whatever shall I do? Shall I have to stay here four years?"

"Hush, Minima!" I answered. "Perhaps it is better than we think now. We are tired. Tomorrow we shall see the place better, and it may be splendid after all. Kiss me, and go to sleep."

But it was too much for me, far too much. The long, long journey; the misery; the total destruction of all my hopes; the dreary prospect that stretched before me. I hid my aching head on my pillow, and cried myself to sleep like a child.

I was awakened, while it was yet quite dark, by the sound of a carpenter's tool in the room below me. Almost immediately a loud knock came at my door, and the harsh voice of madame called to us.

"Get up, mees, get up, and come on," she said; "you make your toilette at the school. Come on, quick!"

Minima was more dexterous than I in dressing herself in the dark; but we were not long in getting ready. The air was raw and foggy when we turned out of doors, and it was so dark still that we could scarcely discern the outline of the walls and houses. But madame was waiting to conduct us once more to the other house, and as she did so she volunteered an explanation of their somewhat singular arrangement of dwelling in two houses. The school, she informed me, was registered in the name of her head governess, not in her own; and as the laws of France prohibited any man dwelling under the same roof with a school of girls, except the husband

of the proprietor, they were compelled to rent two dwellings.

"How many pupils have you, madame?" I inquired.

"We have six, mees," she replied. "They are here; see them."

We had reached the house, and she opened the door of a long, low room. There was an open hearth, with a few logs of green wood upon it, but they were not kindled. A table ran almost the whole length of the room, with forms on each side. A high chair or two stood about. All was comfortless, dreary, and squalid.

But the girls who were sitting on the hard benches by the table were still more squalid and dreary-looking. Their faces were pinched, and just now blue with cold, and their hands were swollen and red with chilblains. They had a cowed and frightened expression, and peeped askance at us as we went in behind madame. Minima pressed closely to me, and clasped my hand tightly in her little fingers. We were both entering upon the routine of a new life, and the first introduction to it was disheartening.

"Three are English," said madame, "and three are French. The English are *frileuses*; they are always shiver, shiver, shiver. Behold, how they have fingers red and big! Bah! it is disgusting."

She rapped one of the swollen hands which lay upon the table, and the girl dropped it out of sight upon her lap, with a frightened glance at the woman. Minima's fingers tightened upon mine. The head governess, a Frenchwoman of about thirty, with a number of little black papillotes circling about her head, was now introduced to me; and an animated conversation followed between her and madame.

"You comprehend the French?" asked the latter, turning with a suspicious look to me.

"No," I answered; "I know very little of it yet."

"Good!" she replied. "We will eat breakfast."

"But I have not made my toilette," I objected; "there was neither washing stand nor dressing-table in my room."

"Bah!" she said scornfully; "there are no gentlemen here. No person will see you. You make your toilette before the promenade; not at this moment."

It was evident that uncomplaining submission was expected, and no remonstrance would be of avail. Breakfast was being brought in by one of the pupils. It consisted of a teacupful of coffee at the bottom of a big basin, which was placed before each of us, a large table-spoon to feed ourselves with, and a heaped plateful of hunches of bread, similar to those I had turned from last night. But I could fast no longer. I sat down with the rest at the long table, and ate my food, with a sinking and sorrowful heart.

As soon as madame was gone, Minima flung her arms around me, and hid her face in my bosom.

"Oh!" she cried, "don't you leave me; don't forsake me! I have to stay here four years, and it will kill me. I shall die if you go away and leave me."

"We must make the best of it, Minima," I whispered to the child, through the hum of lessons. Her shrewd little face brightened with a smile that smoothed all the wrinkles out of it.

"That's what father said!" she cried; "he said, 'Courage, Minima. God will take care of my little daughter.' God has sent you to take care of me. Suppose I'd come all the way alone, and found it such a horrid place!"

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

A FRENCH AVOCAT.

DECEMBER came in with intense severity. Icicles a yard long hung to the eaves, and the snow lay unmelted for days together on the roofs. More often than not we were without wood for our fire, and when we had it, it was green and unseasoned, and only smouldered away with a smoke that stung and irritated our eyes. Our insufficient and unwholesome food supplied us with no inward warmth. Coal in that remote district cost too much for any but the wealthiest people. Now and then I caught a glimpse of a blazing fire in the houses I had to pass, to get to our chamber over Monsieur Perrier's workshop; and in an evening the dainty, savoury smell of dinner, cooking in the kitchen adjoining it, sometimes filled the frosty air. Both sight and scent were tantalising, and my dreams at night were generally of pleasant food and warm firesides.

At times the pangs of hunger grew too strong for us both, and forced me to spend a little of the money I was nursing so carefully. As soon as I could make myself understood, I went out occasionally after dark, to buy bread and milk.

Noireau was a curious town, the streets everywhere steep and narrow, and the houses pell-mell, rich and poor, large and small huddled together without order. Almost opposite the handsome dwelling, the photograph of which had misled me, stood a little house where I could buy rich creamy milk. It was sold by a Mademoiselle Rosalie, an old maid, whom I generally found solitarily reading a *Journal pour Tous*, with her feet upon a chauffette, and no light save that of her little oil lamp. She had never sat by a fire in her life, she told me, burning her face and spilling her *teint*. Her dwelling consisted of a single room, with a shed opening out of it, where she kept her milk-pans. She was the only person I spoke to out of Madame Perrier's own household.

"Is Monsieur Perrier an avocat?" I asked her one day, as soon as I could understand what she might say in reply. There was very little doubt in my mind as to what her answer would be.

"An avocat, mademoiselle!" she repeated, shrugging her shoulders; "who has told you that? Are the avocats in England like Emile? He is my relation, and you see me! He is a bailiff; do you understand? If I go in debt, he comes and takes possession of my goods, you see. It is very simple. One need not be very learned to do that. Emile Perrier an avocat! Bah!"

"What is an avocat?" I inquired.

"An avocat is even higher than a notaire," she answered; "he gives counsel; he pleads before the judges. It is a high *role*. One must be very learned, very eloquent to be an avocat."

"I suppose he must be a gentleman," I remarked.

"A gentleman, mademoiselle?" she said; "I do not understand you. There is equality in France. We are all Messieurs and Mesdames. There is Monsieur, the Bailiff, and Monsieur the Duke; and there is Madame the Washerwoman, and Madame the Duchess. We are all gentlemen, all ladies. It is not the same in your country?"

"Not at all," I answered.

"Did my little Emile tell you he was an avocat, mademoiselle?" she asked.

"No," I said. I was on my guard, even if I had known French well enough to explain the deception practised upon me. She looked as if she did not believe me, but smiled and nodded with imperturbable politeness, as I carried off my jug of milk.

I found that I had no duties to perform as a teacher, for none of the three French pupils desired to learn English. English girls, who had been decoyed into the same snare by the same false photograph and prospectus which had entrapped me, were all of families too poor to be able to forfeit the money which had been paid in advance for their French education. Two of them, however, completed their term at Christmas, and returned home weak and ill: the third was to leave in the spring. I did not hear that any more pupils were expected, and why Madame Perrier should have engaged any English teacher became a problem to me. The premium I had paid was too small to cover my expenses for a year, though we were living at so scanty a cost. It was not long before I understood my engagement better.

I studied the language diligently. I felt myself among foreigners and foes, and I was helpless till I could comprehend what they were saying in my presence. Having no other occupation I made rapid progress, though Mademoiselle Morel, the head governess, gave me very little assistance.

At first Minima and I took long walks together into the country surrounding Noireau, a beautiful

country, even in November. But this pleasure was a costly one, for it awoke pangs of hunger, which I was compelled to appease by drawing upon my rapidly emptying purse. We learned that it was necessary to stay in-doors, and cultivate a small appetite.

"Am I getting very thin?" asked Minima one day, as she held up her transparent hand against the light; "how thin do you think I could get without dying, aunt Nelly?"

"Oh! a great deal thinner, my darling," I said, kissing the little fingers. My heart was 'bound up in the child. I had been so lonely without her, that now her constant companionship, her half-womanly, half-babyish prattle seemed necessary to me. There was no longer any question in my mind as to whether I could leave her. I only wondered what I should do when my year was run out, and only one of those four of hers, for which these wretches had received the payment.

"Some people can get very thin indeed," she went on, with her shrewd, quaint smile; "I've heard the boys at school talk about it. One of them had seen a living skeleton, that was all skin and bone, and no flesh. I shouldn't like to be a living skeleton, and be made a show of. Do you think I ever shall be, if I stay here four years? Perhaps they'd take me about as a show."

"Why, you are talking nonsense, Minima," I answered.

"Am I?" she said wistfully, as if the idea really troubled her; "I dream of it often and often. I can feel all my bones now, and count them, when I'm in bed. Some of them are getting very sharp. The boys used to say they'd get as sharp as knives sometimes, and cut through the skin. But father said it was only boys' talk."

"Your father was right," I answered; "you must think of what he said, not the boys' talk."

"But," she continued, "the boys said sometimes people get so hungry they bite pieces out of their arms. I don't think I could ever be so hungry as that; do you?"

"Minima," I said, starting up, "let us run to Mademoiselle Rosalie's for some bread and milk."

"You're afraid of me beginning to eat myself!" she cried with a little laugh. But she was the first to reach Mademoiselle Rosalie's door; and I watched her devouring her bread and milk with the eagerness of a ravenous appetite.

Very fast melted away my money. I could not see the child pining with hunger, though every sou I spent made our return to England more difficult. Madame Perrier put no hindrance in my way, for the more food we purchased for ourselves, the less we ate at her table. The bitter cold and the coarse food told upon Minima's delicate little frame. Yet what could I do? I dared not write to Mrs. Wilkinson, and I very much doubted if

there would be any benefit to be hoped for if I ran the risk. Minima did not know the address of any one of the persons who had subscribed for her education and board; to her they were only the fathers and mothers of the boys of whom she talked so much. She was as friendless as I was in the world.

So far away were Dr. Martin Dobrée and Tardif, that I dared not count them as friends who could have any power to help me. Better for Dr. Martin Dobrée if he could altogether forget me, and return to his cousin Julia. Perhaps he had done so already.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A MISFORTUNE WITHOUT PARALLEL.

My escape was nearer than I expected, and was forced upon me in a manner I could never have foreseen.

Towards the middle of February, Mademoiselle Morel appeared often in tears. Madame Perrier's coarse face was always overcast, and monsieur seemed gloomy, too gloomy to retain even French politeness of manner towards any of us. The household was under a cloud, but I could not discover why. What little discipline and work there had been in the school was quite at an end. Every one was left to do as she chose.

Early one morning, long before the daybreak, I was startled out of my sleep by a hurried knock at my door. I cried out, "Who is there?" and a voice indistinct with sobbing replied, "C'est moi."

The "moi" proved to be Mademoiselle Morel. I opened the door for her, and she appeared in her bonnet and walking-dress, carrying a lamp in her hand, which lit up her weary and tear-stained face. She took a seat at the foot of my bed, and buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Mademoiselle," she said, "here is a grand misfortune, a misfortune without parallel. Monsieur and madame are gone."

"Gone!" I repeated; "where are they gone?"

"I do not know, mademoiselle," she answered; "I know nothing at all. They are gone away. The poor good people were in debt, and their creditors are as hard as stone. They wished to take every sou, and they talked of throwing monsieur into prison, you understand. That is intolerable. They are gone, and I have no means to carry on the establishment. The school is finished."

"But I am to stay here twelve months," I cried, in dismay, "and Minima was to stay four years. The money has been paid to them for it. What is to become of us?"

"I cannot say, mademoiselle; I am desolated myself," she replied, with a fresh burst of tears; "all is finished here. If you have not money enough

to take you back to England, you must write to your friends. I am going to return to Bordeaux. I detest Normandy; it is so cold and triste."

"But what is to be done with the other pupils?"

I inquired, still lost in amazement, and too bewildered to realise my own position.

"The English pupil goes with me to Paris," she answered; "she has her friends there. The French demoiselles are not far from their own homes, and they return to-day by the omnibus to Granville. It is a misfortune without parallel, mademoiselle—a misfortune quite without parallel."

To crown all, she was going to start immediately by the omnibus to Falaise, and on by rail to Paris, not waiting for the storm to burst. She kissed me on both cheeks, bade me adieu, and was gone, leaving me in utter darkness, before I fairly comprehended the rapid French in which she conveyed her intention.

I had seen my last of Monsieur and Madame Perrier, and of Mademoiselle Morel.

I dressed myself as soon as the first faint light came, and hurried to the other house. The key was in the lock, as mademoiselle had left it. A fire was burning in the school-room, and the fragments of a meal were scattered about the table. The pupils up-stairs were preparing for their own departure, and were chattering too volubly to one another for me to catch the meaning of their words. They seemed to know very well how to manage their own affairs, and they informed me their places were taken in the omnibus, and a porter was hired to fetch their luggage.

All I had to do was to see to myself and Minima.

I carried our breakfast back with me, when I returned to Minima.

"I wish I'd been born a boy," she said plaintively; "they can get their own living sooner than girls, and better. How soon do you think I could get my own living? I could be a little nursemaid now, you know; and I'd eat very little."

"What makes you talk about getting your living?" I asked.

"How pale you look!" she answered, nodding her little head; "why, I heard something of what mademoiselle said. You're very poor, aren't you, aunt Nelly?"

"Very poor!" I repeated, hiding my face on her pillow, whilst hot tears forced themselves through my eyelids.

"Oh! this will never do," said the childish voice; "we mustn't cry, you know. The boys always said it was like a baby to cry; and father used to say, 'Gourage, Minima!' Perhaps, when all our money is gone, we shall find a great big purse full of gold; or else a beautiful French prince will see you, and fall in love with you, and take us both to his palace, and make you his princess; and we shall all grow up till we die."

I laughed at the oddity of this childish climax, in spite of the heaviness of my heart and the springing of my tears. Minima's fresh young fancies were too droll to resist, especially in combination with her shrewd, old-womanish knowledge of many things of which I was ignorant.

"I should know exactly what to do if we were in London," she resumed; "we could take our things to the pawnbroker's, and get lots of money for them. That is what poor people do. Mrs. Foster had pawned all her rings and brooches. It is quite easy to do, you know; but perhaps there are no pawn-shops in France."

It was now that across the darkness of my prospects flashed a thought that seemed like an angel of light. Why should I not try to make my way to Mrs. Dobrée, Martin's mother, to whom I could tell my whole history, and on whose friendship and protection I could rely implicitly? She would learn for me how far the law would protect me. By this time Kate Daltrey would have quitted the Channel Islands, satisfied that I had eluded her pursuit.

The route was neither long nor difficult: at Granville a vessel sailed direct for Jersey, and we were not more than thirty miles from Granville. It was a distance that we could almost walk. If Mrs. Dobrée could not help me, Tardif would take Minima into his house for a time, and the child could not have a happier home. I could count upon my good Tardif doing that. These plans were taking shape in my brain, when I heard a voice calling softly under the window. I opened the casement, and leaning out, saw the welcome face of Rosalie, the milk-woman.

"Will you permit me to come in?" she inquired.

"Yes, yes, come in," I said eagerly.

She entered, and saluted us both with much ceremony.

"So my little Emile and his spouse are gone, mademoiselle," she said, in a mysterious whisper. "I have been saying to myself, 'What will my little English lady do?' That is why I am here. Behold me."

"I do not know what to do," I answered.

"If mademoiselle is not difficult," she said, "she and the little one could rest with me for a day or two. My bed is clean and soft—bah! ten times softer than these paillasses. I would ask only a franc a night for it. That is much less than at the hotels, where they charge for light and attendance. Mademoiselle could write to her friends, if she has not enough money to carry her and the little one back to their own country."

"I have no friends," I said despondently.

"No friends! no relations!" she exclaimed.

"Not one," I replied.

"But that is terrible!" she said. "Has Mademoiselle plenty of money?"

"Only twelve francs," I answered.

Rosalie's face grew long and grave. This was an abyss of misfortune she had not dreamed of. She looked at us both critically, and did not open her lips again for a minute or two.

"Is the little one your relation?" she inquired, after this pause.

"No," I replied; "I did not know her till I brought her here. She does not know of any friends or relations belonging to her."

"There is the convent for her," she said; "the good sisters would take a little girl like her, and make a true Christian of her. She might become a saint some day——"

"No, no," I interrupted hastily; "I could not leave her in a convent."

Mademoiselle Rosalie was very much offended; her sallow face flushed a dull red, and the wings of her cap flapped as if she were about to take flight and leave me in my difficulties. She had kindness of feeling, but it was not proof against my poverty, and my covert slight of her religion. I caught her hand in mine to prevent her going.

"Let us come to your house for to-day," I entreated; "to-morrow we will go. I have money enough to pay you."

I was only too glad to get a shelter for Minima and myself for another night. Mademoiselle Rosalie explained to me the French system of borrowing money upon articles, and offered to accompany me to the *mont de piété* with those things that we could spare. But upon packing up our few possessions, I remembered that only a few days before Madame Perrier had borrowed from me my seal-skin mantle, the one valuable thing I had remaining. I had lent it reluctantly, and in spite of myself, and it had never been returned. Minima's wardrobe was still poorer than my own. All the money we could raise was less than two napoleons; and with this we had to make our way to Granville, and from thence to Guernsey. We could not travel luxuriously.

The next morning we left Noireau on foot, and strolled on as if we were walking on air, and could feel no fatigue; Minima, with a flush upon her pale cheeks, was chattering incessantly about the boys, whose memories were her constant companions. I too had my companions; faces and voices were about me, which no eye or ear but mine could perceive.

Every step which carried us nearer to Granville brought new hope to me. The face of Martin's mother came often to my mind, looking at me, as she had done in Sark, with a mournful yet tender smile—a smile behind which lay many tears. If I could but lay my head upon her lap, and tell her all, all which I had never breathed into any ear, I should feel secure and happy. "Courage!" I said to myself; "every hour brings you nearer to her."

I had full directions as to our route, and I

carried a letter from Rosalie to a cousin of hers, who lived in a convent about twelve miles from Noireau; where, she assured me, they would take us in gladly for a night, and perhaps send us on part of our way in their conveyance, in the morning. Twelve miles only had to be accomplished this first day, and we could saunter as we chose, making our dinner of the little loaves which we had bought hot from the oven, as we quitted the town, and drinking of the clear little rills, which were gurgling merrily under the brown hedge-rows. If we reached the convent before six o'clock we should find the doors open, and should gain admission.

But in the afternoon the sky changed. The low fiber of clouds rose gradually, and began to spread themselves, growing greyer and thicker as they crept higher into the sky. The blue became paler and sadder. The wind changed a point or two from the south, and a breath from the east blew, with a chilly touch, over the wide open plain we were now crossing.

Insensibly our high spirits sank. Minima ceased to prattle; and I began to shiver a little, more from an inward dread of the utterly unknown future, than from any chill of the passing wind. The road was very desolate. Not a creature had we seen for an hour or two, from whom I could inquire if we were on the high road to Granville. About noon we had passed a road-side cross, standing where three ways met, and below it a board had pointed towards Granville. I had followed its direction in confidence, but now I began to feel somewhat anxious. This road, along which the grass was growing, was strangely solitary and dreary.

It brought us after a while to the edge of a common, stretching before us, drear and brown, as far as my eye could reach. A wild, weird-looking flat, with no sign of cultivation, and the road running across it lying in deep ruts, where moss and grass were springing. As far as I could guess, it was drawing near to five o'clock; and if we had wandered out of our way, the right road took an opposite direction some miles behind us. There was no gleam of sunshine now, no vision of blue overhead. All there was grey, gloomy, and threatening. Minima was quite silent now, and her weary feet dragged along the rough road. The hand which rested upon my wrist felt hot, as it clasped it closely. The child was worn-out, and was suffering more than I did, though in uncomplaining patience.

"Are you very tired, my Minima?" I asked.

"It will be so nice to go to bed, when we reach the convent," she said, looking up with a smile. "I can't imagine why the prince has not come yet."

"Perhaps he is coming all the time," I answered, "and he'll find us when we want him worst."

We plodded on after that, looking for the convent, or for any dwelling where we could stay till morning.

But none came in sight, or any person from whom we could learn where we were wandering. I was growing frightened, dismayed. What would become

of us both, if we could find no shelter from the cold of a February night?

END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

"THE LITTLE STRANGER."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. F

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

"WHAT!" said Ralph, "is what concerns your dear friends, the Burtons, unimportant? Have you no interest in the unjustly accused Ned Burton?"

"You should not allude to that," she said, "and it ill becomes you."

"What! you think I behaved villainously? Yet, consider this: it was all your fault. You gave me no choice. If you had not driven me to the wall, as it were, with your scorn and haughtiness, if you had only condescended to express a wish to appeal to me, I could have saved him that disgrace. I tell you," he added hurriedly, "the thing is only beginning now. Look at my sister. You heard her to-night. It has become a monomania. It is all that she lives for. It is, in fact, her very life. It has come to this now, that she must destroy or be destroyed. It is shocking! She will not listen to reason. Some serious step must be taken, and at once. And it all rests with you and with me."

"Why, what would you have me do?" asked Lucy, wondering, yet not without a certainty of what was coming.

"Give him up. Take any time you like. It is hard to do it of a sudden. But I like you and love you, and have loved you so from the first. I would do anything for you."

He was speaking very loudly and very eagerly. They had approached that old-fashioned yew-tree walk, and were passing the entrance which yawned like the mouth of a cave. The moon was shining, and its light, passing through the branches of the trees, dappled the ground with variegated yellow and black. Mr. Ralph was looking down on the grass, waiting for her. She gave a glance down the walk, and to her surprise saw a tall figure leaning sadly against a tree, and only a few yards away. Instantly an idea flashed upon her. She hastily turned aside out of the light. The figure never moved. With a loud tremulous voice she went on.

"And do you mean that you could tell the truth about this charge against Ned Burton? That you not only could but would, and that it all depends on me?"

"It all depends on you, Lucy. I can make his innocence as plain as that bright moonlight now shining. A few words from me would set him and his straight before the world. But I have my price, and you must pay me. You must have seen long ago, even from the first day that I saw you, how I was attracted by you, how deeply I loved you."

Lucy was glancing round nervously, and saw that the figure was in the same place. Ralph was a little surprised at the calm fashion in which she accepted his declarations, and with some triumph in his tone went on.

"You would be thrown away upon him, that cold-blooded didactic fellow, who would work out his father's good name as he would a problem in Euclid. Some one that knows the world is the person for you."

"No doubt," said Lucy, whose heart was fluttering and who was longing for him to say clearly what she wished him to say. "But if I only knew that poor Ned could be cleared! You are in such awe of your sister, and depend so much on her, that you would not speak out."

"For you I would," he answered. "I would give up all for you. But you must give up much for me. Promise that you will think no more of that man. I will wait until you get to like me, and I swear to you that I have the means, by my own testimony, of clearing Ned Burton from the charge made against him."

Lucy glanced round again. She saw that the figure had drawn nearer, and had heard. Her first feeling was to rush forward, confront Ralph with this witness, and bring about an almost theatrical denouement, confounding and overwhelming him with the sudden apparition of the one who had overheard this confession. But a sort of inspiration came to her, something whispering that this might be too precipitate, and that Ralph, made desperate by what he might think was a trap, would find some cunning device by which to rescue himself. She had determined to say nothing, but to get back to the house, contriving some excuse, for the other was impatiently expecting her answer, when her doubts were suddenly resolved. To her

alarm the figure rose from its seat and stood beside them. It was Mr. Burton.

"I have heard all, and it is no more than what I long ago suspected. Thank Heaven for giving me certainty! I am no longer blinded, and I see at last the fearful conspiracy into which you and your sister were leading me."

The other was not in the least abashed, though at first a little surprised.

"I have been in no conspiracy," he said. "No one ought to know better than you the peculiar state of your wife, or my sister, if you prefer it. The extraordinary idea that has taken possession of her had to be humoured. I was only hiding my time, and at the proper moment would have spoken. I am ready to do so now, when and where you will."

Lucy answered him with some scorn.

"As you did the other day at the flower-show."

"I was driven to that, as I told you. You saw how my sister behaved. A little more, as Mr. Burton well knows, and her wits will go. The doctors have said so."

"Not to me," said Mr. Burton. "But this explains your behaviour. You find it time to trim your sails."

"I have no sails," said the young man, smiling, "nor do I know much about trimming. The whole truth is simply this: I was at my window in the study, at the other side of the courtyard, and I noticed that the verandah shutters of your brother's room were open. I had looked up several times, and when he saw me looking he came angrily and closed them. About half an hour later they flew open, and the poor child fell out. *No one was near it.* And the next thing I saw was Ned Burton rushing across the room, and appearing at the window with his hands up."

"God forgive you for not telling this before!" said Mr. Burton, solemnly; "but I can make up for it."

"To be sure," said Mr. Ralph with alacrity, "it is not too late. He has suffered a good deal, but all that will be forgotten. The only difficulty is my poor sister; whose morbid hatred I have been humouring. And the result is, as is usual in such cases, that I have pleased nobody and destroyed myself. I can assure you, Miss Forger, if I had not gone with her humbug, she would by this time have been in a lunatic asylum. I leave it to any one here that has seen her conduct."

There was something very plausible in this statement. This ingenious young man had always the art of withdrawing himself with credit from an embarrassing situation. Even on Lucy came a feeling that there was some reason in what he stated.

Suddenly Mr. Burton exclaimed, "Let us return to the house at once, and see her. All this must be set right at once and at all risks!"

When they reached the house they found a certain agitation on foot. The servants met Mr. Burton, and the steward, with some hesitation, said—

"I was looking for you, sir, to tell you that Mrs. Burton has gone away. She ordered the carriage about an hour ago, and went to the station."

"What to the station?" repeated Mr. Burton. "What can she have wanted?"

Mr. Ralph quietly drew him aside.

"I can tell you," he said. "She has gone to pursue your brother. She was very excited to-day when she heard that they were established and flourishing. I am confident that she has set off to find them, and to restore their position, wherever they are. She is my sister, but I tell you the truth. She might come followed, or she will do something wild and desperate."

There was a night train about an hour's time, and by that Mr. Burton determined to proceed.

"It would be well," said Ralph, "if Miss Lucy could go too. Her son and would be of great use. Who knows what state of things we may find when we arrive?"

Miss Forger owned the propriety of this proposal, and she herself agreed also to go with her daughter.

Before ten o'clock they were in the train, hurrying to the scene where Mrs. Burton had already arrived.

The mischief, as we have seen, was accomplished; and when the early dawn arrived, and they had reached the little Scotch town, Lucy was the first to note a distant hill, which overhung the place, whose summit was wrapped in a white, damp mist. She little dreamed that the poor victim of persecution was lying there stiffening in the damps of the morning, and the blood streaming from a fearful wound in his side.

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

MINE.



RESTLESS, boyish life of dreams;
One point where all my yearnings meet,
One centre of Hope's golden gleams—
My little sweet.

A man's hot life of toil and care,
Hopes crowned, hopes crushed, and weary strife;
A comfort, help, a sunshine fair—
My little wife.

FRED. E. WEATHERLY, B.A.

THE LOUIS QUINZE CABINET.



"A MINIATURE OF A FAIR, PROUD FACE."

SEE on the tarnished silver ring, the tiny twisted keys. | This where the snowy lily-wreath from the royal azure glows?
 Open the quaint old panelled doors—nay, | Or that where the cherub faces smile from the pale
 dear, choose which you please. | Dubarri rose?

They are rusted, the gilded hinges, but they yield,
like Time to Fate.

Now, what are the hoarded treasures hid behind
the jealous gate?

What a subtle perfume steals around! it has lurked
for centuries long,

To spring to life like a memory of a long-past grief
or wrong.

See a faded sword-knot, a painted fan, a broken
string of pearls,

A miniature of a fair, proud face, and a mass of
golden curls;

Some letters—'tis from their yellowing lines the
scent you spoke of steals;

And a jewelled watch with a pictured front, snapped
spring and useless wheels.

We might weave a story—might we not?—from the
graceful flotsam left,

Hidden away after life's wild storm, all purpose and
meaning reft!

Look, the ribbon has a crimson stain, blurring its
silken sheen.

That knight, by his eyes, would guard full well a
pledge he had won, I ween.

Who severed those waving curls of his, with kisses,
and vows, and tears?

They are soft and bright, though the head they
crowned has been dust for weary years.

Was it she who flung those idle gauds in her pas-
sionate grief away,
When they brought her knot, with its blood-red
brand, back from the fatal fray?

Knowing his hand was cold indeed when another
held her token;

Knowing that like this pretty toy the spring of her
life was broken.

There, heap the hair on the letters; let them keep
each mouldering fold;

Let us search no deeper the records left of the sins
and sorrows of old.

Another cycle, and unborn eyes will glance o'er
relics of us,

And light white fingers toss and turn our sacred
trifles thus!

So true, and real, and sad they seem—love, struggle,
fight, and fall.

Another cycle, and laughing lips may guess a tale
of it all.

Leave the picture, and poor pale pearls. Hush!
Was it a long low sigh?

It is but the larches on the hill as the light wind
shivers by.

That scent is like one in a room of death—ay, just
at so idle a whim.

Come out on the terrace. Frank is there: ill
fancies fly fast from him. S. K. P.

SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT.



WHEN we consider that this colony has been in existence more than forty years, during the latter half of which time it has been a penal settlement, it is strange how little is generally known about it, or even of its geographical position relatively to the other Australian colonies. I have met several otherwise well-informed persons, who seemed wholly unable to grasp the idea of any part of Australia which was not near either Adelaide, Sydney, or Melbourne. The nearest of these, Adelaide, is separated landward from Fremantle, the chief port of Western Australia, by a distance of 1,000 miles, of which a hitherto impracticable desert forms a third. The only communication is, therefore, by sea, and as the coast is dangerous, and navigation difficult, few vessels make the voyage under a fortnight.

It might be supposed that a position so inconveniently isolated must have been chosen solely with the view of utilising its natural advantages as a prison; but such was by no means the design of the first Swan River settlers.

In 1829, a number of emigrants, many of them persons of a superior class, and considerable means, were attracted there by the too favourable descriptions of previous explorers, one of whom, Captain (afterwards Sir James) Stirling was the first governor of the colony. Arriving with exaggerated ideas of the advantages and resources of their new country, the colonists one and all agreed that it should not be contaminated by the introduction of convicts. It was not until after a lapse of nearly twenty years that, finding this "Promised Land" fell far short of their hopes, they petitioned Government to turn it into a penal settlement. Their request, arriving as it did at a juncture when England was at a loss to dispose of her criminal population, was readily granted, and the first ship-load of convicts was landed at Fremantle in 1850. Long before this resolve had been taken, some of the disappointed emigrants had returned to England, some had made their way to the other colonies, some few had died ruined and broken-hearted.

It is to the energy and perseverance of those who still stood by their adopted home, far more than to its intrinsic merits, that such measure of prosperity as the colony has now attained may be attributed.

In spite of the change from a dreary desert to a civilised town, which has taken place since the landing of these "Pilgrim Fathers" at Fremantle, forty years ago, its aspect, and that of the country immediately surrounding it, is still so uninviting that new-comers are apt to be inspired with a sudden desire to return to whence they came. The town itself lies low, and the buildings, mean and irregular, are scattered about on the sandy roads, with scarcely a leaf of foliage to soften their ugliness. The only handsome edifice is the enormous Convict Prison, or the "Establishment," as it is delicately termed, which, conspicuously placed on the hill immediately opposite the harbour, long seemed to vaunt itself as the bourne of most voyagers to Swan River.

In 1867, the just complaints of the Eastern colonies, which had for many years suffered from the influx of ticket-of-leave rascality continually pouring in upon them from the West, obliged the English Government to bring transportation to Western Australia to a close with the end of that year.

It has been suggested that the grim aspect of Fremantle may partly account for the mortifying fact that H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh omitted to leave a card at Swan River, when paying his round of visits, some five years since, to the Australian colonies. His arrival was confidently expected, and vast preparations were made for his reception. Triumphant arches were erected, processions arranged, speeches learned, invitations for the inevitable ball sent out, the young ladies' dresses were all neatly trimmed with true blue; but, alas! it was labour in vain; the Prince "passed on!" It has even been hinted by the malignant that no sooner had His Royal Highness approached sufficiently near to obtain a general idea of Fremantle, than he shut up his telescope and gave the order, "Bout ship." But this daring report lacks confirmation.

Next to the "Establishment," the principal feature of Fremantle is the sand, which indeed frequently obscures all others. Not only is the town built on and surrounded by sand, but the sea-breeze blows it in such volumes from the shore, as to form drifts of several feet deep upon the roads, a nuisance for which neither the united energies of the Royal Engineers and the Board of Works, nor even the individual and collective wisdom of the great Legislative Council itself, have as yet found a remedy. The sand and the savages must once have had it all their own way; but, while the former has hitherto defied all efforts to put it down, the latter are fast disappearing from the face of the land.

Privation, drunkenness, and the innumerable diseases which follow in the train of civilisation, thin the savage ranks year by year. In 1861 they were nearly decimated by the measles, which broke out

for the first time in the colony: a mortality which, I heard a pious lady suggest, might be a wise dispensation in behalf of those people whose delicacy of visual and olfactory organs was apt to be offended by the proximity of nearly naked blacks, redolent of "wulgee!" It must be owned that the specimens of natives who "loaf" about in the vicinity of the towns are not inviting objects at close quarters, although picturesque enough in the distance. Their features are of a low type, their forms gaunt and meagre, speaking plainly of privation—a fact especially noticeable in the women, whose shrunken legs are about the size and shape of an ordinary walking-stick. Both sexes anoint themselves plentifully with "wulgee," a mixture of a bright red earth with a liberal proportion of rancid fat. When the native himself is added to the odoriferous compound, the result, as may be supposed, is rather powerful. Their woolly hair is sometimes plastered with this crimson pomade, until it stands out round the head like rays of fire, and the black face beneath being also adorned with devices of the same, the general effect is almost diabolical. Luckily this is only when they are *en grande toilette*, which does not occur every day. The men, in addition to the "regulation" loin-cloth, wear a kangaroo-skin mantle, or a blanket. There is a yearly Government distribution of the latter article at the commencement of the rainy season; but such boons are generally apt to be bartered for rum in the course of a few days.

A very gaunt individual presented himself one day in my verandah, simply attired in a tall bell-topper hat and a short cut-away coat, beneath which the effect of his long, bare spindle-shanks was comical in the extreme. With pardonable pride he called my attention to his fashionable appearance, but disdainfully rejected the offer of an old pair of nether garments to complete his costume.

The women are seldom allowed by their lords and masters to remain in peaceable possession of kangaroo-skin, blanket, or anything convertible into drink. Their favourite garment is an old dress-skirt, which, fastened by the waistband over one shoulder and under the other, forms a sort of toga, and is not devoid of grace.

Not unfrequently, when one of these ladies has appeared at my window with the usual brief formula of "Hi, womany! Black fellow skirt wantum," the petitioner's need was so evident that I have been glad, for decorum's sake, to supply her with drapery as quickly as possible.

Almost every family in the colony has several of these out-pensioners, who come regularly for a dole of tea, sugar, flour, and tobacco. Sometimes their requests are very quaint in their simplicity. A man, known as "Billy," came at sunrise one morning to beg the loan of a spade to bury his wife. On being asked how long she had been dead, he

replied, "She not dead yet—she go die by-um-by—spade wantum, grave diggum 'fore sun too hot!" A servant who was sent with Billy and the spade, to see if anything could be done for the poor woman, reported on his return that Billy was digging the grave a few feet from the spot where she lay; and as she really died before noon, the widower doubtless plumed himself upon his foresight in having prepared for her interment during the cool of the day.

The submissive, inoffensive habits of those natives who frequent the towns, are in striking contrast to the fiercely savage traits which they or their kinsmen exhibit when under cover of the "bush." A fearful act of revenge was perpetrated by them a few years ago, upon a young colonist whose farm was situated about thirty miles from one of the towns. This young man, having some cause to suspect a certain native of robbery, had him flogged without, as was afterwards admitted, sufficient proof of his guilt.

It happened shortly afterwards that the men employed about the farm were absent for a day or two, and the master was left alone with one shepherd boy. A troop of natives, led by the one who had been flogged, suddenly fell upon them, and after a violent struggle the young farmer was secured, while the boy, although wounded, contrived to effect his escape. He made his way to the town, which he was a day and a half in reaching, whence a party of mounted police were instantly dispatched to the rescue. They found the unfortunate man still alive, although so horribly mangled that he only survived a few hours. For two days he had been undergoing slow tortures at the hands of the savages, who only decamped when warned by their scouts of the approach of the police.

Such tragedies and such provocation are happily rare; there is generally submission on the one side, and conciliation on the other. Well, indeed, it becomes us to be generous and forbearing towards the unfortunate race we have displaced, doomed as they are to die out before our footsteps.

It would be well if the native were the worst obstacle to his progress which the Swan River settler had to encounter, but unfortunately there are several which are not so easily removed. As a penal settlement, the site could hardly have been better chosen; but, its temporary employment as such being now at an end, the isolation of Western Australia from the other colonies becomes once more a serious disadvantage in a commercial point of view. The different districts are also inconveniently far apart. This is caused not only by the many utterly sterile plains, but also by large tracts of land overrun with a poison-plant, which proves fatal to sheep and cattle, and on which, nevertheless, they feed eagerly whenever it comes in their way.

For years after the foundation of the colony, the dispirited settlers were unable to account for the strange mortality amongst their flocks and herds, and even now the utmost care can only partially evade, it cannot wholly remove the evil.

On the other hand, Western Australia has many advantages to counterbalance these drawbacks. The climate is delightful, and far more healthy than that of the Eastern colonies. In spite of the ravages committed by the poison-plant, sheep thrive and multiply, as many well-laden wool ships testify at the close of each year. Horses are bred in great numbers, and, strange to say, they either avoid or are proof against the poison-plant. They find a ready sale in India, but the transport is difficult and expensive. The timber is valuable and abundant, especially the "jarrah," or native mahogany, which, as well as the sandal-wood, is exported in large quantities. The latter is shipped for China, where it is in great demand for religious ceremonies; but the supply is now nearly exhausted, almost all the sandal-wood which grew near enough to the port to be worth the expense of carriage having been already cut down.

Perth, the chief town of Western Australia, presents a singular and pleasing contrast to Fremantle, from which it is only twelve miles distant. It is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Swan, and in addition to a handsome church, dignified by the name of "the Cathedral," has an imposing Government House, Town Hall, and various other public buildings, for which it is mainly indebted to the convicts. The tastefully designed houses of the principal inhabitants stand in lovely gardens, sloping down to the water-side, and the richly wooded outskirts form a graceful background to the whole.

Almost all the inland towns are very prettily situated, but, the colony being still in its infancy, they owe their beauty at present more to nature than to art. It is only near the coast, where vegetation becomes scant and sand resumes its sway, that the prospect is likely to discourage the new-comer. During twenty years of convict labour the colony has grown and prospered. Public buildings have been erected, and roads, tramways, and bridges made, which would otherwise never have been attempted, and which have rendered communication between the widely scattered districts comparatively easy.

Although, at the present time, much remains to be done, Western Australia has now what she most needed, a fair staff; and her perseverance in struggling on, heavily weighted as she was at the outset, deserves to be crowned with success. She now knows both her strength and her weakness, and, neither puffed up with delusive hopes nor sunk in despair, she is in a position to make the most of the riches and advantages which she possesses.

The battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift; and England hails this her "Ugly Duckling," hitherto the most backward of the

brood, as hopefully as the richer and more favoured of her Australian offspring, with the cheery colonial motto, "Advance, Australia!"

THE NATIONAL POETRY OF IRELAND.



NOTWITHSTANDING the acknowledged talents of her sons, Ireland has hitherto produced but little truly national poetry, in proportion to her size and population. Many causes doubtless contributed to check this, which might be thought the most natural way so impulsive people would adopt to pour forth their complaints, their hopes, or their defiance. But the anarchy which has been for ages the portion of that ill-fated island is the chief cause of this deficiency. From the day when Strongbow visited the shores of Ireland to the present, there have been in that land two nations in constant antagonism to each other; the one struggling for centuries to cast off a foreign incubus, and the other upheld by the power of its larger and stronger neighbour. That in these circumstances no literature could arise among the English-speaking population of Ireland, is only to be expected. Kept within the precincts of the pale by hostile tribes, and by the descendants of those few first settlers who had become from the smallness of their number *ipsi Hiberni Hiberniores*, the English had enough to do to hold their own. It could hardly be supposed that they would look upon Ireland with anything of filial attachment. Their sympathies and their affections were, doubtless, with their mother-country, and few of them had reason to love the land in which they sojourned. We have one illustrious instance of a great poet who has rendered the scenery in the midst of which he lived for ever famous. The "spacious Shenan spreading like a sea," the "Avonduff," and "Mulla mine" are still worthy of the poet's lays as in the days of Spenser. And if Ireland had been at peace it might now possess a glorious national literature in the noble English tongue, flowing in a continuous stream through the last three centuries. But the great poet returned to England impoverished and heart-broken. Rebellions, massacres, and confiscations continued to be the normal state of the country; the war of race became a war of religion, and it was not until the penal laws had crushed or expatriated one of the hostile nations that the other began to breathe freely, and men of Irish birth made their way into the republic of letters. Boyle and

Berkeley, Swift and Steele, Sterne and Goldsmith added their names to the long roll of illustrious men who twined their hopes of fame with the language of Shakespeare. Of these, perhaps Goldsmith, "the author of the best poem, the best comedy, and the best novel of his day," was the most Irish in heart, though even he seems to have had little patriotic or national feeling. Indeed, it was not to be expected that these men, who mostly belonged to what Macaulay terms the "Imperial race," should devote their pens to immortalising either the glorious early history of Ireland, or the "long ages of sorrow and shame" it had passed through. They were doubtless attached to that country as their birthplace, but they were bound to England by the ties of ancestry and religion. Swift stood forth as the champion of Ireland in the celebrated "Drapier's Letters;" but he seems to have been moved more by the *serua indignatio* against oppression, which was natural to his stern temper, than by love of country. Goldsmith lured the scene of his "Deserted Village" in his native county; and in spite of Lord Macaulay's charge that he united two incompatible things—an English village and an Irish eviction, we cannot avoid looking on it as descriptive of a scene which must often have been repeated since his time. Still the very fact that such a criticism was possible shows the absence of anything distinctively national in the poem.

About the same time Irishmen began to reap their laurels in the English Senate; but neither Sheridan, "the worthy rival of the glorious three," nor Burke, perhaps the greatest of that immortal triad, thought of dedicating his talents to illustrating the history of his country. It was not until the most oppressive of the penal laws were sufficiently relaxed to allow the advantages of education to Roman Catholics, that a really national poet appeared. Moore claims this character for himself in lines of equal truth and beauty.

- "Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long;
• When proudly, my own island harp, I unbonded thee,
And woke all thy chords to light, freedom, and song."

For hitherto the sole expression of national feeling was by means of those exquisite strains in which the wail of sorrow seems to alternate with the note of defiance, and which were now made popular through the length and breadth of England

by their union with the beautiful poetry of the Irish Melodies.

It has been said that Moore was not a truly national bard; that his songs did not touch the hearts of the people; but it is certain that he contributed to prepare the minds of the English for that more generous policy towards Ireland, which was inaugurated by Catholic emancipation—an effect that could not have been produced by a less refined style of poetry. For it must be remembered that the circumstances were altogether different from those in which Burns wrote. He poured forth his strains of “unpremeditated art” to a homogeneous people, where the high and the low, the rich and the poor, were not only united by a common love of country, but bound together by a feeling of clanship, and where they had a past to look back upon of which they could all be proud. The Scots, when Burns wrote, had the advantage of a dialect that had been the vehicle of national ballad poetry for some centuries, and that differed chiefly from the English in the extent to which it retained the strength and simplicity of the Saxon tongue. Perfectly intelligible to all classes, it supplied a ground for later writers to work on; the history, the scenery, the legends of Scotland being already blended with poetic associations. Wordsworth's poems on Yarrow show how powerfully this tells in favour of a subsequent writer.

The Irish national songs being in a language that had ceased to be that of the cultivated classes, the stimulus they might have afforded to the imagination and feelings was only to be had through translations, and these must be a work of time. The national poets of Ireland, therefore, stand in a wholly different position from Burns or Scott. They have to create the associations which are so powerful an engine for exciting poetic feelings. No one has yet succeeded in doing this for Ireland so effectually as Moore. The Vale of Avoca, Glendalough, the lake in whose waters the fisherman sees “the round towers of other days,” are as truly classic ground as Melrose or the Trossachs. He cast many a ray around the early history of his country, and celebrated in touching strains her great men of a later period. But while he sang the harp of Tara, and the golden collar of the Irish Manhus, and even the sorrows of the Prince of Breffni, he passed completely over those long centuries of misery, the “waste of her annals,” to use his own words, until he came to the “epoch sublime” of Grattan and the volunteers. Some of his very finest lines are addressed to the memory of the Irish patriot

“Who rose furrow’d, as gay as the fire-fly’s light,
 Played round every subject, and shone as it played,
 Whose wit in the combat, as cheerful as bright,
 Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.”

His most touching poetry is dedicated to his early

friend, the unhappy Emmet, and to the betrothed of that friend, whose story is so affectingly told by Washington Irving in his “Sketch-book.” Moore's most successful narrative poem, too, “The Fire-worshippers,” is another utterance of his patriotic feelings. In it Ireland is shadowed forth under the name of Iran, the traditions of an Eastern origin and of the ancient fire-worship, which is said to survive in the bonfires of St. John's Eve, having given the clue. And in the beautiful song of “Araby's Daughter” the author seems again to allude to Miss Curran.

“Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero, for, at thee,
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start.
 Close, close by the side of that hero, I'll set thee,
 Enshrined in the innermost shrine of her heart.”

In fact, Moore's genius was thoroughly national, though little tainted with religious bigotry.

The chief outburst of lyric poetry since Moore was that connected with 1848 and the *Nation* newspaper. However the feeling may be deplored, it is evident that the most powerful inspiration of Irish poetry has been hatred of English rule. But we are not to conclude from this that all who feel stirred in spirit by the poems are really opposed to the English connection. There is an *impartialité d'artiste*, as Madame de Staël terms it, which enlisted the reader's sympathy in whatever contains true poetry; and there is a patriotic feeling quite independent of party spirit, or even of the calculations of common sense. An Irishman, when most loyal to England may take pride in the exploits of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy, as a Scotsman does in Killiecrankie, and the time may yet come when a truly United Kingdom will feel nothing but admiration for the spirited lyric in which Clarence Mangan invoked “For Freedom's course a highway,” the following stanza of which we transcribe:—

“You intersect wood, lea, and lawn
 With roads for monster wagons,
 Wherein you speed like lightning, drawn
 By fiery iron dragons.
 So do! Such work is good, no doubt;
 But why not seek some highway
 For *mind* as well? Path also out
 For Freedom's course a highway!”

Few are ignorant of the fact that another warlike and spirit-stirring song, “Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?” was the early production of a Fellow and Professor of Trinity College, Dublin; and none who read it will fail to regret that the “Silent Sister” has since cast her spell over his genius.

Another fine lyric of the same period is that beginning—

“The work that should to-day be wrought,
 Defer not till to-morrow;
 The help that should within be sought,
 Scorn from without to borrow.”

“Old maxims these, yet stout and true,
 They speak in trumpet tone—
 To do at once what is to do,
 And trust ourselves alone.”

Apart from its political feeling, it reads a lesson that the Irish are accused of wanting; but circumstances are often too strong for the strongest and most determined will. Amongst the poems of this period we must notice the beautiful little song addressed to his wife and his country by the exiled D'Arcy Magee, who met with so terrible a punishment for his honest adhesion to the truly parental rule of England in her colonies.

"I left two loves on a distant strand,
One young and foul, and fair and bland;
One fair and old, and sadly grand—
My wedded wife and my native land

One tarrieth sad and seriously
enath the roof that mine should be,
One with stay-like by the sea,
Chanting a grave song mournfully.

"A little life I have not seen
Nor by the heart that mine hath been;
A cypress wreath darkens now, I ween,
Upon the brow of my love in green.

"The mother and wife shall pass away—
Her hands be dust, her lips be clay,
But my other love on earth shall stay,
And live in the life of a better day."

The "Penal Days" of Thomas Davis, and the "Penal Times" of an unknown writer, show how the intellectual degradation entailed by those oppressive laws has harbed the dart that still rankles in the Irish breast. The latter poem has as its text a fine passage from one of Curran's speeches:—"In Scotland, what a work have the four-and-twenty letters to show for themselves!—the natural enemies of vice, and folly, and slavery; the great sowers, but the still greater weeders, of the human soil." It contains some vigorous lines.

In that black time of law-wrought crime,
Of stifling woe and thrall,
There stood supreme one foul device—
One engine worse than all.

"Him whom they wished to keep a slave,
They sought to make a brute.
They banned the light of Heaven, they bade
Instruction's voice be mute

"God's second priest—the teacher sent
To feed men's minds with lore,
They marked a price upon his head,
As on the Priest's before

"Well, well they knew that never face
To face, beneath the sky,
Could tyranny and knowledge meet.
But one of them should die."

This reproach has been wiped away, and the people of Ireland now possess facilities for education unsurpassed in any other land—facilities of which they are not slow to avail themselves, and which must in time do much to fuse the two nations into one. Meanwhile the knowledge of the past should teach patience and forbearance, when we see how slow and difficult a task it is to do away with its effects.

Before this period several spirited translations

of Irish ballads, and several fine original poems, appeared from the pen of the unhappy Clarence Mangan, and the almost equally unhappy J. Callanan. The most beautiful bit of descriptive song since Moore was that of the latter poet, on the exquisite scenery in the midst of which the river Lee has its source.

"There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Aloof of song rushes forth as an arrow,
In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash, and a time-striken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the willow,
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorns,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning."

There is a pleasing ballad descriptive of another little-known and sequestered lake in the county of Cork.

"I know a lake where the cool waves break
And softly fall on the silver sand;
And no steps intrude on that solitude,
And no voice save mine disturbs the strand"

"And a mountain bold, like a giant old
Turned to stone by some magic spell,
Uprais in might his natty height,
And his craggy sides are wooded well

"In the midst doth smile a little isle,
And its verdure shades the emerald green.
On its grassy side, in ruined pride
A castle old is darkling seen.

"On it, lofty erect the wild cranes nest,
In its halls the sheep good shelter find;
And the ivy shades where a hundred blades
Were hung when the owners in sleep reclined."

About the same time was published the half-burlesque, half-pensive address to

"Those bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleurist waters of the river Lee,"

by the brilliant humorist who wrote under the name of Father Prout.

A ballad in which are to be traced the most distinctive peculiarities of Celtic poetry, "Prince Aldfrid's Itinerary," is translated by Clarence Mangan.

"I found in Inisfail the fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,
Many clerics, and many laymen.

"I travelled its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five I found,
Alike in church and in palace hall
Abundant apparel and food for all."

The Celtic practice of accumulating epithets and attributes is strikingly exemplified in the verse—

"I found in Meath's fair principality,
Virtue, vigour, and hospitality,
Candour, joyfulness, heavery, purity,
Ireland's bulwark and security."

The most remarkable Irish poems since 1848 are those by Denis Florence MacCarthy. Many of them are well known, and deservedly admired.

The last stanza of "Home Preference" is very beautiful and graceful.

"Poor! oh! 'tis rich in all
That flows from Nature's hand—
Rich in the emerald wall
That guards its emerald land.
Are Italy's fields more green,
Do they teem with a richer store,
Than the bright green breast
Of the Isle of the West,
And its wild luxuriant shore?
Ah, no! no! no!
Upon it Heaven doth smile.
Oh, I never would roam
From my dear native home,
My own dear Isle!"

In the "Foray of Con O'Donnel" are some fine stanzas, exhorting to a union we may hope to see completed at some future time.

"Betwixt the Isles and Antrim's coast
The Scotch and Irish waters blend,
But who shall tell with idle boast
Where one begins, and one doth end?
Ah! when shall that glad moment gleam,
When all our hearts such spell shall feel,
And blend in one broad Irish stream
On Irish ground, for Ireland's weal?"

"Love the dear land in which you live,
Live in the land you ought to love;
Take root, and let your branches give
Fruits to the soil they wave above.
No matter for your foreign name,
No matter what your sires have done;
No matter whence or when you came,
The land shall claim you as a son."

One cannot fail to remark in all the poetry of Ireland, from Moore down to the present day, the musical flow of the versification. Except in a few of Clarence Mangan's translations where the lines are intentionally rugged, you will hardly find a tolerable copy of verses that does not possess this characteristic of an essentially musical people. In fact there seems to be a much greater facility for rhyming than is, perhaps, consistent with that severity of taste and compression of thought which are essential to a high poetic standard. Still, among the Irish writers who have chosen national subjects during the last thirty years, we meet with much true poetry. No one has refused that title to the writings of Clarence Mangan, of Thomas Davis, or of Denis F. M'Carthy. In their poems, and even in those of less-known writers, we find bright promise of a glorious future. E. E. W.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE LAST DEATH.

THE inner room, as I entered, was very dark with the overhanging caves, and my eyes, contracted by the strong sunlight, could discern but little in the gloom. Tardif was kneeling beside a low bed, bathing my husband's forehead. He made way for me, and I felt him touch my hand with his lips as I took his place. But no one spoke. Richard's face, sunken, haggard, dying, with filmy eyes, dawned gradually out of the dim twilight, line after line, until it lay sharp and distinct under my gaze. I could not turn away from it for an instant, even to glance at Tardif or Monsieur Laurentie. The poor, miserable face! the restless, dreary, dying eyes!

"Where is Olivia?" he muttered, in a hoarse and laboured voice.

"I am here, Richard," I answered, falling on my knees where Tardif had been kneeling, and putting my hand on his; "look at me. I am Olivia."

"You are mine, you know," he said, his fingers closing round my wrist with a grasp as weak as a very young child's; "she is my wife, Monsieur le Curé."

"Yes," I sobbed, "I am your wife, Richard."

"Do they hear it?" he asked, in a whisper.

"We hear it," answered Tardif.

A strange, spasmodic smile flitted across his ghastly face, a look of triumph and success. His fingers tightened over my hand, and I left it passively in their clasp.

"Mine!" he murmured.

"Olivia," he said, after a long pause, and in a stronger voice, "you always spoke the truth to me. This priest and his follower have been trying to frighten me into repentance, as if I were an old woman. They say I am near dying. Tell me, is it true?"

The last words he had spoken painfully, dragging them one after another, as if the very utterance of them was hateful to him. He looked at me with his cold, glittering eyes, which seemed almost mocking at me, even then.

"Richard," I said, "it is true."

"Good God!" he cried.

His lips closed after that cry, and seemed as if they would never open again. He shut his eyes wearily. Feebly and fitfully came his gasps for breath, and he moaned at times. But still his fingers held me fast, though the slightest effort of mine would have set me free. I left my hand in his cold grasp, and spoke to him whenever he moaned.

"Martin," he breathed between his set teeth, though so low that only my ear could catch the words, "Martin—could—have saved—me."

There was another long silence. I could hear the chirping of the sparrows in the thatched roof, but no other sound broke upon the deep stillness. Monsieur Laurentie and Tardif stood at the foot of the bed, looking down upon us both, but I only saw their shadows falling across us. My eyes were fastened upon the face I should soon see no more. The little light there was seemed to be fading away

him, and carried me away into the open air, under the overshadowing eaves.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.
FREE.

THE rest of that day passed by like a dream. At night, after all the village was silent, with the moon shining brilliantly down upon the deserted streets, the sound of stealthy footsteps came to me through my window. I pulled the casement open, and looked out. There marched four men,



"I CAME UPON A GRAVE."

from it, leaving it all dark and blank ; eye-lids closed, lips almost breathless ; an unutterable emptiness and confusion creeping over every feature.

"Olivia !" he cried, once again, in a tone of mingled anger and entreaty.

"I am here," I answered, laying my other hand upon his, which was at last relaxing its hold, and falling away helplessly. But where was he? Where was the voice which half a minute ago called Olivia? Where was the life gone that had grasped my hand? He had not heard my answer, or felt my touch upon his cold fingers.

Tardif lifted me gently from my place beside

with measured steps, bearing a coffin on their shoulders, whilst Monsieur Laurentie followed them bare-headed. It was my husband's funeral ; and I sank upon my knees, and remained kneeling till I heard them return from the little cemetery up the valley, where so many of the curé's flock had been buried. I prayed with all my heart that no other life would be forfeited to this pestilence, which had seemed to have passed away from us.

I was worn out myself with anxiety and watching. For three or four days I was ill with a low, nervous fever—altogether unlike the terrible typhoid, yet such as to keep me to my room.

But I could not remain long in that idle seclusion.

I felt all my strength returning, both of body and mind. I began to smile at Minima, and to answer her childish prattle, with none of the feeling of utter weariness which had at first prostrated me.

"Are we going to stay here for ever and ever?" she asked me, one day, when I felt that the solitary pence of my own chamber was growing too monotonous for me.

"Should you like to stay, Minima?" I inquired in reply. It was a question I must face, that of what I was going to do in the future.

"I think," continued Minima, with a shrewd expression on her face, which was beginning to fill up and grow round in its outlines, "I think, when you are quite well again, we'd better be going on somewhere to try our fortunes. It never does, you know, to stop too long in the same place. I'm quite sure we shall never meet the prince here, and I don't think we shall find any treasure. Besides, if we began to dig they'd all know, and want to go shares. I shouldn't mind going shares with Monsieur Laurentie, but I would not go shares with Pierre. Of course when we've made our fortunes we'll come back, and we'll build Monsieur Laurentie a palace of marble, and put Turkey carpets on all the floors, and have fountains and statues, and all sorts of things, and give him a cook to cook splendid dinners. But we wouldn't stay here always if we were very, very rich; would you, aunt Nelly?"

"Has anybody told you that I am rich?" I asked, with a passing feeling of vexation.

"Oh, no," she said, laughing heartily, "I should know better than that. You're very poor, my darling auntie, but I love you all the same. We shall be rich some day, of course. It's all coming right by-and-by."

Her hand was stroking my face, and I drew it to my lips and kissed it tenderly. I had scarcely realised before what a change had come over my circumstances.

"But I am not poor any longer, my little girl," I said; "I am rich now."

"Very rich?" she asked eagerly.

"Very rich," I repeated.

"And we shall never have to go walking, walking, till our feet are sore and tired? And we shall not be hungry, and be afraid of spending our money? And we shall buy new clothes as soon as the old ones are worn out? Oh! aunt Nelly, is it true? is it quite true?"

"It is quite true, my poor Minima," I answered.

She looked at me wistfully, with the colour coming and going on her face. Then she climbed up, and lay down beside me, with her arm over me and her face close to mine.

"Oh, aunt Nelly!" she cried, "if this had only come whilst my father was alive!"

"Minima," I said, after her sobs and tears were

ended, "you will always be my little girl. You shall come and live with me wherever I live."

"Of course," she answered, with the simple trustfulness of a child, "we are going to live together till we die. You won't send me to school, will you? You know what school is like now, and you wouldn't like me to send you to school, would you? If I were a rich grown-up lady, and you were a little girl like me, I know what I should do."

"What would you do?" I inquired, laughing.

"I should give you lots of dolls and things," she said, quite seriously, her brows puckered with anxiety, "and I should let you have strawberry jam every day, and I should make everything as nice as possible. Of course I should make you learn lessons, whether you liked it or not, but I should teach you myself, and then I should know nobody was unkind to you. That's what I should do, aunt Nelly."

"And that's what I shall do, Minima," I repeated.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

A YEAR'S NEWS.

IN the cool of the evening, whilst the chanting of vespers in the church close by was faintly audible, I went down-stairs into the salon. All the household were gone to the service; but I saw Tardif sitting outside in my own favourite seat under the sycamore-tree. I sent Minima to call him to me, bidding her stay out of doors herself; and he came in hurriedly, with a glad light in his deep, honest eyes.

"Thank God, mam'zelle, thank God," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "I am well again now. I have not been really ill, I know, but I felt weary and sick at heart. My good Tardif, how much I owe you!"

"You owe me nothing, mam'zelle," he said, dropping my hand, and carrying the curé's high-backed chair to the open window, for me to sit in it, and have all the freshness there was in the air. "Dear mam'zelle," he added, "if you only think of me as your friend, that is enough."

"You are my truest friend," I replied.

"No, no. You have another as true," he answered, "and you have this good Monsieur le Curé into the bargain. If the curés were all like him I should be thinking of becoming a good Catholic myself, and you know how far I am from being that."

"No one can say a word too much in his praise," I said.

"Except," continued Tardif, "that he desires to keep our little mam'zelle in his village. 'Why must she leave me?' he says; 'never do I say a word contrary to her religion, or that of the mignonne. Let them stay in Ville-en-bois.' But Dr. Martin says, 'No, she must not remain here. The air is not good for her; the village is not drained, and it is unhealthy. There will always be fever here.'

Dr. Martin was almost angry with Monsieur le Curé."

"Dr. Martin?" I said, in a tone of wonder and inquiry.

"Dr. Martin, mam'zelle. I sent a message to him by telegraph. It was altered somehow in the offices, and he did not know who was dead. He started off at once, travelled without stopping, and reached this place two nights ago."

"Is he here now?" I asked, whilst a troubled feeling stirred the tranquillity which had but just returned to me. I shrank from seeing him just then.

"No, mam'zelle. He went away this morning, as soon as he was sure you would recover without his help. He said that to see him might do you more harm, trouble you more, than he could do you good by his medicines. He and Monsieur le Curé parted good friends, though they were not of the same mind about you. 'Let her stay here,' says Monsieur le Curé, 'She must return to England,' says Dr. Martin. 'Mam'zelle must be free to choose for herself,' I said. They both smiled, and said yes, I was right. You must be free."

"Why did no one tell me he was here? Why did Minima keep it secret?" I asked.

"He forbade us to tell you. He did not wish to disquiet you. He said to me, 'If she ever wishes to see me, I would come gladly from London to Ville-en-bois, only to hear her say, "Good morning, Dr. Martin." But I will not see her now, unless she is seriously ill.' I felt that he was right. Dr. Martin is always right."

I did not speak when Tardif paused, as if to hear what I had to say. I heard him sigh as softly as a woman sighs.

"If you could only come back to my poor little house!" he said; "but that is impossible. My poor mother died in the spring, and I am living alone. It is desolate, but I am not unhappy. I have my boat and the sea, where I am never solitary. But why should I talk of myself? We were speaking of what you are to do."

"I don't know what to do," I said despondently; "you see, Tardif, I have not a single friend I could go to in England. I shall have to stay here in Ville-en-bois."

"No," he answered; "Dr. Martin has some plan for you, I know, though he did not tell me what it is. He said you would have a home offered to you, such as you could accept gladly. I think it is in Guernsey."

"With his mother, perhaps," I suggested.

"His mother, mam'zelle?" he repeated; "alas! no. His mother is dead; she died only a few weeks after you left Sark."

I felt as if I had lost a friend whom I had known a long time, though I had only seen her once. In my greatest difficulty I had thought of making my way to her, and telling her all my history. I did

not know what other home could open for me if she were dead.

"Dr. Dobrée married a second wife only three months after," pursued Tardif, "and Dr. Martin left Guernsey altogether, and went to London to be a partner with his friend, Dr. Senior."

"Dr. John Senior?" I said.

"Yes, mam'zelle," he answered.

"Why! I know him," I exclaimed; "I recollect his face well. He is handsomer than Dr. Martin. But who did Dr. Dobrée marry?"

"I do not know whether he is handsomer than Dr. Martin," said Tardif, in a grieved tone. "Who did Dr. Dobrée marry? Oh! a foreigner. No Guernsey lady would have married him so soon after Mrs. Dobrée's death. She was a great friend of Miss Julia Dobrée. Her name was Daltrey."

"Kate Daltrey!" I ejaculated. My brain seemed to whirl with the recollections, the associations, the rapid mingling and odd readjustment of ideas forced upon me by Tardif's words. What would have become of me, if I had found my way to Guernsey, seeking Mrs. Dobrée, and discovered in her Kate Daltrey? I had not time to realise this before Tardif went on in his narration.

"Dr. Martin was heart-broken," he said; "we had lost you, and his mother was dead. He had no one to turn to for comfort. His cousin Julia, who was to have been his wife, was married to Captain Carey three weeks ago. You recollect Captain Carey, mam'zelle?"

Here was more news, and a fresh re-arranging of the persons who peopled my world. Kate Daltrey became Dr. Dobrée's second wife; Julia Dobrée married to Captain Carey; and Dr. Martin living in London, the partner of Dr. Senior! How could I put them all into their places in a moment? Tardif, too, was dwelling alone now, solitarily, in a most solitary place.

"I am very sorry for you," I said, in a low tone.

"Why, mam'zelle?" he asked.

"Because you have lost your mother," I answered.

"Yes, mam'zelle," he said simply; "she was a great loss to me, though she was always fretting about my inheriting the land. That is the law of the island, and no one can set it aside. The eldest son inherits the land, and I was not her own son, though I did my best to be like a real son to her. She died happier in thinking that her son, or grandson, would follow me when I am gone, and I was glad she had that to comfort her, poor woman."

"But you may marry again some day, my good Tardif," I said; "how I wish you would!"

"No, mam'zelle, no," he answered, with a strange quivering tone in his voice; "my mother knew why before she died, and it was a great comfort to her. Do not think I am not happy alone. There are some memories that are better company than most folks. Yes, there are some things I can think of

that are more and better than any wife could be to me."

Why we were both silent after that I scarcely knew. Both of us had many things to think about, no doubt, and the ideas were tumbling over one another in my poor brain till I wished I could cease to think for a few hours.

Vespers ended, and the villagers began to disperse stealthily. Not a wooden sabot clattered on the stones. Mademoiselle and Monsieur Laurentie came in, with a tread as soft as if they were afraid of waking a child out of a light slumber.

"Mademoiselle," I cried, "monsieur, behold me, I am here."

My voice and my greeting seemed to transport them with delight. Mademoiselle embraced me and kissed me on both cheeks. Monsieur le Curé blessed me, in a tremulously joyous accent, and insisted upon my keeping his arm-chair. We sat down to supper together, by the light of a brilliant little lamp, and Pierre, who was passing the uncurtained window, saw me there, and carried the news into the village.

The next day Tardif bade me farewell, and Monsieur Laurentie drove him to Granville on his way home to Sark.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

FAREWELL TO VILLE-EN-BOIS.

THE unbroken monotony of Ville-en-bois closed over me again.

A week has glided by—a full week. The letter-carrier has brought me no letter. I am seated at the window of the salon, gasping in these simmering dog-days for a breath of fresh air—such a cool, balmy breeze as blows over the summer sea to the cliffs of Sark. Monsieur Laurentie, under the shelter of a huge red umbrella, is choosing the ripest cluster of grapes for our supper this evening. All the street is as still as at midnight. Suddenly there breaks upon us the harsh, metallic clang of well-shod horse-hoofs upon the stony road-way—the cracking of a postillion's whip—the clatter of an approaching carriage.

It proves to be a carriage with a pair of horses.

Pierre, who has been basking idly under the window, jumps to his feet, shouting, "It is Monsieur the Bishop!" Minima claps her hands, and cries, "The Prince, aunt Nelly, the Prince!"

Monsieur Laurentie walks slowly down to the gate, his cotton umbrella spread over him like a giant fungus. It is certainly not the Prince; for an elderly, white-haired man, older than Monsieur Laurentie, but with a more imposing and stately presence, steps out of the carriage, and they salute one another with great ceremony. If that be Monsieur the Bishop, he has very much the air of an Englishman.

In a few minutes my doubt as to the bishop's

nationality was solved. The two white-headed men, the one in a glossy and handsome suit of black, the other in his brown and worn-out cassock, came up the path together, under the red umbrella. They entered the house, and came directly to the salon. I was making my escape by another door, not being sure how I ought to encounter a bishop, when Monsieur Laurentie called to me.

"Behold a friend for you, madame," he said, "a friend from England. Monsieur, this is my beloved English child."

I turned back, and met the eyes of both, fixed upon me with that peculiar half-tender, half-regretful expression, with which so many old men look upon women as young as I. A smile came across my face, and I held out my hand involuntarily to the stranger.

"You do not know who I am, my dear?" he said. The English voice and words went straight to my heart. How many months it was since I had heard my own language spoken thus! Tardif had been glad to speak in his own patois, now I understood it so well; and Minima's prattle had not sounded to me like those few syllables in the deep, cultivated voice which uttered them.

"No," I answered, "but you are come to me from Dr. Martin Dobrée."

"Very true," he said, "I am his friend's father—Dr. John Senior's father. Martin has sent me to you. He wished Miss Johanna Carey to accompany me, but we were afraid of the fever for her. I am an old physician, and feel at home with disease and contagion. But we cannot allow you to remain in this unhealthy village; that is out of the question. I am come to carry you away, in spite of this old curé."

Monsieur Laurentie was listening eagerly, and watching Dr. Senior's lips, as if he could catch the meaning of his words by sight, if not by hearing.

"But where am I to go?" I asked. "I have no money, and cannot get any until I have written to Melbourne, and have an answer. I have no means of proving who I am."

"Leave all that to us, my dear girl," answered Dr. Senior, cordially. "I have already spoken of your affairs to an old friend of mine, who is an excellent lawyer. I am come to offer myself to you in place of your guardians on the other side of the world. You will do me a very great favour by frankly accepting a home in my house for the present. I have neither wife nor daughter; but Miss Carey is already there, preparing rooms for you and your little charge. We have made inquiries about the girl, and find she has no friends living. I will take care of her future. Do you think you could trust yourself and her to me?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied, but I moved a little nearer to Monsieur Laurentie, and put my hand through his arm. He folded his own thin, brown hand over

it caressingly, and looked down at me, with something like tears glistening in his eyes.

"Is it all settled?" he asked, "is monsieur come to rob me of my English daughter? She will go away now to her own island, and forget Ville-en-bois and her poor old French father!"

"Never! never!" I answered vehemently, "I shall not forget you as long as I live. Besides, I mean to come back very often; every year if I can. I almost wish I could stay here altogether; but you know that is impossible, monsieur. Is it not quite impossible?"

"Quite impossible!" he repeated, somewhat sadly, "madame is too rich now; she will have many good friends."

"Not one better than you," I said, "not one more dear than you. Yes, I am rich; and I have been planning something to do for Ville-en-bois. Would you like the church enlarged and beautified, Monsieur le Curé?"

"It is large enough and fine enough already," he answered.

"Shall I put some painted windows and marble urns into it?" I asked.

"No, no, madame," he replied, "let it remain as it is during my short life-time."

"I thought so," I said, "but I believe I have discovered what Monsieur le Curé would approve. It is truly English. There is no sentiment, no romance about it. Cannot you guess what it is, my wise and learned, monsieur?"

"No, no, madame," he answered, smiling in spite of his sadness.

"Listen, dear monsieur," I continued: "if this village is unhealthy for me, it is unhealthy for you and your people. Dr. Martin told Tardif there would always be fever here, as long as there are no drains and no pure water. Very well; now I am rich I shall have it drained, precisely like the best English towns; and there shall be a fountain in the middle of the village, where all the people can go to draw good water. I shall come back next year to see how it has been done. Voilà, monsieur! There is my secret plan for Ville-en-bois."

Nothing could have been more effectual for turning away Monsieur Laurentie's thoughts from the mournful topic of our near separation. After vespers, and before supper, he, Dr. Senior, and I made the tour of Ville-en-bois, investigating the close, dark cottages, and discussing plans for rendering them more wholesome. The next day, and the day following, the same subject continued to occupy him and Dr. Senior; and thus the pain of our departure was counter-balanced by his pleasure in anticipating the advantages to be obtained by a thorough drainage of his village, and more ventilation and light in the dwellings.

The evening before we were to set out on our return to England, whilst the whole population, in-

cluding Dr. Senior, were assisting at vespers, I turned my feet towards the little cemetery on the hill-side, which I had never yet visited. The sun had sunk below the tops of the pollard-trees, which grew along the brow of the hill in grotesque and fantastic shapes; but a few stray beams glimmered through the branches, and fell here and there in spots of dancing light. The small square enclosure was crowded with little hillocks, at the head of which stood simple crosses of wood—crosses so light and little as to seem significant emblems of the difference between our sorrows, and those borne for our sakes upon Calvary. Wreaths of immortelles hung upon most of them. Below me lay the valley and the homes where the dead at my feet had lived; the sunshine lingered yet about the spire, with its cross, which towered above the belfry; but all else was in shadow, which was slowly deepening into night. In the west the sky was flushing and throbbing with transparent tints of amber and purple and green, with flecks of cloud floating across it of a pale gold. Eastward it was still blue, but fading into a faint grey. The dusky green of the cypresses looked black, as I turned my splendour-dazzled eyes towards them.

I strolled to and fro among the grassy mounds, not consciously seeking one of them; though, very deep down in my inmost spirit, there must have been an impulse which unwittingly directed me. I did not stay my feet, or turn away from the village burial-place, until I came upon a grave, the latest-made among them. It was solitary, unmarked; with no cross to throw its shadow along it, as the sun was setting. I knew then that I had come to seek it, to bid farewell to it, to leave it behind me for evermore.

The next morning Monsieur Laurentie accompanied us on our journey, as far as the cross at the entrance to the valley. He parted with us there; and when I stood up in the carriage to look back once more at him, I saw his black-robed figure kneeling on the white steps of the Calvary, and the sun shining upon his silvery head.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

FOO HIGHLY CIVILISED.

FOR the third time I landed in England. When I set foot upon its shores first I was worse than friendless, with foes of my own household surrounding me; the second time I was utterly alone, in daily terror in poverty, with a dreary life-long future stretching before me. Now every want of mine was anticipated, every step directed, as if I were a child again, and my father himself was caring for me. How many friends, good and tried and true, could I count! All the rough paths were made smooth for me.

It was dusk before we reached London; but before the train stopped at the platform, a man's

hand was laid upon the carriage-door, and a handsome face was smiling over it upon us. I scarcely dared look to see who it was; but the voice that reached my ears was not Martin Dobrée's.

"I am here in Martin's place," said Dr. John Senior, as soon as he could make himself heard; "he has been hindered by a wretch of a patient. Welcome home, Miss Martineau."

"She is not Miss Martineau, John," remarked Dr. Senior.

"Welcome home, Olivia, then!" he said, clasping my hand warmly. "Martin and I never call you by any other name."

A carriage was waiting for us, and Dr. John took Minima beside him, chattering with her as the child loved to chatter. As for me, I felt a little anxious and uneasy. Once more I was about to enter upon an entirely new life—upon the untried ways of a wealthy, conventional, punctilious English household.

I felt still more abashed and oppressed when we reached Dr. Senior's house, and a footman ran down to the carriage, to open the door and carry in my poor little portmanteau.

Why was not Martin here? He had known me in Sark, in Tardif's cottage, and he would understand how strange and how unlike home all this was to me.

A trim maid was summoned to show us to our rooms, and she eyed us with silent criticism. She conducted us to a large and lofty apartment, daintily and luxuriously fitted-up, with a hundred knick-knacks about it, of which I could not even guess the use. A smaller room communicated with it, which had been evidently furnished for Minima. The child squeezed my hand tightly as we gazed into it. I felt as if we were gipsies, suddenly caught, and caged in a splendid captivity.

"Isn't it awful!" exclaimed Minima, in a whisper; "it frightens me."

It almost frightened me too. I was disconcerted also by my own reflection in the long mirror before me. A rustic, homely peasant-girl, with a brown face and rough hands, looked back at me from the shining surface, wearing a half-Norman dress, for I had not had time to buy more than a bonnet and shawl as we passed through Falaise.

I could not make any change in my costume, and the maid carried off Minima to do what she could with her. There came a gentle knock at my door, and Miss Carey entered.

"My dear," she said, "I hope you will like your room. John and Martin have ransacked London for pretty things for it. See, there is a painting of Tardif's cottage in Sark. Julia has painted it for you. And here is a portrait of my dear friend, Martin's mother; he hung it there himself only this morning. I hope you will soon feel quite at home with us, Olivia."

We went down to the drawing-room, where Dr. Senior gave me his arm, and led me ceremoniously to dinner. At this very hour my dear Monsieur Laurent and mademoiselle were taking their simple supper at the little round table, white as wood could be made by scrubbing, but with no cloth upon it. My chair and Minima's would be standing back against the wall.

We had been in the drawing-room again only a few minutes, when we heard the hall-door opened, and a voice speaking. By common consent, as it were, every one fell into silence to listen. I looked up for a moment, and saw that all three of them had turned their eyes upon me; friendly eyes they were, but their scrutiny was intolerable. Dr. Senior began to talk busily with Miss Carey.

"Hush!" cried Minima, who was standing beside Dr. John, "hush! I believe it is—yes, I am sure it is Dr. Martin!"

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

CHERISHED.

ROSY-sweet, and dainty fair,
In my heart I hold
One whose beauty glimmers there
In a heav'n of gold;
From the world of pure and bright,
Shining forth alone,
Blossom of my life's delight,
And its own of own.
Still in memory she waits,
Dimpling into smiles,
As a hope her breast elates,
Or a dream beguiles.
Armed for triumph, strong for power,
Sweet ere conquest cloy,
Slave to pleasure in the hour
When its name is joy.

Sorrow clouds not, and regret
Lurks not in those eyes;
Youth but looks on life, as yet,
With a pleased surprise,
Doubts the burden of the years,
Quick to thrust aside
Beauty more akin to tears
Than to smiles allied.
Scattered blossoms choke the ways
Of the happy past;
Shadows rest on perished days—
Sunshine overcast;
But that gracious form I bear
In my bosom's core,
Rosy-sweet, and dainty fair,
Cherished evermore. WM. SAWYER

"THE LITTLE STRANGER."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," "NEVER FORGOTTEN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

"TOM has not come yet," said Ned, "but he is only just due. He will not lose a moment, we may be sure. Tell me, dear Lucy," he added with some hesitation, "you do not mind about your mother's absence? For your sake I would have tried to make her welcome, but after that dreadful season I could not bring myself to it."

Lucy looked down on the ground, then hid her face in her hands.

"Mamma is very good," she said, "after her own way. You don't know her, and must make allowance. She is easily led by others, and was brought up in a peculiar way. Her mother was all for the world, and taught her to think the same."

"To be sure. By-and-by," said Ned, kindly, "I shall try and not think of all these matters, and I am sure I shall be able to see her."

"She told me," said Lucy, in great confusion, "and, indeed, insisted that I should give you this letter. I told her that I would say all that was necessary, and that you were so good and generous, it was not in your nature to bear malice. I told her this, and, and——"

Here Lucy, glowing, and still looking on the ground, held out the letter in a timorous way. Ned took it with a smile, and glanced over it. It ran:—

"MY DEAR MR. BURTON.—Lucy will bring you this and all my best wishes on this happy anniversary. God grant that it may be the beginning for my darling child of many more! As her wedding-day is fixed, everything will now go on well, I trust.

"Don't think I am the least angry at being left out of your party to-day. I am an old woman of the world, and have seen more life than most old women of my day. Don't mind making any excuses, as I know your good-nature and politeness will tempt you to do. Surely I know the truth, that you don't like me, and never did, no, nor never will. And I must say I don't blame you. For I know I had the look of behaving shabbily and of deserting you when the storm came. However, think as badly of me as you like, set me down as a selfish old woman if you will, but don't let my little Lucy suffer. That is all I thought of the whole time. My time will be short here, so I bear no malice to any one. You are a young man, comparatively speaking, and—though I scorn to compliment you—came out well through everything. As I say, I can wait a little, and you will find that I can forget and forgive like a true Christian."

Such was Mrs. Forager's candid appeal, not at all unskillfully made. Ned smiled as he put it into his pocket. He felt for Lucy.

"Yes," he said to her, encouragingly, "we shall see her here by-and-by. There is Tom! I knew he would be in time."

Enters Tom now, eager and delighted. The handsome young couple had met again after a three weeks' absence. Again had he his hands full of presents, though when Mrs. Burton saw him open-

ing the boxes and spreading them out a sort of tremor passed over her, for it brought back the memory of another evening that promised to be one of the happiest of their lives, and which ended so disastrously, when he was displaying presents of the same kind. Indeed, there was a strange likeness in the affair and incidents of the whole night: even as he entered one of the children called from the window, clapping his hands—

"Oh, papa and mamma, here is Kiss-a-body!" such being the name in the family for Mrs. Charles Hunter. In another moment those gentle and agreeable Pharisees were entering, cordial and smiling, Mr. Charles Hunter giving his host a significant squeeze of his hand, as who should say, "You well deserve all this. You have behaved nobly. I thought so all along," etc.

It was only these wonderful Charles Hunters that could perform a feat of this kind with consummate art. Ned Burton felt very much to them as he had done to Mrs. Forager, and on the occasion of this little home festival would have kept them at a distance. But they were not to be thus denied. He (Charles Hunter) who had so deeply sympathised all through—who had seen the end all along—who had discovered the true and generous heart, the fortitude and gallantry—and who had seen that truth must prevail in the end—he would overlook any danger of misconception, and at all risks felt that he dared not deny himself the happiness of being present on this occasion. In reality, as Ned Burton felt, there was no difference between his behaviour and that of Mrs. Forager; but Mr. Charles Hunter was determined such wholly different cases should not be confounded, and by his geniality and cordial sympathy actually made it appear as though the happiness of the party would have been incomplete without him. There are people in the world who can attempt these extraordinary *tours de force*, and attempt them successfully.

So on that evening. The party filed down to dinner. The sun was setting, and his departing rays came in athwart the garden terraces. Happy faces were ranged down the sides of that glittering table, though there was a tinge of sadness or uncertainty in those of two at least. They were looking backward; the young people were looking forward, full of confidence and spirits. Gradually it darkened, and the lamps were lighted.

Then, much moved, Mr. Charles Hunter, who had really laid the company under obligations by his exertions to "keep things going," was seen looking up and down the table. Every one, even

Ned, felt that he was going to do something that was appropriate, and that no one else could do so well. He was there, they had an impression, as the mutual friend, the friend of the house for many years, which indeed he had been.

In a moment he had risen. He felt that on this occasion he might take the privilege of interpreting the thoughts of all present. He was not going to allude to what was past. He, with all the rest, was looking forward to a bright and happy future. The darkest hour, according to the pretty Irish proverb, was that before the dawn. When he thought of that evening when they had sat there on a similar occasion, and of all that had occurred since, it seemed like a dream. On that, however, he was not going to dwell. His reason for alluding at all to it was simply thankfulness. He wished, indeed, one was there to complete the charmed circle, one whom they all knew and loved, and who was away in foreign lands. But it was for the best, perhaps, that things were as they were. One day they would probably all meet again at that table. Meanwhile, there was youth and love and joy all before them. Within a few days they would be wishing joy on one of the most interesting occasions—he spoke from experience—known to the human race. Miss Lucy," added Mr. Hunter with feeling, "God bless you! Tom Burton, God bless you!"

Nothing could be better done. It answered as well as the real genuine article. Mrs. Burton felt

her eyes filling up. Ned looked down the table, seated in his old place. It *was*, as Mr. Hunter had happily put it, like a dream, or perhaps nightmare. He thought of all kindly, even of the unhappy woman who was, panther-like, ranging up and down a small room in the asylum, where she was held in restraint, and where the physicians said she would remain for the rest of her life. But these gloomy thoughts did not remain long. A glance at the faces of Tom and Lucy turned his thoughts into a livelier channel. He went to rest that night full of a sweet and tranquil happiness.

A few days later came the wedding-day, when the heir of Abbeylands was wedded to Miss Lucy Forager, and when her diplomatic mother, attired in a mass of old flowered silk, her face beaming from a wonderful bonnet, greeted Mr. Burton with her usual "You don't like me, I know. Don't tell me. I'm an old woman and speak my mind on every occasion." But Mr. Charles Hunter spoke his mind on the occasion in a very feeling way. And the happy pair departed.

They were, indeed, no conventionally "happy pair," but really the happiest of their generation. And within the year there were great rejoicings at Abbeylands, owing to the arrival—not of Mr. Burton, who pursued his lonely travels for many a year to come—but of what was pronounced to be the loveliest little creature that had ever visited the earth—viz., a new "LITTLE STRANGER."

THE END

THE MOTHER'S REVERIE.

HE sleeps in quiet slumber
Beneath this grassy mound,
No clamour from the city
Disturbs his rest profound.

When day-dawn o'er the meadows
Sprinkles the silver dew,
And the jewelled flowers awakened,
Their fragrant life renew;

When noon in golden sunshine,
Bathes the hot misty hills,
And woodland dells are pleasant
With sound of bubbling rills;

When balmy eve approacheth,
And lingering day-beams fall
Across the reddening beech-trees,
And the churchyard's lowly wall;

When night in eloquent stillness
Gathers her thousand stars,
And the great moon floats onward
Through clouds in fleecy bars;

Beside this little gravestone
No noisy tumults sweep,
The muffling mosses fold him
In soft and dreamless sleep.

Save when the bee hums by him,
Or when the wild bird calls
His mate, in brakes and hedgerows,
No sound about him falls.

Through spring, and flower-robed summer,
'Neath autumn's darkening sky,
'Mid winter's snow, most peaceful
The bed where thou dost lie.

Only strange far-off murmurs
Come from the solemn sea;
O come in such like voices,
My darling boy, to me!

Come in the dawning sunbeam,
And in the noontide glare,
And in the flush of evening,
Come thou, and make them fair!

J. W. T.

LIFE-SONGS.

BY AMY KEY.



FOND EYES LOOKED ON 'ITS DEWY SHEEN.'



BROOK flashed from a rugged height,
Merrily, merrily glancing ;
The songs of the summer light
Kept time to the tune of its dancing.

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Fond eyes looked on its dewy sheen,
Reading fate in its waters ;
"Darling, the song of the brook is for you,
Fairest of earth's dear daughters."

Bright eyes looked on its dewy sheen,
And the songs of their lives rang clearly :—
"The world is fair ! the world is fair !" •
"And I love, I love you dearly."

Autumn leaves, like a fairy fleet,
Swept down towards the river ;
The false wind moaned through the dreary sleet—
"The flowers are dead for ever !"

Sad eyes looked down on the shadowed stream,
Reading fate in its measure ;
"For me your song, for my withered life,
I'ain in the mask of pleasure."

Sad eyes looked on the shadowed stream,
And the songs of their lives rang clearly !—

"The world is sad ! the world is sad !"
"Oh ! I loved, I loved him dearly."

A flush, a glow on the winter skies,
Earth smiles in her happy dreaming ;
Whispers the wind, "Arise ! arise !"
The dawn of spring is beaming."
Calm eyes look down on the sunny brook,
With a smile that has conquered sadness—
"Your song is for me in this sweet spring time,
In heaven is perfect gladness."
Calm eyes look on its dewy sheen,
And the songs of their lives ring gaily :—
"The spring is here ! the spring is here !"
"I find strength for my burden daily."

A RIDE IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY CAPTAIN BURTON.



AFTER a cool and comfortable night and an early breakfast at Bethlehem, we left that nest of bull-beggars and of beggarly curios betimes on Thursday, April 13th, 1871. We were told that an hour's ride would place us at "Solomon's Pools," and a further journey of two hours would take us to Hebron, twenty miles from Bethlehem. Possibly this might have been, had the great Egyptian road, trodden by the "Holy Family," been decent ; as it was, we wasted over the latter section three hours thirty-five minutes. The party consisted of my wife, Mr. Charles F. Tyrwhitt Drake, a small escort of irregular cavalry, and four attendants—Mohammed Agha, the Kawwas, peon or janissary, was in uniform, and consequential as a Higliland piper ; Sâbâ, the cook, had charge of the mule laden with *munitions de bouche*, whilst the body-servants, Mr. Habib and Miss Kamur Wâkid, rode—both in the same way.

Skating over, stumbling up and sliding down the streets and ladders of rock which form the solcs of slithery court, slippery street, and slobbery lane, we passed through some fertile fields, called and miscalled "gardens" since the days of the New Testament—Gethsemane, for instance, was a *κῆπος*, not a *σάβανος*. We frequently fell into the so-termed "Roman Causeway," which leads from Jerusalem to Hebron, but we missed the concrete which usually characterises the classical structures. A carriage road in the olden day, it is now a dangerous *minh* ; as generally happens in this land of *debris*, the best parts were the very worst of "malpasos."

We trod gingerly over the reefs of bluish grey limestone which form the approach to the fat lands of Si'hân and Duhaysi. Here a man and a mule were triling over a tiny toy-plough, which I could have carried off under my arm. After fifty minutes we saw on the right or north-west a dome dedicated to El Khizr, the *Prophète Verdoyant*, and a mean white building with silly finials, the "Sealed Fountains," in these days called the Ra'as el Ayn. We are now at the head of the Etham Valley, which is protected by the Kala'at el Burik (Foot of the Pools—i.e., of Solomon), a large dilapidated khan on the left or east of the road. Over the upper or relieving arch of the main gateway, which fronts nearly due west, is a hardly legible Kufic inscription. We visited the Ra'as el Burik (Head of the Pools), a domed well lying north-east of the upper tank, whose warm and sulphury waters are approached by a flight of steps, of course broken.

I need hardly describe the "Pools of Solomon," about which every traveller has had more or less to say. It may, however, be remarked that the stones have been so often renewed that evidently not one of them, except perhaps in a fragmentary state, dates from the age of the Wise King. Yet there is still much to study in the pottery tubes, the stone conduits, and the complicated distribution of the drains and air-holes that carry off the surplus and prevent the bursting of the reservoirs. These are probably remnants of the olden day, at any rate of a day much older than this. That true philanthropist, Miss (now Baroness) Burdett Coutts, offered the munificent sum of £30,000 to restore the old tanks, if the Ottoman Government would undertake to keep them in repair. The answer was, naturally, "*Non possumus*."—Giaours must not touch holy things. Ibrahim Pasha, the Egyptian, who is

still honoured with the hatred of Bethlehem and Hebron, would not have shown himself such a savage.

These tanks, far inferior to third-rate Hindu workmanship, occupy the head of the Wady Artás (of old Etham, or Etam, the supposed site of the Hortus inclusus), whose upper orchards are visible from the lowest of the three. It has a southern branch with a feeder which can be traced to the source by a line of stones and a thicker scatter of bush. The road, passing a ruined khan, follows the left bank of what is really the upper Wady Artás. In this land, which eschews collective proper names and generic terms, it has a variety of names. Where we crossed it the guides call it Wady el Burák. From that point a divide placed us in the Wady el Kawáfilah, where the water-shed is to the Dead Sea *via* Hebron. The road there forked leftwards to the villages of Bayt Khayrán and Nabi Yûrus (Jonah), the latter with a preposterously big mosque. High up on the right was a ruined tower (*burj* = *pyrgos*) of several stages, usually called *lind* Sûr, not, as Dr. Pierotti—of whom more presently—informs us, “*Betacour* [and in p. 19 he calls it *Bethsour*], one kilomètre east of Bethlehem” (p. 141). Some rough Hebron Moslems named it *Kasr el Dirwah*, which will dislocate popular theories about “*Beth Zur*,” a key-position of the warlike Maccabees.

We are evidently “going up to Hebron,” whose site is some 3,000 feet above the sea, and, according to Dr. Pierotti, seventy-four mètres higher than the level of Jerusalem. Unlike the Libanus and the Anti-Libanus, the Highlands of Judæa are low at the northern extremity, the plain of Esdrælon so imperfectly represented upon our maps, and attain their greatest height about the old city of the *Beni-Neth* (Beni-Neth). At one time it was densely inhabited, as the valley of Alpheus in the Morca; every field seems to have had its village; and nowhere in this Land of Ruins did we see such a succession of ruinous heaps. The country also improves to one going southward. Yesterday between Jerusalem and Bethlehem we were all out of patience with the monotonous grimness of the scene; to-day we found something to admire. At this season the foreground is strange to the eye—scared by the scorched barrenness of a Syrian autumn. The *kersennah* clothes the ground with filmy verdure; the “blood of Adonis,” which beautifies the desert in early spring, appears in two species—the anemone, large and poppy-like, and the small “pheasant’s eye;” the wild vetch, with red, purple, and yellow flower, contrasts sharply with the “star of Bethlehem,” much resembling a snow-drop, with the small white chamomile, which many travellers mistake for a daisy; with the pink phlox, a fast flower that will not open its eyes till several hours after the sun is up; and with white and pink

cyclamens, which bend their faces downwards, like young girls in whose ears a word has been whispered for the first time. The white fennel affects the valleys, matting the neighbourhood of villages and ruins. The “rose of Caledonia” is seen coming to maturity, and in places it makes the country resemble Argentine land; the thistle varies greatly in size according to altitude and position—on the heights of the Libani it barely tops the ground, whereas about the Sea of Galilee it is eight feet high; there are many species, and some, the *akkûb* for instance, are wild brethren of the civilised artichoke.

On our right was now the *Uirkat el Kawáfilah*, full of white bud-like blossoms studding the greenest of leaves: it is evidently an *Asterophyllum* (*spicatum*?) common here as in Europe. Near it lies a ruined “*Arba’in Rijal*,” a common invocation dating from the “Forty” martyred at Sebaste. The festival is still kept by Latins, Greeks, and Moslems, though the latter are profoundly ignorant of its origin. Before descending the lower Wady el Kawáfilah, we inspected the *Bir Haj Ramazân el Awâwi*, a well so called from a soldier-pilgrim who had lost his way, but which may date before Meccah was invented. Thence we fell into the right bank of the Wady el Burak, which presently led us to the *Ayn* or *Mâyat el Dirwah*. Above the latter a ledge of perpendicular rock, carved and cut—and in some places well cut—into *thamæ*, *loculi*, or niches, gave us shelter during breakfast against the raw and rain-threatening west wind, which filled the air with cloud and cold. The weather seemed to have kept travellers at home; we met only a small party of Americans, followed after a long interval by their hapless baggage-beasts.

Resuming our way at 2.15 p.m., we passed the *Rijmat* *Shaykh Mohammed*, the usual memorial stone-heap; then a ruined tower warned us to turn leftwards for the purpose of inspecting no less a place than Mamre, where Abraham dwelt in the clump of oaks (not plain), generally supposed to be terebinths. Across and to the north of a valley laid out in cornfields, you see scattered about large heaps of cut stone, which will presently be removed for building purposes by the people of Hebron, and a standing wall of two courses, the upper with a distinct batter or inclination backwards. Moslems still know it as the *Haram Râmat* (which in their Doric they pronounce *Raw-mat*) *el Khalil*—Sanctuary of the High Place of the Friend (of Allah—*i.e.*, Abraham). The large enceinte lies upon a slope opening to the west, and showing only two faces of large blocks, none of them carefully bossed, and not thick in proportion to length, with rubble between the inner faces, evidently a reconstruction of later Roman or of post-Roman days. The stones evidence no traces of sculpture or inscription; there is a fragment of a cornice, very simple, with plain

cut bands; at the south-western angle is a well or cistern, whose rivetment appears modern; columns may be hidden by the grass, and the view of the sea has been enjoyed only by the writer of "Murray's Handbook."

Here, then, according to some, is the House or Tabernacle of Abraham, where in Hadrian's reign the Jews who escaped the destruction of some 586,000 souls were sold into bondage after the death of their mock-Messiah, Bar Cochebas. This they would make the Great Basilica, dedicated to the Holy Trinity when Constantine (A.D. 325-30), scandalised by the scenes of the Mamre Fair, ordered Eusebius to raise a church upon the ruins of the idol-temple. Others reply that it is a mere piscina.

M. Mauss, the architect to whom the dome of the "Holy Sepulchre" owes so much, suggests that the Basilica might have been at a neighbouring ruin, Khirbat el Nasâra (Ruins of the Nazarenes); why did he not examine the latter? M. de Saulcy (1863) places the terebinth under which Abraham received the angels at the Khirbat in the valley, and the Râmat above; why did he not give us more study and less assertion? Josephus "locates" the terebinth six stadia from Hebron; why did he not let us know what stadium he used? Sozomenus (ii. 4-8) makes the tree and tabernacle of Mamre fifteen stadia = 2,775 mètres, (De Saulcy); St. Jerome, Eusebius, and other Bordeaux pilgrims, two miles = 2,962 mètres from Hebron. We may fairly conclude that here, as elsewhere in the Holy Land, there may have been a migration of holy places.

Not knowing the short cuts in this puzzling highland, we retraced our steps to the tower on the high road, and presently were sighted to the right, perched as usual upon a hill or mamelon-top, the Khirbat el Nasâra before alluded to. The small place, with remnants of arches above and big heaps of stone at the mound-foot, is known as the "Ruins of the Nazarenes," from some forgotten massacre of Christians by their Moslem brethren. Beyond it runs a by-path to the Balût, or modern oak, but being guideless we preferred the highway.

The road approaching Hebron becomes once more vile as it was near Bethlechem. The same may be observed in the Brazils, where the worst places are always near the towns, the reason being that there is most traffic and transit upon them. Here you are kept to the pavement, Dr. Pierotti's *petits cailloux ronds*, by dry walls on either side, and your horse, especially after rain, slides and skates over the smooth white limestone, which resembles a surface of petrified skulls, poll uppermost. This *brise-membres* approach to Hebron, if not fine, is at least peculiar, and probably quite as grand as it was in the days of David. Dry walls are everywhere, tall and short, upon the hill-tops

and in the valleys: the stranger involuntarily determines that they are ruins of old castles, and his delusion is warranted by a succession of dwarf towers, each containing a single room. In these the owners of vineyards lodge during the fruit season, and store their grapes from those spoilers the foxes—little foxes (Cant. ii. 15) not jackals, as many a modern traveller tells us. During A.D. 1871 the first leaf appeared about mid-April, the fruit was ripe in mid-June, and the vendange lasted till late in October. The rocks are pitted with presses, and there are not a few silos, excavated cisterns, and subterranean chambers, usually shaped like inverted funnels, resembling the *Matanors* of Bayt Sâhûr, near Bethlechem, which yielded to us a fair crop of silex implements.

The vines are, as a rule, large and old, and they are mostly trimmed as in France; those allowed to grow long are supported, when they begin to bear fruit, like the currant of the Morea, by two or more stout forked sticks. Swathes and lines of stone, rarely exceeding three feet in height, show that in former times the vine was trained to run over them; this is still done in parts of the Lebanon, whilst travellers have remarked them from the Peræa or trans-Jordanic region to the Sinaitic peninsula. The grapes of Hebron are still famous, and although El Islam, under the influence of tea, coffee, and tobacco, has virtually abolished wine—something of the kind may be observed amongst ourselves in England—the Dibs or grape syrup, the molasses of the East, is still famous. M. Mauss had a *grappe* one foot eight inches long, and weighing twenty pounds, carried upon a pole supported by two men, to save it from injury, as is shown in the metal platters of Crusading date which still decorate the fronts of Damascus shops, acting like the coloured bottles of our apothecaries.

We left on the right of the road "Sarah's Fountain," a *jet* of water said perennially to supply the best drink. Moslems naturally declare that here Sarah and Agar filled their goat-skins, and Abraham replenished the pitcher which he gave to the Egyptian woman, when he drove her and her hapless child into the wilderness. Josephus (A. J. vii. 1-5) mentions the well of Besirah, or Sirah (treason), where Abner was recalled to his death by Joab; but he places it twenty stadia from Jerusalem, whereas this is not ten.

Where the skull-like pavement suddenly breaks off, and the highway to Egypt forks, we turned sharply to the right, and began to ride up the Wady Balûtah (Valley of the Holm-oak). It is the head of the great Hebron gorge, which as usual has no generic name, and from its upper part a quarter of an hour's ride leads to the Mediterranean watershed. The surface is that of the country generally, lanes of dry walls guarding little vineyards, and scattered with springs and fountains. No path had

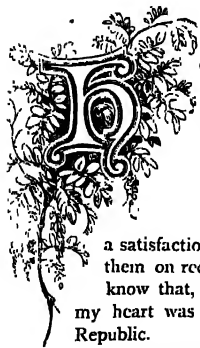
been made, but we presently passed through a kind of battlemented gate, which reminded us of the cockney and suburban kind of park. Here we dismounted and scrambled up stone-clad banks, to a pitched tent and a wooden hovel, where certain "guardians" of the place offer refreshments in the shape of lemonade and stale cakes. The Holm-oak (Balût) of Abraham is a disappointment after the Libanus, but it charms travellers from the treeless and cheerless Negob or southern country; it is doubtless some centuries old, and its trunk is composed of four tolerably distinct stems. Surrounded by a low wall of cut stone whose coping was connected by soldered clamps, and adorned with urns and pedestals, it bore the tea-garden aspect which now makes Rosherville so conspicuous in and about Jerusalem. The distinct flavour of an incipient Cremonne made us determine that Abiahram's Oak had been taken in hand by some energetic spirit, Hebrew, we will say, plus Teutonic; and the exterior dunning for bakhshish

—of course we gave none—seemed to confirm the opinion.

Presently the truth came out: Russia, who, through the Greek Church, is now all-powerful in the Holy Land, has lately added the conquest of the "Oak called Ogyges" (Ant. Jud. I. x. 4), to Mount Tabor, and to Jacob's Well near Nablus. The Hebronites refused to sell land in the immediate vicinity of their holy and most objectionable town; therefore the Muscovites at present rest contented with this venerable tree, which, though it has no more to do with the Terebinth of Mamre than with the cedars of Lebanon, has a high reputation, and lies within a few minutes' ride of the old Hittite city. A one-eyed Christian was at once established as Russian wakîl, or agent, at Hebron. In a few years a "Dayr" or hospice, of commanding aspect, equally fitted for offence, defence, and devotion, will spring up, and lastly the Hebronites will, it is to be hoped, find their occupation gone.

THE EVE OF EXECUTION.

A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST



OW hard it is to act the Brutus, let those who have condemned me know from this memorial of past events which I leave behind me. In the tribunal I was refused a hearing, so they may destroy these words unread; but it is a satisfaction to know that I have placed them on record; a greater satisfaction to know that, though I erred in judgment, my heart was always, and still is, for the Republic.

I, Paul Godard, devote the last few hours of my life to what I hereby solemnly declare to be a pure recital of the events of November, 1792, upon which the charge of treason has been founded for which I am to suffer.

Even as early as that date there were men who had their doubts of General Dumouriez's fidelity. He had saved the country, all men acknowledged, but there were whispers among a certain set that he was not a safe man. Their suspicions took no definite form, as far as I could make out, but I fancy his great fault then consisted in his being a victorious general with more ambition than principle. It was determined that his movements should be watched with the utmost secrecy, and the task of doing this was allotted to me. I was not an unknown man; I had abilities—I may acknowledge that now without being charged with

vain glory. I had been of some service to the State, and men remembered then, what they have since forgotten, that I was a Republican when Republicanism was not in favour. For these reasons I was the man selected, being sent to the army for the ostensible purpose of inquiring into some matters relating to the contracts, but with secret instructions "to watch General Dumouriez and report all suspicious circumstances:" instructions vague enough, in all conscience; but they knew they could depend upon my intelligence to let them know what was significant, and not to worry them with idle gossip.

It was not entirely without reluctance—let stern patriots make the most of that confession—that I went upon my mission. Dumouriez and I had been schoolfellows of old, and were still friends, so that the secret watch upon him gave me some unpleasant mental twinges; but I remembered that a good patriot has no friend but his country, and sacrificed my inclinations to my duty. On the other hand, I should see my son again—he was Captain Godard now—and that was cause for unmixed satisfaction. He was my only son—a chivalrous young man who had served under Dumouriez from the beginning, when that general was in the camp at Maulde. He was a good Republican like myself, but of so bold and outspoken a nature that he was wont to utter unpalatable truths, which kept me in some alarm on his account. His imagination was also impressed with the false glory and glitter

the past régime, and he seemed to find a fascination in the stories told of the cavaliers and ladies of the court. But this was only the romance of youth, and I held him to be at heart a true son of the Republic.

Towards the end of October, 1792, I reached Valenciennes, where the general was then posted, burning to march against the enemy, but delayed for want of supplies. He gave me a friendly greeting, saying, "Now all will be right. When my good friend Godard takes a thing in hand, I know he will push it through. What about the promised supplies?" We began to talk about boots and blankets, and such things, I giving him the best explanations I could, he stamping about the room and muttering that the villainous contractors would spoil everything. So ended our first interview, and I then went in search of my son. I found him at supper with two brother officers, but directly he saw me he ran and, embracing me, warmly introduced me to the others, and made me sit down to supper with them, although I could eat nothing from my joy at seeing my son looking so brave and handsome. He was somewhat thinner than when I had last seen him, but rough campaigning does not fatten a man; his cheek was bronzed and healthy, and I thought his blue open-breasted coat, with gold lace upon it, set off his broad chest and manly figure to great advantage. His friends were good enough to say some polite things about my services, but the chief topic of conversation was praise of their general, whom they seemed to adore, and anticipations of the beating he would give the White-coats.

It will be seen there was not much to report this first day, and one day was much like another. I watched the general's movements with great circumspection, regularly sent off a despatch to Paris, and at length received a hint that a little more zeal would be of advantage, and that they wanted to know more than that Dumouriez was idolised by his men. I redoubled my vigilance—unwarily, I fear, for Dumouriez sensibly diminished in cordiality, and when I asked him why this or the other was done, as though to satisfy my personal curiosity, he would smile oddly and put me off with evasive answers. Once indeed he was angry—it was just when the troops were getting on their long-delayed march, and I attributed his petulance to anger at being pestered at such a moment—he was angry, I say, and turning upon me sharply, said: "A general on campaign gives his reasons to no one," laying a stress on the "no," and then shutting those determined lips of his, left me considerably abashed.

The army was on the move, and was, as it seemed to me, in inextricable confusion; but my son laughed at this, and declared I didn't understand such matters. I had never seen him in such high spirits, and thought it was the idea of fighting the

Austrians which accounted for it. I afterwards knew there was another cause for his joy. There was continual marching to and fro, rumbling of guns and wagons, clashing of steel scabbards, and shouting of officers, until, I confess, I was bewildered. We had some fighting, too (the affair of Bousu), before we found the main body of the Austrians, which we did on the evening of the 5th of November, strongly posted about Jemappes and Cuesmes. It was strange to observe how elated the men seemed to be at the near prospect of fighting, never giving a thought to the possibility of defeat.

That evening was fated to be the most eventful of my life. I was waiting for my son, who had promised to be with me as soon as he was off duty, as he wished to tell me something of importance, when an orderly brought me a summons to follow him forthwith to head-quarters. Wondering what could be the matter, I followed to a small farmhouse where the general was established, and was shown into the room upon which the outer door opened. Here two officers were poring over a plan, and one of them, looking up on my entrance, said to the soldier, "So this is the man?" and then continued his muttered conversation with the other officer for a few minutes. This ended, he turned abruptly to me with the query—

"Your name is Godard?"

He was a rough, rugged-looking man, in a long blue coat and glazed cocked hat. I did not know him then, but afterwards learned that he was named Durand, and was a colonel of infantry.

"My name is Godard," I replied.

"And a friend of the general's?"

"I have that honour."

"Is it the custom with you men of peace to betray your friends?"

"No," I said, nettled at his tone; "may I ask by whose authority I am put to this interrogation?"

"By the authority of the general, whom you have betrayed," he blared out; and pulling a letter from his pocket, slapped it several times, and clamoured, "Look there, sir, look there! Is that your writing? is that your writing?"

I was thunderstruck for the moment, for it was my last despatch to Paris which he thrust in my face; but I collected my thoughts as well as I could, and said with dignity—

"It is I who have been betrayed. Who dare stop my letters?"

"Do you talk of daring?" he cried, growing purple in the face—"you, whom our general trusted, and who play the spy on him. You, who, by trying to thwart the general, would ruin France. Dare, indeed! We dare shoot spies, let me tell you, and it is only our general's clemency which gives you a chance of repentance. Look you, sir:

I should have all the satisfaction in the world in placing you forthwith against a dead wall with a firing party in front of you; but if you will promise to sign a note to the effect that the general is a good patriot, that all his plans are just, and that your former reports were false and scandalous—if you speak no word of what you may have heard or seen, and never more act this dishonourable part—our orders are to let you go wherever you may wish."

"No," said I; "my duty——"

"Allow me," said the other officer, who was in cuirassier uniform. He was a dry, hard-looking man, and spoke slowly and deliberately. "It is no use wasting talk over the matter. This fellow, like all the rest, is obstinate and will not be convinced by words. Look here," and he turned to me, "my men caught a messenger who was carrying intelligence to the enemy. They brought him in. He had a treasonable document upon him. The man was shot. The document is here, and you may see it before you make up your mind."

With that he handed me a letter, which I saw at once was in my son's writing. It was addressed to Mlle. Savory at Mons. The Savorys had been neighbours of ours in old time; but they were aristocrats we seldom met, and when the Revolution broke out they fled to Belgium. As well as I can remember, the letter, evidently written in great haste, ran thus:—

"Prevent their leaving by all means. We shall advance to-morrow."

"JULIUS GODARD."

My head swam round as I read these words, and I thought my knees would have given way beneath me. There was only one interpretation I could place upon the letter, and that made me feel quite faint with fear.

"Now," said the cuirassier, "what do you say?"

"My son," I stammered, "cannot be a traitor!"

"Do you deny his writing?"

"No."

"Then your decision, please—quick."

"One moment. Is my boy—— Have you——"

"The messenger has been shot. Your son has not been shot yet."

"I yield," I said, after a pause.

That was the great trial to which I was put. I was a patriot even while I signed the paper which they placed before me; but I was a father, above all. I was asked to sacrifice my son, and could not do it. If that is a crime which merits death, I shall deservedly suffer the fate which awaits me to-morrow.

They told me my son would be at once released, and I anxiously looked for him that night. But he never came, and I was then told he would be on duty until the morning; so at last, fatigued in mind

and body, I threw myself upon my bed and tried to sleep until the dawn should restore him to me.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

SHALL I ever forget that morning? It was long before I had been able to get to sleep, but when at last I did sleep, it was so soundly that I was only awoken by the noise of the cannon. It was a terrible sound to one who had never seen a battle, but at the moment I had no thought for its terror; I thought only of my son. Dressing as quickly as I could, I ran out, asking every one I met where his regiment was placed. A terrible dread had fallen upon me that he would be killed before I could find him, and I, no doubt, went about like a man distracted. No one seemed to know anything for certain. One told me the regiment was here, another there. Meanwhile, the cannonading was going on. I could see the long lines of infantry, the masses of cavalry in the hollows, and the villages surrounded by flashing fire and smoke, where the Austrians were posted. When I was almost giving up my search in despair, seeing that the men were in motion to attack the enemy, a convoy of wounded going to the rear passed me, and I recognised the uniform of my boy's regiment. I now learnt that he was posted in the right of the line, and there I found him.

His face lit up when he saw me, and he grasped me by the hand. As for me, I was too agitated to speak. "I could not come to you last night," he said hurriedly; "I was kept on duty. But I must wait until we have thrashed the White-coats before I can tell you what I wanted. Perhaps it is better so. But see, there is no time for talking now, and you had better go to the rear. We have orders to carry that village. It is Cuesmes, and full of Austrians." With that he wrung my hand, and the whole regiment went forward at a quick pace, he turning and waving his hand to me, either as a warning to fall back, or by way of salutation.

What possessed me then I cannot say. Perhaps my mind was unsettled by the trouble I had passed through, but I felt an irresistible desire to follow, to get beside him, and I ran after the advancing regiment, which had now broken into the double. I caught them, all wild and panting as I was, just as they had come to a stand. The enemy were firing away as hard as they could. We could see a great mass of hussars ready to charge down upon us if we broke. You see I speak of "we," as though I were one of them; and so I was, for I had snatched a musket from a wounded man, and felt a furious courage within me. The men were evidently faltering, and threatening to fall back, in spite of all their officers could do. I could see my boy cheering them on gallantly, when suddenly an officer (I afterwards heard he was Dampierre) plunged

forward with some men into a redoubt, in order to give heart to the others, and a ringing cheer went up. I thought it was all for Dampierre, but at the same instant an officer dashed by me to the front, and I saw they were cheering him. It was Dumouriez, his eyes flashing and his lips set. He seemed to put fresh life into us, yet still we were afraid to front that terrible fire. There was a great rush of cavalry, the thunder of a volley along the line, and one danger was over, the hussars having been beaten off; but still there was that terrible Cuesmes to take. At this critical moment (it makes my heart glow when I think of it) I saw my boy raise his hat at arm's-length, and then he began to sing the "Marseillaise" in a loud voice. How it thrilled me!—how it thrilled us all! The general was close to me at the time, but had not yet seen me, and when I spoke he started at the sound of my voice. "Is he a traitor now?" I said. He gave me no answer save a look, and then he too joined in the hymn—we all joined in. There was a terrible rush, and somehow we were in the entrenchments, and Cuesmes was carried.

I know no more of the battle than that, for in this moment of victory I saw my son suddenly put his hand to his head, and fall all of a heap. I think I must have fallen myself and fainted, for I can remember nothing until the evening was well advanced, when I found myself lying with my arm across his body, and, looking about me in a dazed sort of way, saw they were getting the wounded removed. He was not wounded; he was dead. They had shot him through the temple. When I have said he was dead, those who have also suffered will know that I have said all. What I felt and what I thought are for myself alone.

In the breast of his uniform they found a large sealed paper, addressed "Mlle. Savory, at Mons," and this the men who found it, ignorant of what had passed, handed to me. When I saw that name a great dread fell upon me. My son had cleared himself in my eyes by his glorious conduct; I had been upbraiding myself for my doubts of his faith, and now, I thought, here was a letter which might confirm the worst of them. I could not bring myself to open it for some time; I thought even of destroying it, as men will wilfully turn from unpleasant truths; but, thank Heaven, I at last summoned sufficient courage to break the seal.

It was the following morning that I did this. I had been tossing about all night, now resolved to destroy it, now to know the worst, and gradually the idea stole upon me that the worst might turn out to be the best. I had spent the night in a small house from which the inhabitants had fled, and into which I had made them carry my dear son's body. I was weak and hungry, having tasted nothing all the preceding day, except a little brandy which one

of his brother officers had forced me to drink; so I made my breakfast an excuse for delay, being still afraid to learn the truth. But all breakfasts must end some time, and at last, with a sigh, I broke the seal. It was a large sheet of paper, and I saw at once it was his will; not a formal one such as a lawyer would have made, but evidently composed by himself, and to me most eloquent in every word. It was dated some time back, and the gist of it lay in one short sentence:—"I give all that I have (and would it were as boundless as my love) to my dear wife, Marie, daughter of M. Savory, formerly known as the *Sieur de Savory*."

The words had been the first to catch my eye, and as I read them I dropped the paper from my hand through sheer amazement. Marie Savory, his wife! What did it all mean? Then it came upon me that this was what he had wanted to tell me.

The rest of my story will not take long, and the time is drawing near when my life's story will be ended.

When I had seen my son buried I made my way to Mons, although my hope of finding the Savorys was small, as I made no doubt that they had fled after the battle of Jemappes. And I should not have found them had they not found me, for M. Savory having fallen ill of a serious fever, so that they could not move him, the family had been obliged to remain as close as possible on the approach of the Republicans, and I could get no news of them. Perhaps I was not energetic enough, for I was a broken man, and went moping about the place with my hands behind me. One day, as I was thus passing down a by-street, I heard my name softly called, and a woman standing at a door told me a lady wished to speak with me if I would come in for a moment. It was Marie.

"M. Godard," she said imploringly, "you will not betray us? My father is dying, and I—"

"I, too, have suffered losses," I said.

"Not—"

"We have all suffered losses;" and then I broke down and began to cry, and she knew at once what had happened.

Bit by bit, I told her the whole story, and then, when we were a little calmer, I heard how they had been married. In the old times Jules and Marie had fallen in love, but owing to their different ranks in life they were obliged to keep their meetings secret. When the Savorys determined on flight, an anxious consultation was held by the young people, a marriage was determined upon, arranged and carried out, the wife going to Belgium and the husband to the army; and although they managed to smuggle letters to one another, they never met again. The fatal letter which had wrought such mischief was innocent enough. Jules at last saw an opportunity of meeting his wife if he could only

prevail upon the Savorys to stay in Mons. That was the short explanation of it.

Did Dumouriez know this? I fancy he did, but finding a weapon to his hand, used it. He feared he should not have the heart to carry it through himself, and left the task to the two officers, and

myself altogether from the world. Marie wished me to remain with her, but that I would not do, although our loss drew me strongly to her. I came back to Paris, there meaning to spend the remainder of my life a solitary, unhappy man, always prepared for death, but not for death attended with



"TWO OFFICERS WERE PORING OVER A PLAN."

my son was purposely kept from me that evening to postpone explanation. I also believe that the plans which the general was so anxious that I should not betray, were not those which he afterwards attempted to carry out by delivering his country into the hands of his enemy, but intrigues with the Girondins. But I never saw him again, and he was no longer friend of mine.

I had no further object in remaining away, and returned to Paris, making the loss of my son an excuse for throwing up my charge and secluding

dishonour. It is against that I protest; it is to clear myself from that stain I have penned these lines. This is the true relation of all matters relating to the document, the discovery of which among Dumouriez's papers when he fled has proved my ruin. I have said he was no longer friend of mine, but I think he has proved my best friend by letting that paper fall into the hands of my judges. It releases me from a wearisome life. It is a passport to that other world where my son awaits me.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD
THE MEETING.

MINIMA sprang to the door just as it was opened, and flung her arms round Martin in a transport of delight. I did not dare to lift my eyes again, to see them all smiling at me. He could not come at once to speak to me, whilst that child was clinging to him and kissing him.

"I'm so glad!" she said, almost sobbing. "Come and see my auntie, who was so ill when you were in Ville-en-bois. You did not see her, you know; but she is quite well now, and very, very rich. We are never going to be poor again. Come; she is here. Auntie, this is that nice Dr. Martin, who made me promise not to tell you he was at Ville-en-bois, while you were so ill."

She dragged him eagerly towards me, and I put my hand in his; but I did not look at him. That I did some minutes afterwards, when he was talking to Miss Carey. It was many months since I had seen him last in Sark. There was a great change in his face, and he looked several years older. It was grave, and almost mournful, as if he did not smile very often, and his voice was lower in tone than it had been then. Dr. John, who was standing beside him, was certainly much gayer and handsomer than he was. At last Martin caught my eye, and came back to me, sitting near enough to talk with me in an undertone.

"Are you satisfied with the arrangements we have made for you?" he inquired.

"Quite," I said, not daring either to thank him, or to tell him how oppressed I was by my sudden change. Both of us spoke as quietly, and with as much outward calm, as if we were in the habit of seeing each other every day. A chill came across me.

"At one time," he continued, "I asked Johanna to open her home to you; but that was when I thought you would be safer and happier in a quiet place like hers than anywhere else. Now you are your own mistress, and can choose your own residence. But you could not have a better home than this. It would not be well for you, so young and friendless, to live in a house of your own."

"No," I said, somewhat sadly.

"Dr. Senior is delighted to have you here," he went on; "you will see very good society in this house, and that is what you should do. You ought to see more and better people than you have yet known. Does it seem strange to you that we have assumed a sort of authority over you and your affairs? You do not yet know how we have been involved in them."

"How?" I asked, looking up into his face with a growing curiosity.

"Olivia," he said, "Foster was my patient for some months, and I knew all his affairs intimately. He had married that person——"

"Married her!" I ejaculated.

"Yes. You want to know how he could do that? Well, he produced two papers, one a medical certificate of your death, the other a letter purporting to be from some clergyman. He had, too, a few lines in your own hand-writing, which stated you had sent him your ring, the only valuable thing left to you, as you had sufficient for your last necessities. Even I believed for a few hours that you were dead. But I must tell you all about it another time."

"Did he believe it?" I asked, in a trembling voice.

"I do not know," he answered; "I cannot tell, even now, whether he knew the papers to be forgeries or not. But I have no doubt, myself, that they were forged by Mrs. Foster's brother and his partner, Scott and Brown."

"But for what reason?" I asked again.

"What reason!" he repeated; "you were too rich a prize for them to allow Foster to risk losing any part of his claim upon you, if he found you. You and all you had were his property on certain defined conditions. You do not understand our marriage laws; it is as well for you not to understand them. Mrs. Foster gave up to me to-day all his papers, and the letters and credentials from your trustees in Melbourne to your bankers here. There will be very little trouble for you now. Thank God! all your life lies clear and fair before you."

I had still many questions to ask, but my lips trembled so much that I could not speak readily. He was himself silent, probably because he also had so much to say. All the others were sitting a little apart from us at a chess-table, where Dr. Senior and Miss Carey were playing, while Dr. John sat by, holding Minima in his arm, though she was gazing wistfully across to Martin and me.

"You are tired, Olivia," said Martin, after a time, "tired and sad. Your eyes are full of tears. I must be your doctor again for this evening, and send you to bed at once. It is eleven o'clock already; but these people will sit up till after midnight. You need not say good night to them. Minima, come here."

She did not wait for a second word, or a louder summons; but she slipped under Dr. John's arm, and rushed across to us, being caught by Martin

before she could throw herself upon me. He sat still talking with her for a few minutes, and listening to her account of our journey, and how frightened we were at the grandeur about us. His face lit up with a smile as his eyes fell upon me, as if for the first time he noticed how out of keeping I was with the place. Then he led us quietly away, and up-stairs to my bed-room door.

"Good night, Olivia," he said; "sleep soundly, both of you, for you are at home. I will send one of the maids up to you."

"No, no," I cried hastily; "they despise us already."

"Ah!" he said, "to-night you are the Olivia I knew first, in Sark. In a week's time I shall find you a fine lady."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH. SEEING SOCIETY.

Whether or not I was transformed into a finer lady than Martin anticipated, I could not tell, but certainly after that first evening he held himself aloof from me. I soon learned to laugh at the dismay which had filled me upon my entrance into my new sphere. It would have been difficult to resist the cordiality with which I was adopted into the household. Dr. Senior treated me as his daughter; Dr. John was as much at home with me as if I had been his sister.

Minima, too, became perfectly reconciled to her new position; though for a time she was anxious lest we were spending our riches too lavishly. I heard her one day soundly rating Dr. John, who seldom came to his father's house without bringing some trinket, or bouquet, for one or other of us.

"You are wasting all your money," she said, with that anxious little pucker of her eyebrows, which was gradually being smoothed away altogether, "you're just like the boys after the holidays. They would buy lots of things every time the cake woman came; and she came every day, till they'd spent all their money. You can't always have cakes, you know, and then you'll miss them."

"But I shall have cakes always," answered Dr. John.

"Nobody has them always," she said, in an authoritative tone, "and you won't like being poor. We were so poor we daren't buy as much as we could eat; and our boots wore out at the toes. You like to have nice boots, and gloves, and things, so you must learn to take care of your money, and not waste it like this."

"I'm not wasting my money, little woman," he replied, "when I buy pretty things for you and Olivia."

"Why doesn't Dr. Martin do it then?" she asked; "he never spends his money in that sort of way. Why doesn't he give auntie as many things as you do?"

Martin had been listening to Minima's rebukes, with a smile upon his face; but now it clouded a little, and I knew he glanced across to me. I appeared deeply absorbed in the book I held in my hand, and he did not see that I was listening and watching attentively.

"Minima," he said, in a low tone, as if he did not care that even she should hear, "I gave her all I had worth giving when I saw her first."

"That's just how it will be with you, Dr. John," exclaimed Minima, triumphantly, "you'll give us everything you have, and then you'll have nothing left for yourself."

But still, unless Martin had taken back what he gave to me so long ago, his conduct was very mysterious to me. He did not come to Fulham hall as often as Dr. John did; and when he came he spent most of the time in long, professional discussions with Dr. Senior. They told me he was devoted to his profession, and it really seemed as if he had not time to think of anything else.

Neither had I very much time for brooding over any subject, for guests began to frequent the house, which became much gayer, Dr. Senior said, now there was a young hostess in it. The quiet evenings of autumn and winter were gone, and instead of them our engagements accumulated on our hands, until I rarely met Martin except at some entertainment, where we were surrounded by strangers.

Perhaps he thought I liked to be free. Yes, free from tyranny, but not free from love. It is a poor thing to have no one's love encircling you, a poor freedom that. A little clue came to my hand one day, the other end of which might lead me to the secret of Martin's reserve and gloom. He and Dr. Senior were talking together, as they paced to and fro about the lawn, coming up the walk from the river-side to the house, and then back again. I was seated just within the drawing-room window, which was open. They knew I was there, but they did not guess how keen my hearing was for anything that Martin said. It was only a word or two here and there that I caught.

"If you were not in the way," said Dr. Senior, "John would have a good chance, and there is no one in the world I would sooner welcome as a daughter."

"They are like one another," answered Martin; "have you never seen it?"

What more they said I did not hear, but it seemed a little clearer to me, after that, why Martin kept aloof from me, and left me to ride, and talk, and laugh with his friend Jack. Why, they did not know that I was happier silent beside Martin, than laughing most merrily with Dr. John. So little did they understand me!

Just before Lent, which was a busy season with him, Monsieur Lauretic paid us his promised visit, and brought us news from Ville-en-bois. The

in the bank, which I could not touch, whatever my necessities were, had accumulated to more than three thousand pounds, and out of this sum were to come the funds for making Ville-en-bois the best-drained parish in Normandy. Nothing could exceed Monsieur Laurentie's happiness in choosing a design for a village fountain, and in examining plans for a village hospital. For, in case any serious illness should break out again among them, a simple little hospital was to be built upon the brow of the hill, where the wind sweeps across leagues of meadow-land and heather.

"I am too happy, madame," said the curé; "my people will die no more of fever, and we will teach them many English ways. When will you come again, and see what you have done for us?"

"I will come in the autumn," I answered.

"And you will come alone?" he continued.

"Yes, quite alone," I answered, "or with Minima only."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

BREAKING THE ICE.

YET while I told Monsieur Laurentie seriously that I should go alone to Ville-en-bois in the autumn, I did not altogether believe it. We often speak in half-falsehoods, even to ourselves.

Dr. Senior's lawn, in which he takes great pride, slopes gently down to the river, and ends with a stone parapet, over which it is exceedingly pleasant to lean, and watch idly the flowing of the water, which seems to loiter almost reluctantly before passing on to Westminster, and the wharfs and docks of the City. On the opposite bank grows a cluster of cedars, with rich dark green branches, showing nearly black against the pale blue of the sky. In our own lawn there stand three fine elms, a colony for song-birds, under which the turf is carefully kept as smooth and soft as velvet. My childhood had trained me to be fond of living out of doors, and I spent most of my days under these elm-trees, in the fitful sunshine and showers of an English April and May, such as I had never known before.

From one of these trees I could see very well any one who went in or out through the gate. But it was not often that I cared to sit there, for Martin came only in an evening, when his day's work was done, and even then his coming was an uncertainty. Dr. John seldom missed visiting us, but Martin was often absent for days. That made me watch all the more eagerly for his coming, and feel how cruelly fast the time fled when he was with us.

But one Sunday afternoon in April I chose my seat there, behind the tree where I could see the gate, without being too plainly seen myself. Martin had promised Dr. Senior he would come down to Fulham with Dr. John that afternoon, if possible. The river was quieter than on other days, and all

the world seemed calmer. It was such a day as the one in Sark, two years before, when I slipped from the cliffs, and Tardif was obliged to go across to Guernsey to fetch a doctor for me. I wondered if Martin ever thought of it on such a day as this. But men do not remember little things like these as women do.

I heard the click of the gate at last, and looking round the great trunk of the tree, I saw them come in together, Dr. John and Martin. He had kept his promise then! Minima was gone out somewhere with Dr. Senior, or she would have run to meet them, and so brought them to the place where I was half hidden.

However, they might see my dress if they chose. They ought to see it. I was not going to stand up and show myself. If they were anxious to find me, and come to me, it was quite simple enough.

But my heart sank when Martin marched straight on, and entered the house alone, while Dr. John came as direct as an arrow towards me. They knew I was there, then! Yet Martin avoided me, and left his friend to chatter and laugh the time away. I was in no mood for laughing: I could rather have wept bitter tears of vexation and disappointment. But Dr. John was near enough now for me to discern a singular gravity upon his usually gay face.

"Is there anything the matter?" I exclaimed, starting to my feet and hastening to meet him. He led me back again silently to my seat, and sat down beside me, still in silence. Strange conduct in Dr. John!

"Tell me what is the matter," I said, not doubting now that there was some trouble at hand. Dr. John's face flushed, and he threw his hat down on the grass, and pushed his hair back from his forehead. Then he laid his hand upon mine, for a moment only.

"Olivia," he said, very seriously, "do you love me?"

The question came upon me like a shock from a galvanic battery. He and I had been very frank and friendly together: a pleasant friendship, which had seemed to me as safe as that of a brother. Besides, he knew all that Martin had done and borne for my sake. With my disappointment there was mingled a feeling of indignation against his treachery towards his friend. I sat watching the glistening of the water through the pillars of the parapet till my eyes were dazzled.

"I scarcely understand what you say," I answered, after a long pause; "you know I care for you all. If you mean, do I love you as I love your father and Monsieur Laurentie, why, yes, I do."

"Very good, Olivia," he said.

That was so odd of him, that I turned and looked steadily into his face. It was not half as grave as before, and there was a twinkle in his eyes as if

another half-minute would make him as gay and light-hearted as ever.

"Whatever did you come and ask me such a question for?" I inquired, rather pettishly.

"Was there any harm in it?" he rejoined.

"Yes, there was harm in it," I answered; "it has made me very uncomfortable. I thought you were going out of your mind. If you meant nothing but to make me say I liked you, you should have expressed yourself differently. Of course, I love you all, and all alike."

"Very good," he said again.

I felt so angry that I was about to get up, and go away to my own room; but he caught my dress, and implored me to stay a little longer.

"I'll make a clean breast of it," he said; "I promised that dear old dolt, Martin, to come straight to you, and ask you if you loved me, in so many words. Well, I've kept my promise; and now I'll go and tell him you say you love us all alike."

"No," I answered, "you shall not go and tell him that. What could put it into Dr. Martin's head that I was in love with you?"

"Why shouldn't you be in love with me?" retorted Dr. John; "Martin assures me that I am much handsomer than he is—a more eligible *par* in every respect. I suppose I shall have an income, apart from our practice, at least ten times larger than his. I am much more sought after generally; one cannot help seeing that. Why should you not be in love with me?"

I did not deign to reply to him, and Jack leaned forward a little to look into my face.

"Olivia," he continued, "that is part of what Martin says. We have just been speaking of you as we came down to Fulham—never before. He maintains he is bound in honour to leave you as free as possible to make your choice, not merely between us, but from the number of fellows who have found their way down here since you came. You made one fatal mistake, he says, through your complete ignorance of the world; and it is his duty to take care that you do not make a second mistake, through any gratitude you might feel towards him. He would not be satisfied with gratitude. Besides, he has discovered that he is not so great a prize as he fancied while he lived in Guernsey; and you are a richer prize than you seemed to be then. With your fortune, you ought to make a much better match than with a young physician, who has to push his way among a host of competitors. Lastly, Martin said—not I'm merely repeating his own arguments to you—'Do you think I can put her happiness and mine into a balance, and coolly calculate which has the greater weight? If I had to choose for her, I should not hesitate between you and me.' Now I have told you the sum of our conversation, Olivia."

Every word Dr. John had spoken had thrown

clearer light upon Martin's conduct. He had been afraid I should feel myself bound to him; and the very fact that he had once told me he loved me, had made it more difficult to him to say so a second time. He would not have any love from me as a duty. If I did not love him fully, with my whole heart, choosing him after knowing others with whom I could compare him, he would not receive any lesser gift from me.

"What will you do, Olivia?" asked Dr. John.

"What can I do?" I said.

"Go to him," he urged; "he is alone. I saw him a moment ago, looking out at us from the drawing-room window. The old fellow is making up his mind to see you and me happy together, and to conceal his own sorrow. God bless him! Olivia, my dear girl, go to him."

"Oh, Jack!" I cried, "I cannot."

"I don't see why you cannot," he answered gaily. "You are trembling, and your face goes from white to red, and then white again; but you have not lost the use of your limbs, or your tongue. If you take my arm, it will not be very difficult to cross the lawn. Come; he is the best fellow living, and worth walking a dozen yards for."

Jack drew my hand through his arm, and led me across the smooth lawn. We caught a glimpse of Martin looking out at us; but he turned away in an instant, and I could not see the expression of his face. Would he think we were coming to tell him that he had wasted all his love upon a girl not worthy of a tenth part of it?

The glass-doors which opened upon the lawn had been thrown back all day, and we could see distinctly into the room. Martin was standing at the other end of it, apparently absorbed in examining a painting, which he must have seen a thousand times. The doors creaked a little as I passed through them, but he did not turn round. Jack gave my hand a parting squeeze, and left me there in the open door-way, scarcely knowing whether to go on and speak to Martin, or run away to my room, and leave him to take his own time.

I believe I should have run away, but I heard Minima's voice behind me, calling shrilly to Dr. John, and I could not bear to face him again. Taking my courage in both hands, I stepped quickly across the floor, for if I had hesitated longer my heart would have failed me. Scarcely a moment had passed since Jack left me, and Martin had not turned his head, yet it seemed an age.

"Martin," I whispered, as I stood close behind him, "how could you be so foolish as to send Dr. John to me?"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

PALMY DAYS.

WE were married as soon as the season was over, when Martin's fashionable patients were all going

away from town. Ours was a very quiet wedding, for I had no friends on my side, and Martin's cousin Julia could not come, for she had a baby very young, and Captain Carey could not leave them. Johanna Carey and Minima were my bride's-maids, and Jack was Martin's groom's-man.

On our way home from Switzerland, in the early autumn, we went down from Paris to Falaise, and through Noireau to Ville-en-bois.

As we came in sight of the little grove of cypresses and yews, we could discern a crowd of women in their snow-white caps, and of men and boys in blue blouses. Monsieur Laurentie appeared in the foreground of the multitude, barcheaded, long before we reached the spot.

"Oh, Martin!" I said, "let us get out, and send the carriage back, and walk up to the village."

"And my wife's luggage?" he answered, "and all the presents she has brought from Paris?"

"Every man will carry something," I said. "Martin, I must get out."

It was Monsieur Laurentie who opened the carriage door for me; but the people did not give him time for a ceremonious salutation. They thronged about us with *vivats* as hearty as an English hurrah.

"All the world is here to meet us, monsieur," I said.

"Madame, I have also the honour of presenting to you two strangers from England," answered Monsieur Laurentie, whilst the people fell back to make way for them—Jack and Minima! both wild with delight. We learned afterwards, as we marched up the valley to Ville-en-bois, that Dr. Senior had taken Jack's place in Brook Street, and existed upon him and Minima giving us this surprise.

The next stage of our homeward journey we made in Monsieur Laurentie's *char-à-banc*, from Ville-en-bois to Granville—Jack and Minima had returned direct to England, but we were to visit Guernsey on the way. Captain Carey and Julia made it a point that we should go to see them, and their baby, before settling down in our London home. Martin was welcomed with almost as much enthusiasm in St. Peter-port as I had been in little Ville-en-bois.

"To-morrow," said Martin one night, after scanning the sunset, the sky, and the storm-glass, "if you can be up at five o'clock, we will cross to Sark."

I was up at four, in the first grey dawn of a September morning. We had the yacht to ourselves, for Captain Carey declined running the risk of being weather-bound on the island—a risk which we were willing to chance. My eyes were dazzled with the sunshine, and dim with tears, when I first caught sight of the little cottage of Tardif, who was stretching out his nets on the stone causeway under the windows. Martin called to him, and he hung down his nets and ran to meet us.

"We are come to spend the day with you, Tardif," he said, when he was within hearing of my voice.

"It will be a day from heaven," he said, taking off his fisherman's cap, and looking round at the blue sky with its sun-flecked clouds, and the sea with its scattered islets.

It was like a day from heaven. We wandered about the cliffs, visiting every spot which was most memorable to either of us, and Tardif rowed us in his boat past the entrance of the Gouliot Caves. He was very quiet, but he listened to our free talk together, for I could not think of good old Tardif as any stranger; and he seemed to watch us both, with a far-off, faithful, quiet look upon his face. Sometimes I fancied he did not hear what we were saying, and again his eyes would brighten with a sudden gleam, as if his whole soul and heart shone through them upon us. It was the last day of our holiday, for in the morning we should return to London, and to work; but it was such a perfect day as I had never known before.

"You are quite happy, Mrs. Martin Dobrée?" said Tardif to me, when we were parting from him.

"I did not know I could ever be so happy," I answered.

We saw him to the last moment standing on the cliff, and waving his hat to us high above his head. Now and then there came a shout across the water. Before we were quite beyond ear-shot, we heard Tardif's voice calling amid the splashing of the waves—

"God be with you, my friends. Adieu, *mam'zelle*!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

A POSTSCRIPT BY MARTIN DOBRÉE.

I HAD told Olivia faithfully all my dilemmas with regard to Julia and the Careys; and she had seemed to listen with intense interest. Certainly it was during those four bewildering and enchanted months immediately preceding our marriage, and no doubt the narrative was interwoven with many a topic of quite a different character. However that might be, I was surprised to find that Olivia was not half as nervous and anxious as I felt, when we were nearing Guernsey on our visit to Julia and Captain Carey. Julia had seen her but once, and that for a few minutes only in Sark. On her account she had suffered the severest mortification a woman can undergo. How would she receive my wife?

Olivia did not know, though I did, that Julia was somewhat frigid and distant in her manner, even while thoroughly hospitable in her welcome. Olivia felt the hospitality; I felt the frigidity. Julia called her "Mrs. Dobrée." It was the first time she had been addressed by that name, and her blush and smile were exquisite to me, but they did not thaw Julia in the least. I began to fear that there would be between them that strange, uncomfortable, east-wind coolness which so often exists between the two women a man most loves.

It was the baby that did it. Nothing on earth could be more charming, or more winning, than Olivia's delight over that child. It was the first baby she had ever had in her arms, she told us; and to see her sitting in the low rocking-chair, with her head bent over it, and to watch her dainty way of handling it, was quite a picture. Captain Carey had an artist's eye, and was in raptures; Julia had a mother's eye, and was so won by Olivia's admiration of her baby, that the thin crust of ice melted from her like the arctic snows before a Greenland summer.

I was not in the least surprised when, two days or so before we left Guernsey, Julia spoke to us with some solemnity of tone and expression.

"My dear Olivia," she said, "and you, Martin, Arnold and I would consider it a token of your friendship for us both, if you two would stand as sponsors for our child."

"With the greatest pleasure, Julia," I replied; and Olivia crossed the hearth to kiss her, and sat down on the sofa at her side.

"We have decided upon calling her Olivia," continued Julia, stroking my wife's hand with a caressing touch; "Olivia Carey! That sounds extremely well, and is quite new in the island. I think it sounds even better than Olivia Dobrée."

As we all agreed that no name could sound better, or be newer in Guernsey, that question was immediately settled. There was no time for delay, and the next morning we carried the child to church to be christened. As we were returning homewards, Julia, whose face had worn its softest expression, pressed my arm with a clasp which made me look down upon her questioningly. Her eyes were filled with tears, and her mouth quivered. Olivia and Captain Carey were walking on in front, at a more rapid pace than ours, so that we were in fact alone.

"What is the matter?" I asked hastily.

"Oh, Martin!" she exclaimed, "we are both so happy, after all! I wish my poor, darling aunt could only have foreseen this! but don't you think, as we are both so happy, we might just go and see my poor uncle? Kate Daltrey is away in Jersey, I know that for certain, and he is alone. It would give him so much pleasure. Surely you can forgive him now."

"By all means let us go," I answered.

Even I should scarcely have recognised him. His figure was sunken and bent, and his clothes, which were shabby, sat in wrinkles upon him. His crisp white hair had grown thin and limp, and hung untidily about his face. His waistcoat was sprinkled over with snuff, in which he had indulged but sparingly in former years. There was not a trace of his old jauntiness and display. This was a rusty, dejected old man, with the crows'-feet very plainly marked upon his features.

"Father!" I said.

"Uncle!" cried Julia, running to him, and giving

him a kiss, which she had not meant to do, I am sure, when we entered the house.

He shed a few tears at the sight of us, in a maudlin manner; and he continued languid and sluggish all through the interview. He spoke more to Julia than to me.

"My love," he said, "I believed I knew a good deal about women, but I've lived to find out my mistake. You and your beloved aunt were angels. This one never lets me have a penny of my own; and she locks up my best suit when she goes from home. That is to prevent me going among my own friends. She is in Jersey now; but she would not hear a word of me going with her—not one word."

"You shall come and see Arnold and me sometimes, uncle," said Julia.

"She won't let me," he replied, with fresh tears; "she will not let me mention your name, or go past your house. I should very much like to see Martin's wife—a very pretty creature they say she is—but I dare not. Oh, Julia! how little a man knows what is before him!"

We did not prolong our visit, for it was no pleasure to any one of us. Dr. Dobrée himself seemed relieved when we spoke of going away. He and I shook hands with one another gravely; it was the first time we had done so since he had announced his intention of marrying Kate Daltrey.

"My son," he said, "if ever you should find yourself a widower, be very careful how you select your second wife."

Those were his parting words—words which chafed me sorely as a young husband in his honeymoon.

A few days after our return to London, as I was going home to dinner, I met, about half-way along Brook Street, Mrs. Foster. For the first time since my marriage I was glad to be alone; I would not have had Olivia with me on any account. But the woman was coming away from our house, and a sudden fear flashed across me. Could she have been annoying my Olivia?

"Have you been to see me?" I asked her, abruptly.

"Why should I come to see you?" she retorted.

"Nor my wife?" I said.

"Why shouldn't I go to see Mrs. Dobrée?" she asked again.

"Come, Mrs. Foster," I said, "let us talk reasonably together. You know as well as I do you have no claim upon my wife; and I cannot have her disturbed and distressed by seeing you; I wish her to forget all the past. Did I not fulfil my promise to Foster? Did I not do all I could for him?"

"Yes," she answered, sobbing, "I know you did all you could to save my husband's life."

"Without fee?" I said.

"Certainly. We were too poor to pay you."

"Give me my fee now, then," I replied.

me to leave Olivia alone. Keep away from this street, and do not thrust yourself upon her at any time. If you meet by accident that will be no fault of yours. I can trust you to keep your promise."

She stood silent and irresolute for a minute. Then she clasped my hand, with a strong grip for a woman's fingers.

"I promise," she said, "for you were very good to him."

She had taken a step or two into the dusk of the evening, when I ran after her for one more word.

"Mrs. Foster," I said, "are you in want?"

"I can always keep myself," she answered

proudly; "I earned his living, and my own, for months together. "Good-bye, Martin Dobréc."

"Good-bye," I said. She turned quickly from me round a corner near to us; and I have not seen her again from that day to this.

Dr. Senior would not consent to part with Minima, even to Olivia. She promises fair to take the reins of the household at a very early age, and to hold them with a tight hand. Already Jack is under her authority, and yields to it with a very droll submission. She is so old for her years, and he is so young for his, that—who can tell? Olivia predicts that Jack Senior will not always be a bachelor.

THE END

PAST AND PRESENT.



HOW us the flowers," said the children,

"That dare to compare with these!

Show us the bowers," said the children,

"And the taller, statelier trees.

Never were days such as our days

In all the years before."

Then the wind came low, and the river's flow

Echoed "the years before."

"Nay," I replied, "little children"—

And I looked with far-away eyes—

"Brighter the flowers were long ago,

And bluer were the skies.

Never were days such as my days,

Never shall be again.

Now the light is cold, and the world is old,

And we look through a mist of rain."

"Those are your tears," said the children;

"To us all is fair and bright.

"We have no fears," said the children;

"The wind in the trees at night

Tells us that ours are the best days,

That the new surpasses the old;

And it oftentimes sings most wondrous things

That never to you were told.

"Look at these flowers," said the children;

"Look at this pure bright rose.

"Wet with the showers," said the children.

"Sparkling, its glory shows

That there never were flowers like our flowers

In the years of long ago.

Your jasmine's scent, as it came and went,

Was it sweeter than this, or no?"

Then I showed forth to the children

A crimson bud of a rose,

Fresh as the day it was gathered

(For in memory still it grows).

"Never was flower like my flower,"

I said, and I kissed the leaves,

And it blossomed and shone, with the dew upon

Its blood-red, fragrant leaves.

"But it is dead!" said the children;

"It is withered, and dried, and old!

Its life has fled," said the children;

"Its story has long been told.

That is no flower like our flowers,

The sparkle there is a tear.

On the withered rose not a dewdrop glows,

Only a big salt tear!"

"Oh, children! oh, too wise children!

Will you never understand?

Your flowers and your hopes in a moment

Will perish from off the land!

Your 'now' may be fair and pleasant,

And your future without a pain;

But, above the rest, those days are the best

That never can come again." A. R. H.

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY."

In our next Number will appear the opening Chapters of a New Serial Story, "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," by F. M. Robinson, Author of "Sun Judge, Spinster," "Poor Humanity," etc. etc.

